

MODERN *Screen*

10³⁴
cents
March



*Miriam
Hopkins*



"Let Me Tell You
ABOUT GRETA GARBO"

They loved, happy till the white man came!



He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!



The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

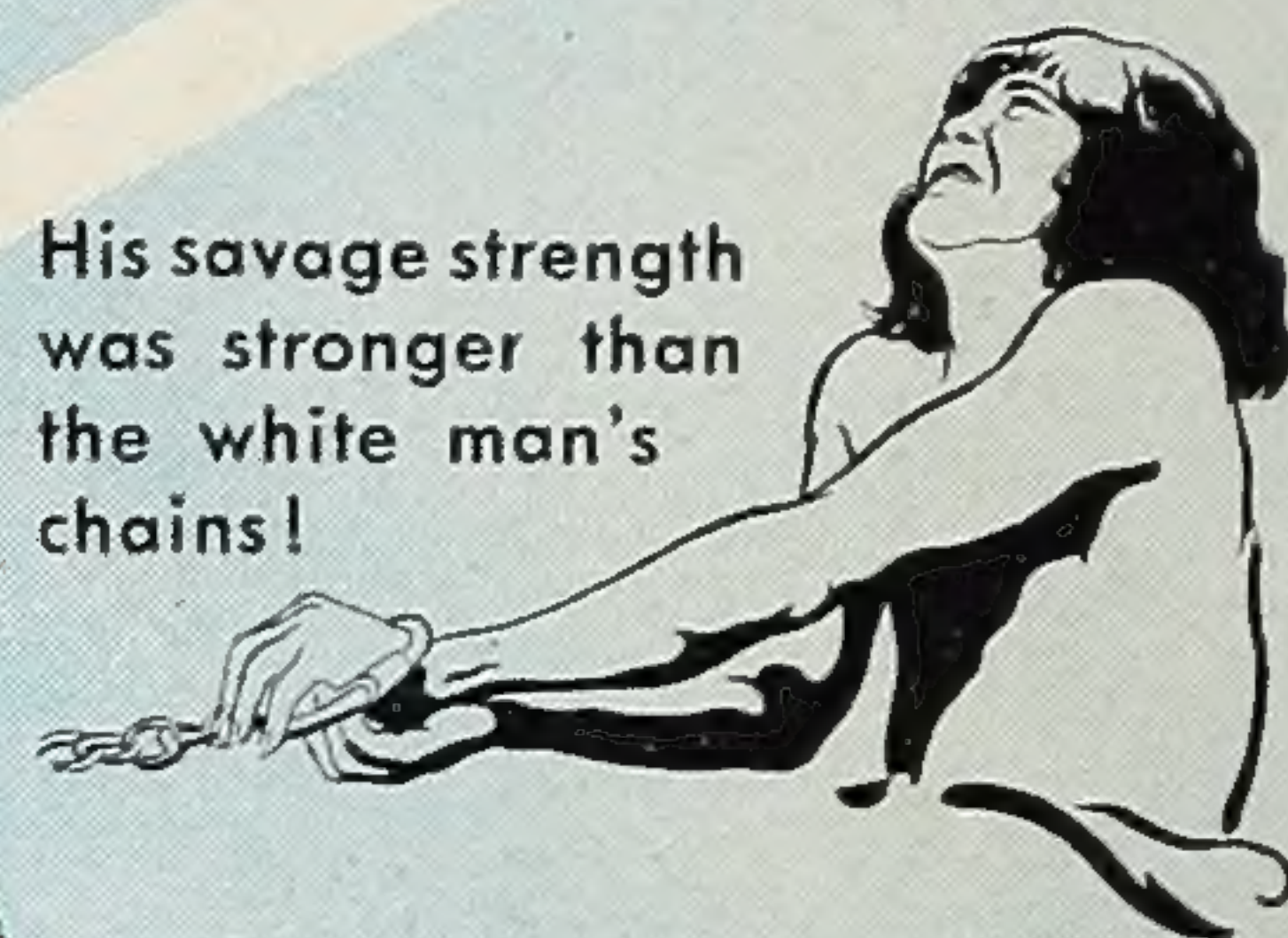
Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!



Stampede of thousands of caribou!



His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!



Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!



ESKIMO

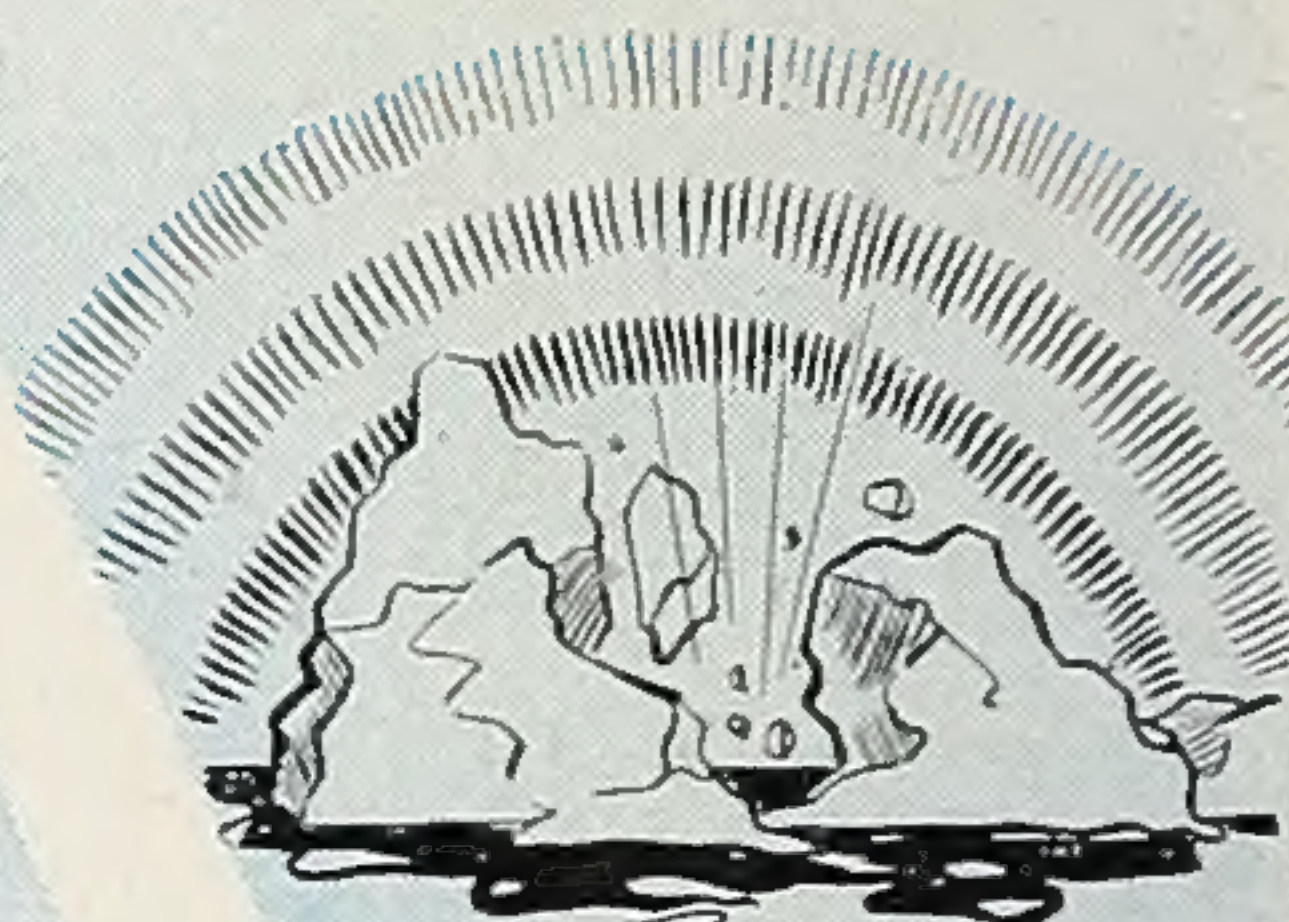
Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!



Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!



Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... Associate Producer: Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture



Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!



Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at



bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-34
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City State

MAR-3 1934

Modern Screen

FOR MARCH

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Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





By
MARY BIDDLE



The men of Hollywood must be well groomed, fit and attractive—or they lose their jobs. Their proper weight is stated in their contracts—and woe betide them if they “go over.” Lew Ayres (above) probably never would be fat. But he plays tennis like fury—just in case, you know.

UH-HUH. I said last month I was going to write a beauty article for men—or, at least, for wives, sisters and girl friends to read *for* their men. And never let it be said that a Biddle broke a promise.

Seriously, though, it's high time the men did come down from their lofty masculine perch long enough to learn a few simple rules about caring for their skin and their hair. And—some of 'em—about keeping fit. That's all I'm going to talk about. Just grooming and keeping fit.

Men are a little bit afraid—a trifle scared of being thought sissies—when it comes to grooming. They're clean enough, Lord knows. If all the hours they spend under the shower were laid end to end—well, we'd be a couple of centuries ahead of ourselves. They stand there—under their old showers—letting the water run on their heads (washing all the oil out of their scalps, incidentally) and—what are they doing? Why, they're thinking that those blamed invoices must be checked today (or whatever one does with invoices) and they'd better call Bill Blither for lunch, wondering what in thunder causes that knock in the car, and singing “Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?”

I have made the astounding observation that nine men out of ten never really wash their faces! Fact. I'll repeat for you, word for word, a conversation I heard between a man and his wife.



BEAUTY ADVICE *for men this time*

Man: “Wish to heck I knew what causes these funny little black specks in my skin. I always look dirty.”

Wife: “Well, maybe you are.”

Man: “Listen to that! And I just this minute shaved.”

Wife: “Shaving isn't washing.”

Man: “What is it, then?”

Wife: (The light is beginning to dawn on her.) “Do you mean to say you just *shave*? Don't you ever scrub your face real good?”

Man: “No. Should I? I use soap when I shave, don't I?”

There—you see? And the guy wonders what causes “those funny little

You all know that, when Johnnie Weissmuller was a kid, the doctors gave him up because he was so weak and thin. And just look what swimming has done for him! (Left) The rough jobs the Gable feller tackled in less fortunate days gave him his splendid muscular body and excellent health.

black specks” (blackheads to you and me) on his face.

Blessings, I say, on the make-up which we women wear! It does, at least, make us thorough with our cleansing routines.

ALL that masculine face needs to keep in the pink of condition is a good bland soap, warm water, and plenty of rinsing in cold, cold water. If the skin is hardy and doesn't get irritated easily, a vigorous scrubbing with a roughish wash cloth should be the order of the day. If the skin is delicate—and men can have delicate skins, just as we can—the fingertips should rub the lather well in—gently, but thoroughly. The oily skin should get a brisk slapping with witch hazel or a very mild after-shaving tonic. Beware of strong after-shave preparations. They're

too heavy on the alcohol side. The dry skin would profit by having a little of sister's or wife's hand lotion applied to it before venturing out into the out-of-doors. Any suggestion along that line might raise a squawk, but if you will persist in the idea, he will soon discover that your innocent hand lotion has no sissy odor to it—and he'll like it.

The treatment for blemishes and blackheads is the same as I have told you many times. Blackheads can be eradicated by using a pore paste to wash with—use it just like soap. I know one which has only the faintest medicinal (Continued on page 88)

Day-Dreams come True for *Joan* . . with her Lovely **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the

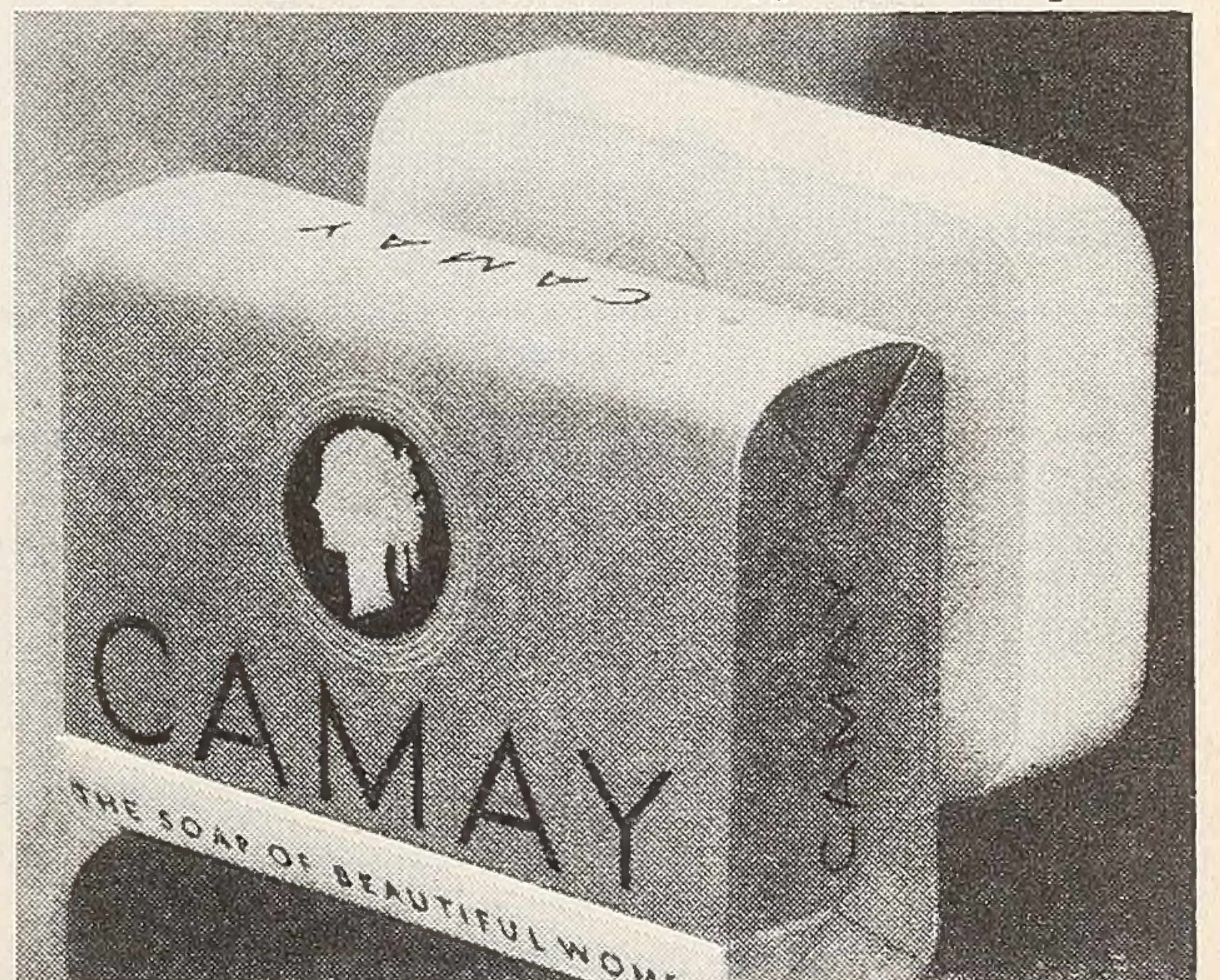
searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

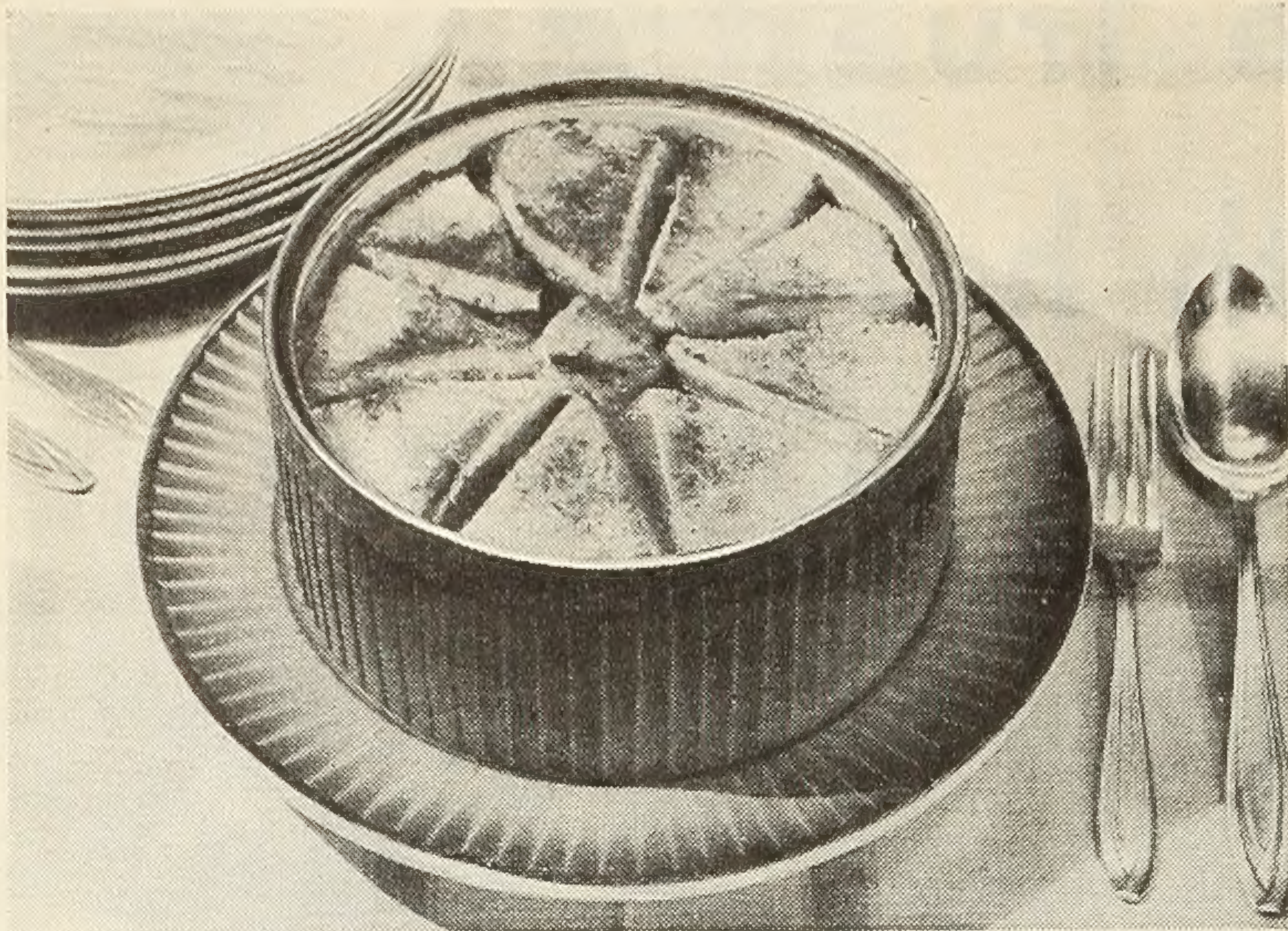
Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



Courtesy Happy Wonder Bakers

Next time you're making Meat Pie, try baking this brown, crispy bread crust over it. Let us send you this recipe, as well as the others which Dick likes. They're all delicious.



How'd you like to entertain Dick Powell? Well, here's what you'd serve him, if he ever visited you

The MODERN hostess

MAYBE you've never thought about it, but the success of any party rests primarily with the hostess herself. A worried, nervous hostess can never put her guests at ease, no matter how bravely she sports her mask of strained gaiety. As Dick Powell expressed it, "There is something unmistakable about the gleam in a woman's eyes when she is worrying about the roast and wondering whether the asparagus is burning which makes me start sniffing the air and fidgeting in my chair."

When we heard him say that, we laughed aloud. We have always called

that harassed expression the "burned potatoes look" and it gets us so that we usually end up by asking the poor hostess if she wouldn't like us to dart out into the kitchen and see if things are all right.

Now we don't think there is any excuse for letting a guest go out and help prepare the dinner. That's part of the fun of being a guest—not having to do anything about the food. And what with the way entertaining has been simplified in the last few years, there is no excuse for a hostess having to absent herself for more than a minute or two even though her kitchen be absolutely

guiltless of servants. It's all a matter of organization and planning. Your oven and your refrigerator can help you serve splendid company meals, smoothly, comfortably and gracefully. So if you are really smart, you will plan your company menus around foods which can be prepared well in advance, tucked away in one or t'other of those two pieces of kitchen equipment and forgotten until it's time to whisk them onto the table. Thus will you have overcome the first obstacle in the pathway of the hostess who is also cook and waitress.

Take a look at that meal Dick Powell is getting ready to tuck away for instance. There you see a veal and mushroom pie, a casserole of vegetables and a display of stuffed baked potatoes. Could any hostess ask for a more satisfied expression on a dinner guest's countenance than Dick's? This particular combination of foods happens to be Dick's favorite dinner. The recipes for all these dishes are included in this month's little Modern Hostess Star Recipe folder which you can get free by filling in the coupon on page 8 and mailing it to us. There are other recipes included in the folder, too. For instance Dick Powell's favorite dessert, Chocolate (Continued on page 103)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

MODERN SCREEN Magazine

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the recipes for March, 1934.

Name
(Print in pencil)

Address
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS...

*in this intoxicating, spectacular
romance with music!... the
Connie you've always loved—
blonde and enticing... And
a new Connie—brunette,
seductive and ravishing!...
teamed with Franchot
Tone to create "the perfect
lovers" of the screen!*



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents
CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

20th
CENTURY
PICTURE

FRANCHOT
TONE

TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production...Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

by the Editor



DO you mind if I help myself to a page? I have felt rather cramped, sometimes, in the "Between You and Me" department. And you need all the space there for yourselves, anyway.

We are still right around the corner from each other. You'll find "Between You and Me" on page 12. And I think we will be able to chat quite comfortably over the advertising fence that separates us.

Here's something that set me thinking: the enormous success of "Little Women," and, on the other hand, of "I'm No Angel." What does the public want most—sex or sweetness? Or do they want both—provided the sex is sprightly and amusing and the sweetness is genuine and never mawkish?

Which do you suppose will gross biggest at the box offices during the next year—the sex or the sweetness? And which will you spend your money to see? I'm anxious to get the returns from your county.

Your editor has become a raving, tearing Garbo fan. I have always admired Garbo—yes. But I have never gone into the ecstasies of rapture that I have shamelessly indulged in since the première of "Queen Christina." It was her first scene, I believe, in that picture which made me feel this way. There is a "long shot" of her on horse-back,

galloping furiously through the snow-hung forest. Up to the palace entrance she rides, flings her lithe, slender figure from the horse, goes up the steps and through the massive doors. All this time, one does not see her face. Only the tall, swinging figure, in the boy's clothes, the drooping hat pulled well down on her head. Through room after room of the palace she strides, men-at-arms saluting themselves silly as she passes. Then—into the council room. Lewis Stone, her chancellor, is waiting there for her. She has not turned her face to you yet. Then she speaks her first words—and turns. And a hard-boiled, critical and snooty bunch of New York première-goers applauded—furiously. I tell you, it was thrilling.

Calming down a bit—I am wondering if we are heading for a return of high romance in our entertainment. Costume pictures. Historical drama. Well-beloved stories of another day.

There is Dietrich's "Catherine the Great." There is the Russian newcomer, Anna Sten, in "Nana," with all its nineteenth century French furbelows. And RKO talks of "The Tudor Wench" for Katharine Hepburn, when her New York play has run its course. For Hepburn, too, they are considering Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

I'm delighted with the idea. Are you?

Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!...

"42nd Street"... "Gold Diggers"... "Footlight Parade"
... and now the most spectacular attraction the
show world has ever known — "Wonder Bar" Sensa-
tion of two continents on the stage, it comes to the
screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a
gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!



"WONDER BAR"

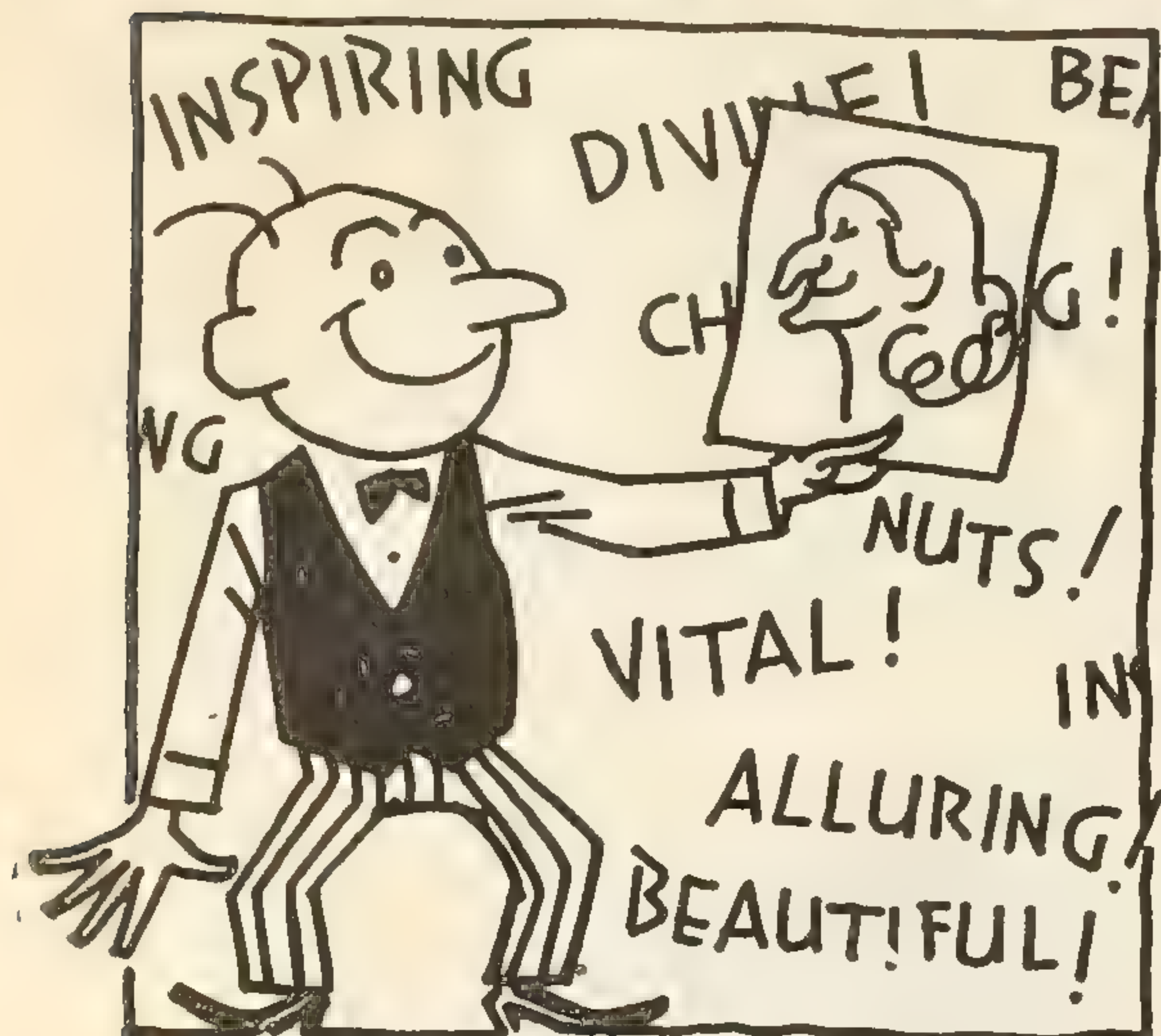
Starring

A L J O L S O N	K A Y F R A N C I S
D O L O R E S D E L R I O	D I C K P O W E L L
R I C A R D O C O R T E Z	H A L L E R O Y
F I F I D ' O R S A Y	G U Y K I B B E E
H U G H H E R B E R T	K A T H R Y N S E R G A V A
R U T H D O N N E L L Y	R O B E R T B A R R A T
M E R N A K E N N E D Y	H E N R Y K O L K E R

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and
directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture



between you and me



Adjectives, Adjectives and Some More Adjectives

E. BEARD, of St. Louis, Mo., wants to meet:

Nils Asther because he is handsome in a way that no one else in Hollywood is handsome and possesses a magnetism or male allure that can be compared only to the allure of the feminine possessed by The Garbo; because he is all fire and warmth like a smoldering volcano ready to erupt at any moment; because he is the only man I know who can be utterly villainous and adorable at the same time.

ZaSu Pitts because I know she is sweet simple and charming in real life even if she is nutty as the devil in her screen characterizations; because I know that she has a dramatic power that Hollywood refuses to recognize; and because with a smile that only she can smile, and with a motion of those ethereal hands, she can wring the heart of a stone with pathos that makes Chaplin look silly.

Buster Crabbe because he is one "lion-man" or "ape-man" who is really good looking; because he is formed like a human being of exceptional robustness, and not like an ape; because he's a better actor than others of his type. (*Weissmuller fans, will you stand for this?*)

Greta Garbo because no one is as vital as Garbo; no one is as divine as Garbo; no one is as inspiring as Garbo; no one is as unearthly beautiful as Garbo; no one is as alluring as Garbo; no one is as glamorous as Garbo; in short, Garbo is Garbo, and as such, is by that fact without equal or peer.

A Lady Talks

R. KING, of Cranford, N. J., is a lady. She says so.

If I hadn't been brought up to be a lady, I'd emit a few cuss words, because: 1. The "bit" players are being neglected. 2. There's too much fuss being made over Lee Tracy's "bal-

... Fans, this page is all yours. Let us know what you think of this and that movie topic



Max Baer with Myrna Loy on our February number, for instance.)

"We Want Tracy"

MRS. C. U., of Osceola, Indiana, is just one of Lee's many fans who feels this way:

I'm quite sure that the biggest majority of us are saddened by the episode in Lee Tracy's life that has made him an exile from the screen. We are appealing to Mexican fans as well as to American fans to help him by sending letters or telegrams to the Mexican authorities to relent and be a little more tolerant and kind. He never killed any of their citizens or did any unpardonable thing their own sons might not have done under the same circumstances.

M-G-M, Paramount, Fox, all of you, please remove the cruel wall you've built up keeping him on the outside—the unyielding wall that the fans are beating against so hopelessly. Most of us feel just about as sad as when some loved star has passed on into the Great Beyond.

So, fans, let's steal Eddie Cantor's song and sing: "We Want Tracy! We Want Tracy!"

O-o-h, What Harsh Words

JULIA L. EICHENBERG, of Cleveland, Ohio, says them:

How "I'm No Angel" ever passed the censors is beyond me but probably her "curves" appealed to them. As to her "curves," she's the next thing to a truck horse in my estimation. When a few other stars put on a little weight, they're put on a diet. Yet this Mae West person comes to Hollywood with her curves and bumps and not-so-youngish look and is said to cause a riot.

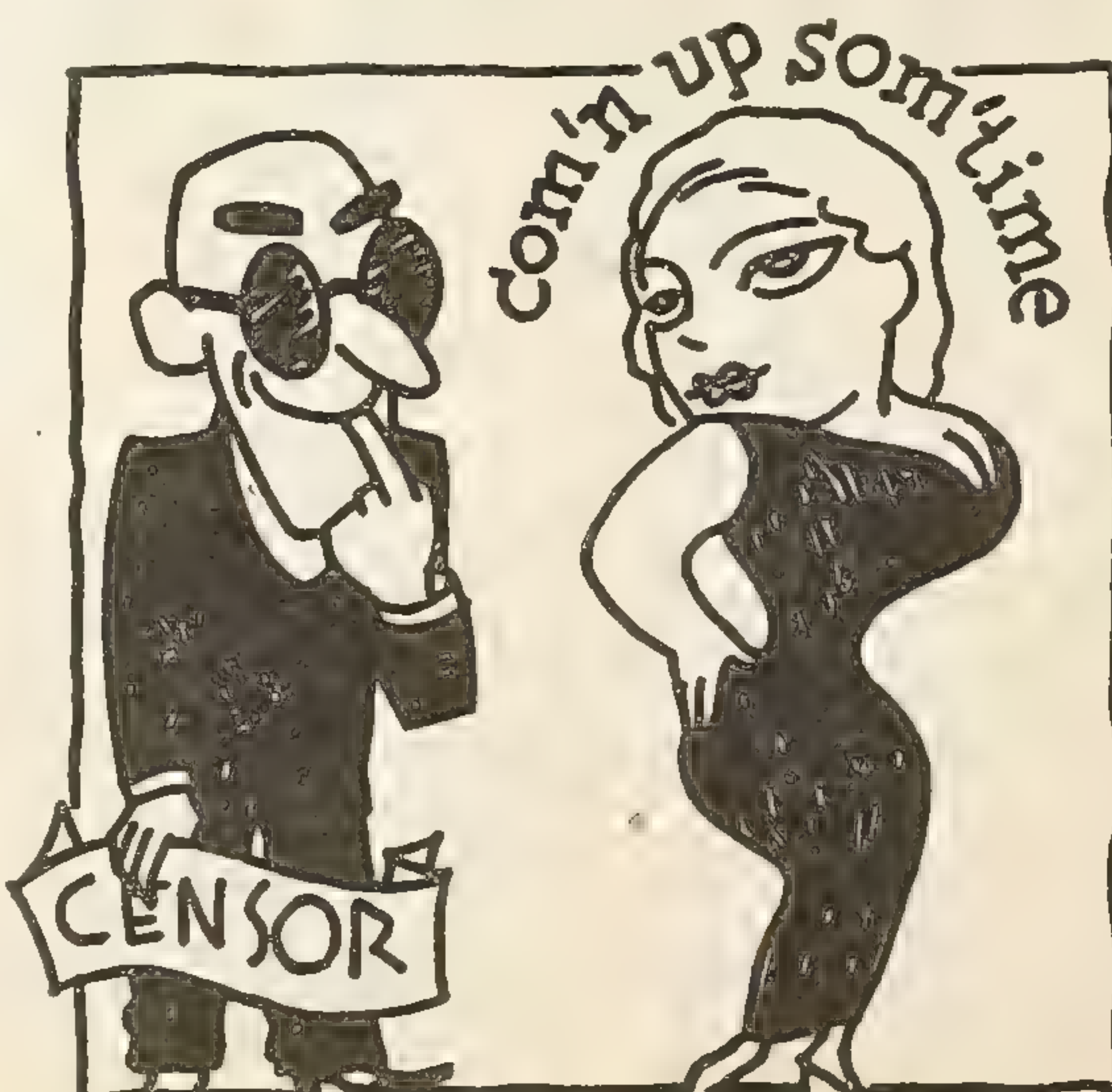
Hurrah for Toby!

PEGGY McNEIL, of San Francisco, Calif., thinks she's swell:

(Continued on page 15)



cony" episode. 3. Marian Nixon is getting too many insignificant roles. 4. Ditto Ralph Bellamy. Why won't he cut out his "character" acting and settle down to a "type"? He's not a plausible villain. He's a hero. And let that be a lesson to him. 5. We're not getting enough of Edna May Oliver. (*Oh, no? Wait till you see her with Edward Everett Horton in "The Poor Rich."*) 6. Because you won't have males on your covers. Gene Raymond, for instance. (*Well, you can't say we didn't give you half a cover.*)





**These famous Tints
and Dyes make faded
Wardrobe and Home
Decorations new again—at
the cost of a few pennies**

Have you faded curtains or drapes—or perhaps you are just simply tired of their present color? Let Tintex give them *new* color beauty.

Start today. Choose your favorites from
the 35 brilliant, long-
lasting Tintex colors.

the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex colors.



"TINTEX KEEPS
MY WARDROBE SO
FASHIONABLE!"

Tintex

...World's largest selling
TINTS and DYES

***On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere***

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

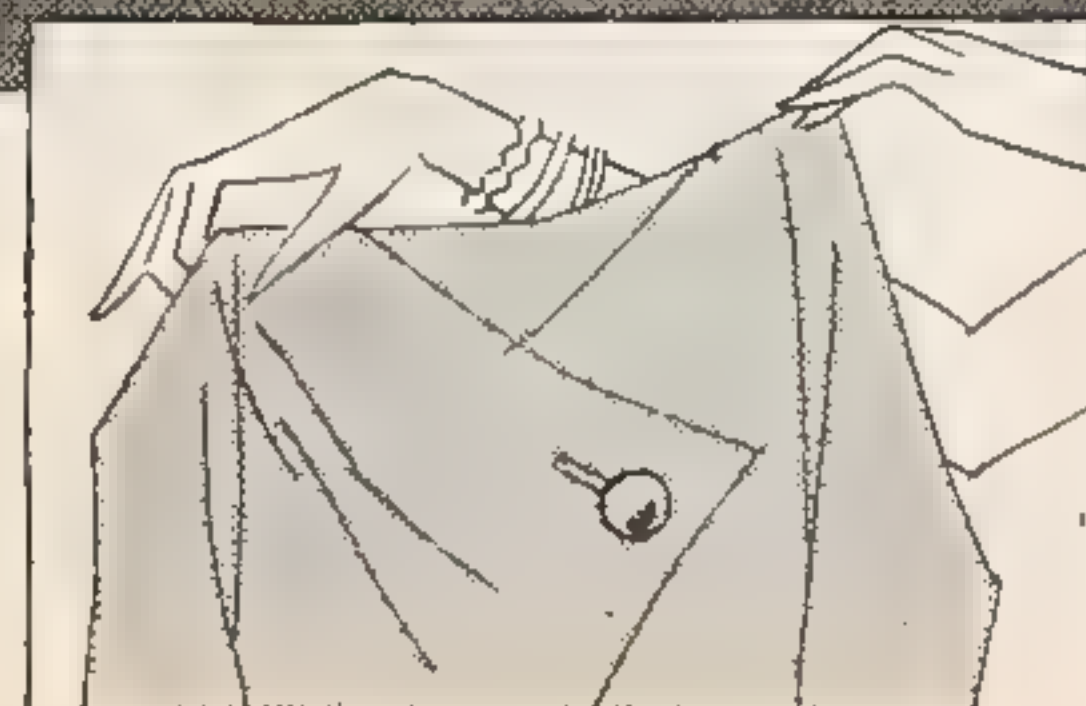
To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



Tintex Color Remover
will safely and speedily
take out all trace of color
(including black) from
any fabric . . .



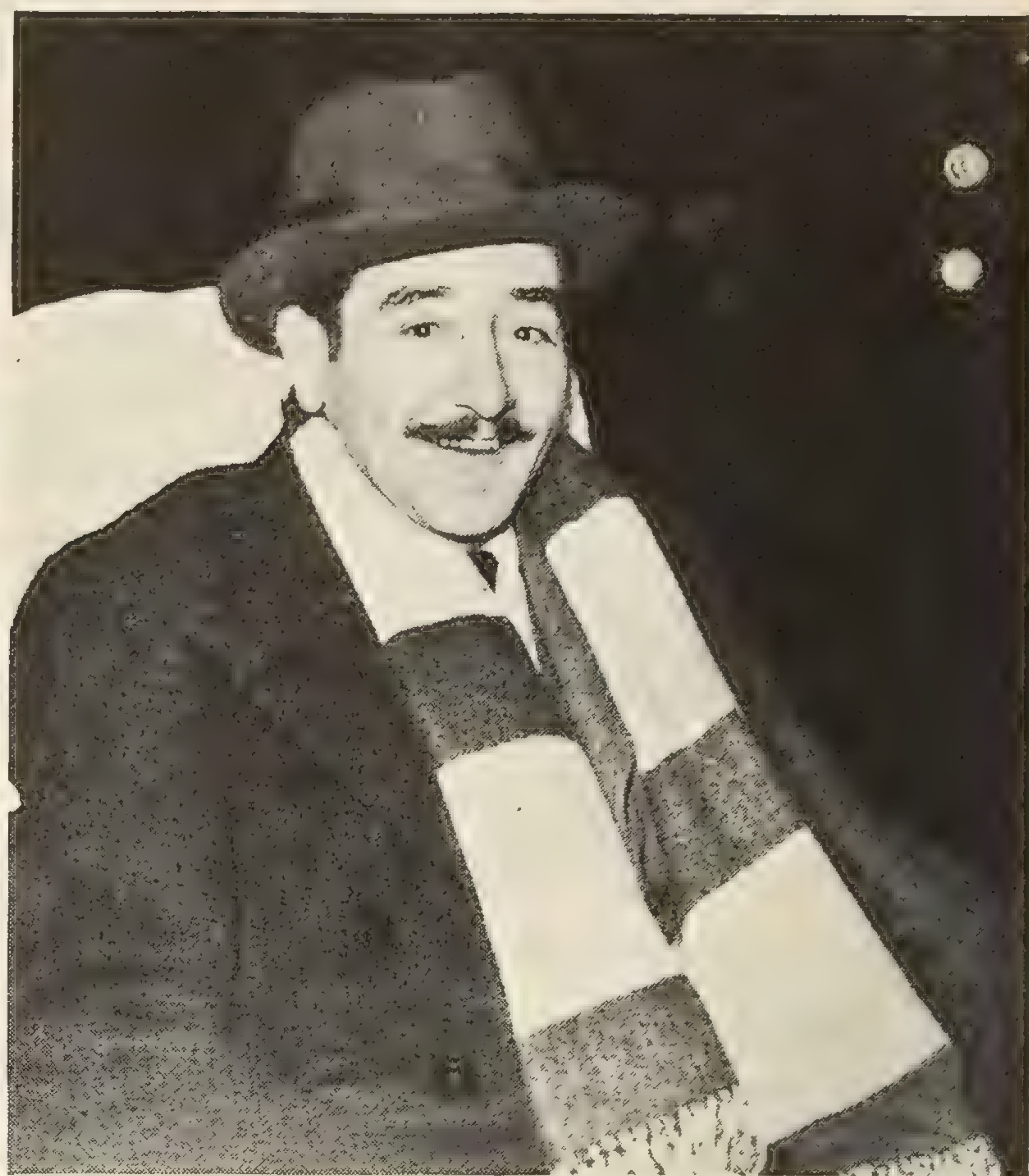
Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

PICTURE NEWS!



Scott

If you have wanted to know what Mrs. Otto Kruger is like, there she is (above) having a late snack, with her 'osband, at Hollywood's popular Russian Eagle. (Below) The photographers caught up with Gary and Sandra when Mr. and Mrs. Cooper checked into Arizona for their honeymoon.



Adolphe Menjou, after a spell in London, made the boat train at Waterloo just in time to catch the Olympic for home. (Below) A medal "For Distinguished Service to Children." Walt Disney, receives same from Mrs. M. S. Sabin of "Parents Magazine." Pres. Von Kleinsmid of S.C.U. looks on.

Wide World



International



Between You and Me

(Continued from page 12)

Even if she is nick-named after a horse that makes no difference. Toby Wing surely deserved the honor of being the prettiest chorus girl in Hollywood. And what a smile! I don't know how she would act, so I don't know whether I would like to see her in bigger roles or not. Toby was darling with Dick Powell in "Forty-Second Street." I saw that picture exactly twelve times. I mean it. And I could see it twelve more times.

A Couple of "Little Women" Raves

CYNTHIA, of New Bedford, Mass., is grateful for "Little Women":

Wasn't "Little Women" a delightful change? One realizes that not all movies are low life, or society, or sex. Several widely advertised pictures have left me unsatisfied, but this picture filled me with the content of perfect satisfaction. It couldn't have been improved in any way.

Now, may one of her admirers add another plea to the many already given for saner publicity for Katharine Hepburn. I've watched her four inspired performances and thrilled to her forceful personality. Then it's quite disillusioning to read about her crazy stunts. It seems to me that if magazines stopped printing crazy stunts, publicity agents might use wise publicity methods.

(Agree with you, Cynthia old thing—partly. If you will read the life story of Katharine Hepburn, which begins in this issue—page 32—we think you'll understand this girl and her crazy stunts a little better.)

WANDA CALLAHAN, of Terre Haute, Indiana, talks up, too:

I think that if there were more pictures like "Little Women," it would help the country more in love and courage. I certainly loved the characters and thought they were all fine. It has made me want to read the book all over again. And although I am only nineteen, I approve very much of the old-fashioned ways, even to the hoop-skirts and pantaloons. I sat from 4 o'clock until 9 o'clock through this show, so you know how much I liked it.

Garbo Is Just Too Mysterious for This Lady

MRS. LARRY GRAHAM, of Salisbury, N. C., holds Joan Crawford up as an example for Garbo:

What you said about Mae West twisting every possible situation into a sex gag exactly expresses my feelings about Garbo's "mystery" act. I went to see "Grand Hotel" because Crawford was in it and would have enjoyed it had it not been for Garbo's silly acting. When I see her cast in such grand and mighty roles, it amuses me as much as a real good

(Continued on page 123)



Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray" ...and here's what to do about it



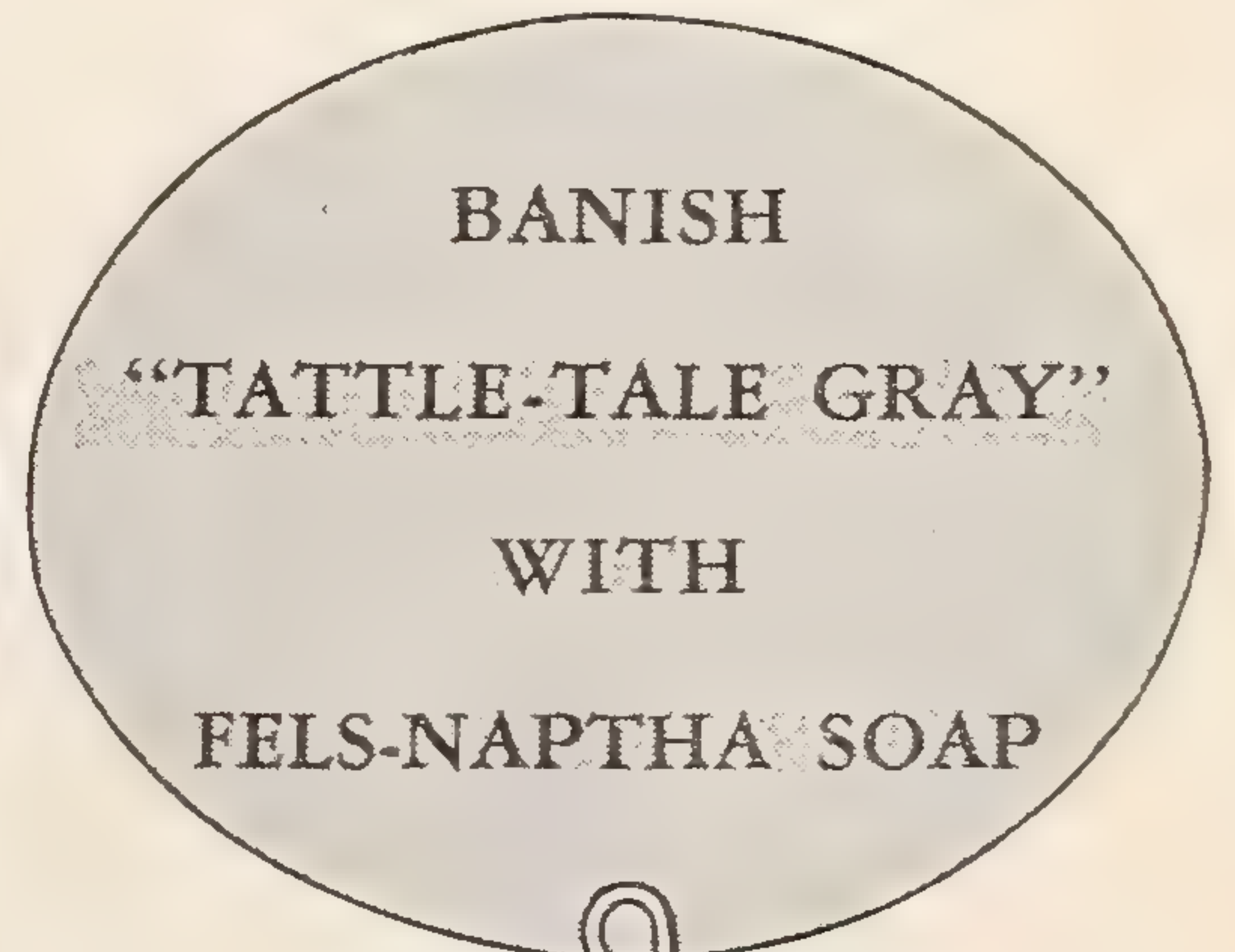
It's sad—but true! No matter how HARD some women work, their washes look simply awful! The clothes won't come white—they *will* come gray... People notice—and whisper!... What's the trouble?... Dirt still hiding in the clothes! They aren't really clean! That's what makes clothes tell unpleasant tales. But...



Change to Fels-Naptha Soap and say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Unlike *trick* soaps, Fels-Naptha goes into every tiny thread and gets out *all* the dirt. Gets it out—because it brings you two cleaners instead of one. Rich golden soap—and *added to that*—lots of naptha. So much naptha you can smell it!



Surprise yourself! Get Fels-Naptha Soap today and see how *dazzling white* it gets your clothes. Learn how gentle it is—safe for daintiest stockings and lingerie. Easy on hands, too! In tub or washer, whether you soak or boil clothes, Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help—sweet-as-clover washes!



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LESLIE HOWARD DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK

Leslie Howard bought a home when he visited England recently. He admits he spent far too much money having it remodelled. And—when will he be able to enjoy it?

By MARTHA KERR

NO—Leslie Howard didn't want to leave England. That is, his *heart* didn't want to leave. His head told him that he must return to the United States and Hollywood. And, as a matter of fact, his head *wanted* to come back. Because—well, I'm getting muddled. Let me tell the whole story properly.

One of the most important news items flashed across the cinema wires lately is the fact that Leslie Howard is on his way to Hollywood for the purpose of acting the chief role in Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." The perfect star for one of the great classics of modern years! Why it hasn't been grabbed up as a vehicle for some good male actor years ago, is one of the many film mysteries that will remain unsolved. When the officials of RKO had approached him with the reminder that he still had one picture to do for them under contract, Leslie felt that something drastic in the way of action on his part should be performed. He was smarting from the recent failure of the play he did in London—"This Side Idolatry." The piece had drawn from the London press unstinted praise for Leslie's artistry—but unfortunately, the play flopped.

"You know really," he said in telling the story, "I simply cannot understand what has happened to the theatre over there lately. They absolutely refuse to patronize anything that is serious. Revues, musical comedies, thrillers, and, above all, farces, seem to flourish like nothing you



have ever seen. But when it comes to a drama of genuine merit—they just don't want to see it."

And you—readers—knowing Leslie Howard's work on the screen as you do, can understand how he'd feel about *that*.

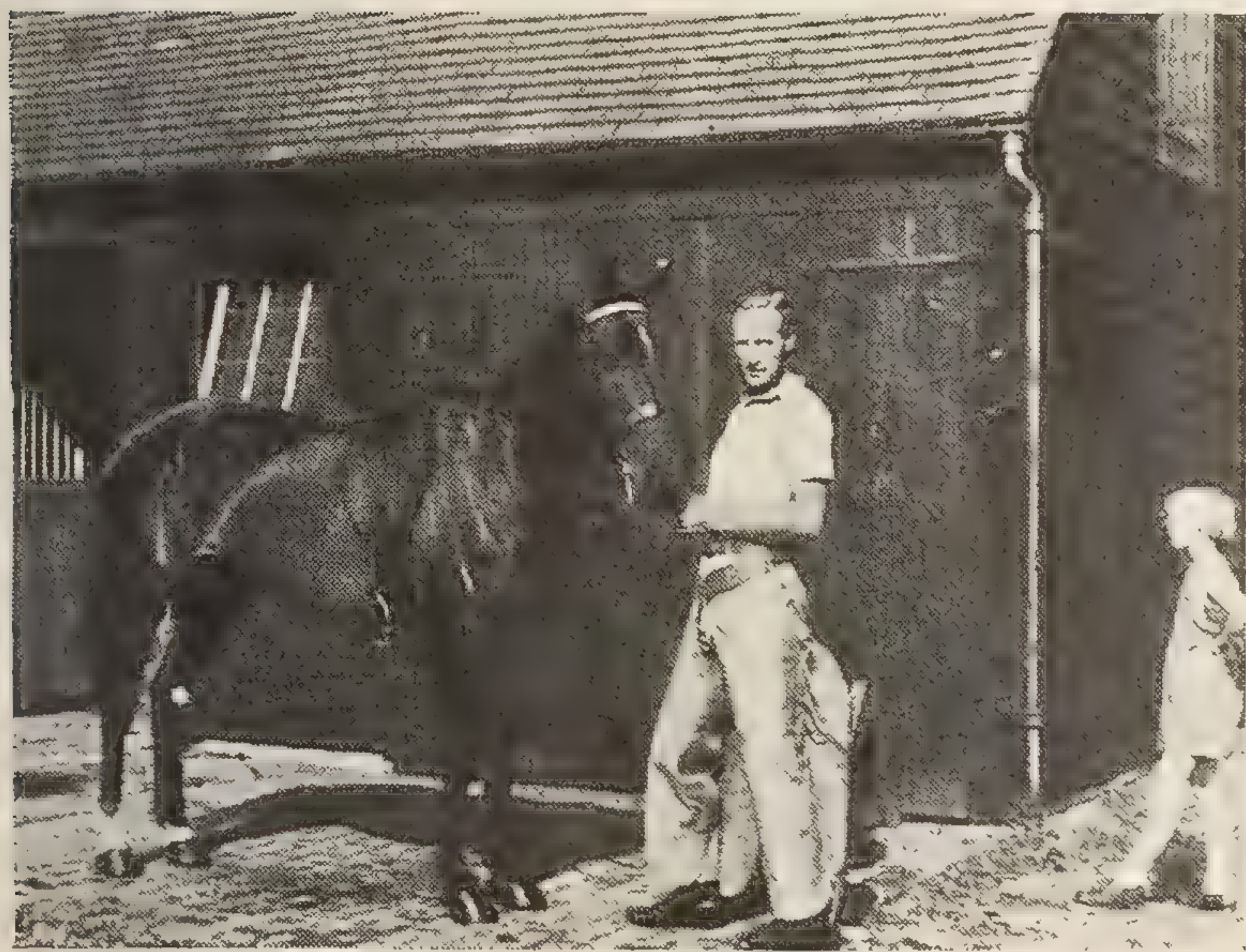
Nevertheless—

"When they told me I had to come back to America to do a picture, I felt pretty badly. I put it off, saying that they hadn't found anything suitable—any story I felt I wanted to do. They showed me script after script and finally in desperation, they asked me what—if any—particular story did I have in mind. As a matter of fact—it was more because I thought it would be impossible for them to get around the idea than anything else that I suggested 'Of Human Bondage.' Well, they got hold of the book, read it, became quite enthusiastic, decided I had shown excellent judgment and proceeded with negotiations to buy it."

He stopped. I had the feeling that he had memorized

... Everything closest his heart remains in England. But his driving ambition—his acting genius—can find fulfillment only in our country. And so, he spends part of each year before the cameras of Hollywood

With his daughter—called Leslie, after her father. Outside the former Elizabethan relic which Howard has turned into a beautiful country home. Even the plummy role he'll play in "Of Human Bondage"—which he has yearned to play for many years—cannot entirely still his homesick longings for the land across the sea.



that little speech—prepared it in advance for me, the fan magazine interviewer, to note down neatly for my story. Not that it wasn't, every bit, quite true. Not that he isn't vitally keen about playing the role of the sensitive hero of Maugham's story. But—I had the feeling that there was something else he had much rather be talking about. Then—just as if Hollywood and contracts and pictures didn't exist—he began to talk excitedly.

"I WANT to tell you about my new home," he blurted out. "I have always wanted a home of my own in England. And this time when I went over I looked around for one. After quite a search I found an old workman's cottage—that is, it had been one originally, nearly four hundred years ago—but it had been added to and remodelled through the centuries, until now it is most picturesque. It's in Surrey. In the Surrey hills."

He radiated enthusiasm. One could see that his whole heart and soul lies in the land of his birth. He might

just as well have been singing "England—My England" at the top of his voice from the expression on his face as he went on to describe his home.

"Of course, I spent much more money than I should have in fixing it up. I put in bathrooms. I added a wing for the children. I enlarged the stables and bought a few horses. There's about thirty acres of ground around it and I had to landscape them. One of the great thrills of my life came to me when I discovered the magnificent old wooden beams under the stucco. They must have been on the house when Queen Elizabeth reigned, so I had all the outside taken off in order that they might be seen. It's really a very nice house," he smiled shyly—just a little embarrassed at his own emotion—so un-British—about the place. "I had a perfectly grand time doing it over—and the children just adore it."

"I like to hunt very much," he continued, "and I hunted right up until the day I sailed for America. My little daughter, Leslie, hunts with me. She's nine and has turned out to be a great little horseback rider. We spend days out on our horses riding through the country-side. The boy doesn't seem to care so much for riding. He's more the studious type. But Leslie is a great companion and I miss her," he added.

"I talked to them both yesterday over long distance. They have their governess, a Miss Gospel (don't you love the name?) and she has been with them ever since they were born. We thought because they love the place so and the fact that they're both in school, they should be left behind."

There! Wouldn't you think it was any average father-away-from-home talking about his kids and how smart and cute they are? But Leslie Howard isn't any average father. He is— (Continued on page 119)

Janet
GAYNOR

Lionel
BARRYMORE



“*Carolina*”

Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**

Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.





Elissa Landi

Elissa Landi felt lonesome without her three thousand books, so her mother is bringing them over from England. The girl's fourth novel (when does she find the time?) will be out in the spring. "Ancestors" is the name. And the names of her latest pictures are "By Candlelight," for Universal, and "Man of Two Worlds," for RKO-Radio.



Maria Seiber

Marlene Dietrich

Isn't it uncanny? The likeness, we mean. Little Maria Seiber plays the very young Catherine in Mama Marlene's "Catherine the Great." Marlene is magnificent as the Empress who attached more lovers and more power to herself than any lady since Helen of Troy. Joseph von Sternberg directed this picture.



Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger

Our entry for the most thrilling clinch of the month. Otto Kruger and Isabel Jewell in "The Women in His Life"—the story of a sensational lawyer. We're glad to see Isabel Jewell (Mrs. Lee Tracy to be?) getting a real break. She's a capable little actress. And she was so darn loyal a little while ago—remember? "Men in White" is her latest.



John Boles

John Boles since "Beloved" has been working in three pictures. "Disillusion," "Bottoms Up" and the French version of "My Lips Betray." Being that busy, he is to be excused for saying he likes quiet evenings at home with a book. Because it's probably true, in his case. When he'll consent to step out, John is one of Hollywood's smoothest dancers.



Ann Dvorak

Ann Dvorak eats pie, potatoes and *pâte de foie gras*—and can't gain a pound. She has been conducting a nationwide search for her father, whom she hasn't seen since she was eight. Ann and husband Leslie Fenton live on a ranch and raise rabbits—which ought to be easy. Her latest picture is "Massacre," with Dick Barthelmess.



Janet Gaynor

Janet Gaynor loves to visit Chinatown. Most of her close friends are non-professionals. She has been seen around quite a bit lately with Gene Raymond—but it's not a romance, so don't go starting any gossip. Janet has worked ten weeks straight without a day's rest on "Carolina." Dick Cromwell's in it, too. Next—"Movietone Follies."

MARY CARLISLE
in "SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE"
with Conway Tearle
an M-G-M picture

SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidently on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

MARY CARLISLE'S lovely hands make her slightest gesture important! Shown with Conway Tearle in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picture, "Should Ladies Behave."

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame featuring greatest stars of the

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.



You—who have always wanted to meet Garbo—meet a girl who did!
And, more—one who worked, played, and talked with her!

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT GRETA GARBO



By ELIZABETH YOUNG
as told to
DENA REED

WHEN I think that a few years ago I was in school and now I'm the girl who can talk about Garbo—actually do a "she said to me and I said to her"—it sends shivers of excitement up and down my spine. When I look at the stills of "Queen Christina" and see myself in scenes with her, playing the only other woman's role in the picture—that of her confidante and lady-in-waiting—I think, "Well, here's something to tell my grandchildren!"

I guess I've seen every Garbo picture. I admire her work tremendously. But that I should appear in one of Miss Garbo's pictures, much less joke with her between scenes and get to know the real woman, I never imagined in my wildest dreams. I had only been in a few New York plays before Paramount gave me a contract and I had appeared in only one picture, "The Big Executive," for my own studio. So when a Paramount official met me at the Coconut Grove and asked, "How would you like to appear with Garbo?" I naturally supposed he was teasing me. Everyone in Hollywood has to stand for a lot of ribbing—especially the newcomers. Soon several people told me that Metro was looking for a girl who was "the epitome of femininity" and Paramount was dickering with them for my services. It seemed the typical Hollywood joke, with me the butt. Even on the day I was summoned to the Metro office and Walter Wanger told me I was going into the Garbo picture, I thought he was still joking. But when they sent me to Adrian to have my measurements taken for costumes, I realized Metro wasn't going to spend good money to play a practical joke on Elizabeth Young. From the time I decided that it was all true, I went into a daze.

CONSEQUENTLY my first impression of Garbo is blurred. I know that I was thrilled to death when I met her at a dialogue rehearsal, and she said "How do you do" to me with gracious shyness as she did to every-

one else she didn't know. Then we got down to the business at hand. After two weeks of rehearsals with Garbo becoming more and more friendly to me, I gradually emerged from my coma.

Reggie Owen with whom I had played on the stage, teased me a lot and Director Mamoulian, whom I am told suggested me for the part after having seen me on the Paramount lot, soon began his own teasing. He called me "The Funny One" and kept impressing upon me the fact that I was a light little butterfly who had to "float" through the picture. I was to be a sort of comedy relief, a foil for Garbo. But the first time I tried on one of my costumes (which, incidentally, cost fifteen hundred dollars) I told Mamoulian that no one could "float" in such clothes. They were frightfully heavy. Even Garbo couldn't take a step in hers without tottering. In fact, that first day we each went around clutching a bottle of smelling salts. I expected to faint any minute.

But Mamoulian insisted that "float" I must and every time a new man came on the set and I asked who he was, Mamoulian would reply, "He's your new floating instructor." Garbo thought it a great joke, since she could appreciate my predicament.

I had made up my mind that I wasn't going to gush and "Oh-Miss-Garbo" her. I realized, as every one else did, how much the picture meant to her. I knew she wanted to be alone to study most of the time and I figured that if she wanted to talk to me, she would do so without my pestering her. So I stayed with Reggie Owen and

Lewis Stone and chatted and laughed on the sidelines. Often, I saw Garbo looking at us almost enviously. Garbo legend or no, she is honestly shy and finds it hard to join a group. I got a much better idea of her when she came over to talk to me when I was alone.

SHE began by discussing the picture. She was very intense and serious, both because it was a story of her homeland and because (Continued on page 90)





2nd Floor

By JACK JAMISON

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

A GREAT motion picture studio is a machine and the metal heart of that machine, connecting all its various parts by nerves of copper wire, is the studio telephone exchange.

There, in a small room walled in by the glossy black expanse of the PBX board, while the plugs shoot into their jacks as swiftly as deft fingers can direct them, amidst the twinkling flashes of light which glide over the board like fireflies, the heart of the studio beats out its hasty rhythm.

"I'll connect you with the casting office in just a minute. Will you hold on?"

"I'm sorry, but he isn't a star here."

"Miss Harlow, a man is on the wire saying he's your uncle."

"I'll give you the story editor's secretary."

"Hello, Chief. A yellow Packard will arrive at the gate in ten minutes. Let it in."

The lights twinkle, the deft hands move across the board, and the trained voices go on in a murmur which blends in a single drowsy hum. But the things which those operators' voices are saying, the noes and yesses, the questions and answers surging in and out along those wires, are charged with action. They are far from drowsy! They are the inner life, the very heart-beat of the studio!

The studio switchboards are usually tucked away in an old building somewhere on the lot, wherever room can be found for them. At MGM, for instance, you enter a door leading into what appears to be the make-up department, take an unexpected turn to the right, find yourself in what must have once been a dark hallway and, all of a sudden, see the tiny lights flashing, and hear the efficient voices. Three hundred calls an hour are humming in and out over that board. It is a link connecting a thousand studio telephones with every state



"What's Miss Crawford's charge account number?"

in the Union, every nation of the world. And at the same time it is an electrified wire fence able, at will, to cut the studio off from the outside world as thoroughly as if it were suddenly moved to a desert island.

"Paris calling."

"I'm sorry, but we aren't allowed to give out that information."

IT is with information that cannot be given out that the phone operators serve one of their most valuable purposes. Literally hundreds of dotting mamas, for example, call the studios to say, "My little girl is only three years old, but all the neighbors say she can act just like Marie Dressler. I just thought I'd tell you, so you can give her a contract." Casting directors are busy men. If all the mothers who try to get in touch with them were laid end to end—well, if they were all laid end to end, the casting directors would get a lot more sleep. Here the phone girl steps in, explaining as tactfully as she possibly can that comparatively few motion pictures with children are made and that plenty of children are already available for them. A similar problem are the hundreds of tourists who call in to ask for the stars' telephone numbers. Here again the phone girls step in. Naturally the stars can't give their time to these chance visitors. Their phone numbers—changed every month or so, and kept on a secret list instead of in the regular phonebook—are never



"She can act just like Marie Dressler. Really she can."

calling...?

... The studio operator's constant request! And the replies? Pathetic, demanding, often ridiculous, they give keen insight into the hearts of the world and his wife



"He told me he was a director out there."

under any circumstances revealed, otherwise they'd never have a moment's peace to themselves. The phone girl explains this. But what fibs she has to listen to!

"I used to go to school with Miss Garbo. I know she'll be glad to see me."

"Why, I'm Bobbie Stanwyck's *very* best friend."

"Mr. Gable and I used to play on the same ball team. You'd better let me talk to him or he'll be awful sore."

"I'm Connie Bennett's niece from Brooklyn."

And the answer—it has to be—is always the same: "I'm very sorry, but we are not allowed to give out the stars' numbers."

Speaking of fibs, there was one man who called in who actually believed his fib. He phoned the studio demanding to be put on the wire to Robert Montgomery at once. "Just tell Bob it's his brother," he concluded casually.

The head operator at the board knew perfectly well that Bob didn't have a brother, but the man sounded so matter-of-fact that it befuddled her. The phone girl closed her key and, over another wire, called Bob's dressing-room.

"Nope, I haven't any brother," Bob told her.

That convinced the operator, but it did *not* convince the man waiting on the outside wire. He went into a sputter of honest indignation. "I guess I ought to know whether I'm his brother or not," he insisted. "I was brought up in the same house with him. We have the same mother. I ought to know!" He hung up, after five minutes of wasted time, *still* convinced that he was Bob's brother.

CRAZY? There are a lot of crazy people not behind bars, maintain the studio switchboard girls.

Years ago a man called in and asked the operators to tell him which stars had canaries, cats or dogs. He owned

a pet store and wanted to give pets to any stars who didn't already have them. Whether he was crazy or generous or wanted to build up some good-will in the movie colony doesn't matter. What matters is that he was only the first with the idea. As we say, that was years ago. Now not a day goes by but what at least one person calls in with the same offer. If the stars took all the pets offered them, every one of them would have to keep a private zoo in his back yard. Nor do these people, making such generous offers in the matter of wild life, ever pause to think that there may be a few stars, here and there, who don't like pets at all.

Recently one of these offers of a pet had a heartache behind it. A man, who evidently had seen Gary Cooper in Westerns, called in and asked if he might speak with him.

"I'm sorry, but we're not allowed to connect you with the stars' dressing-rooms," came the stock answer.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Well, will you just take my number, please," came over the wire, in a voice that sounded as if its owner were close to tears. "I've got a good horse. I can't afford to feed it any longer. I know Mr. Cooper loves horses. He'd take care of mine and be good to it. I'd like to give it to him."

The telephone operators are no strangers to broken hearts. Every day some little extra calls in to ask for Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, "the director." The operators glance through their files of colored cards and regretfully report, knowing all too well what is coming, "Nobody by that name works here."

"But he must," comes the quavering voice. "Why, I met him at a party last night and he told me he was a director out there."

What tragedies of promise and deception lie (Continued on page 92)



"I'd like to give my horse to Mr. Cooper."



You don't have to be goofy to be interviewed, but Bob finds it helps a shy feller no end

MONTGOMERY, MAD AS A MARX BROTHER



(Above) Remember "When Ladies Meet" and the way our Robert clowned his way through it? Well, he's a lot like that when he's being interviewed. (Left) Bob gently razzes Madge Evans during the filming of "Fugitive Lovers."

By CARTER BRUCE

YOU'VE heard about the fish that got away. Well, this is the interview that got away. The interview I never got.

Here's how it happened. I went to the studio to see Bob Montgomery. And I went to see him. And, just for a change, I went to see him again. And he was never there. One time he was home with a toothache. Another time he had an "important engagement." The third time (or maybe it was the thirty-third, I can't remember!) he slipped up and pulled the toothache story again. Then, being naturally bright, I caught on and knew he was dodging interviews. He's scared of them, really.

Well, to make a long story short, I finally did get Bob. I went to the studio when he *wasn't* expecting me! There he was, sitting in an office where a friend of his worked, twiddling his thumbs.

"Well, there you are!" I said.

He looked at me and groaned. "Here I am," he admitted.

"Bob, you oughtn't to feel this way about having stories written about you," I said. "Nobody's trying to bite you. People like to read about movie actors."

"But you ask such silly questions," he protested.

"They just seem silly because you don't like to be asked questions," I told him. "Now look. I don't think I've ever seen a story that really got you. The Bob Montgomery that your friends know just doesn't seem to come out. Well, this time I'd like to get the real Bob down on paper."

But I knew I was sunk right then, because that impish grin spread across his snub-nosed, likable face.

"I'll tell you the best way to get me down on paper,"

he said. "Just get a piece of paper and glue me to it. Then you can mail me around to people."

IT was my turn to groan. "Look, Bob, please. Now just answer a few questions, will you?"

"Sure. The more questions, the more I'll answer."

So I got out my notebook, with all the questions neatly written down in order. Question Number One was: "Bob, you don't seem to throw your money around the way so many stars do. What do you do with it—put it in the bank?"

"No," he replied, "I give it away. I walk down Hollywood Boulevard and every time I see a fire-plug, I put a thousand-dollar-bill under it for the firemen."

"I can just see you doing it," I told him. "And if you're telling me to mind my own business, the reason I asked is that you told me once you never sign checks, that your bank signs them all."

"Oh, I'll tell you why that is," he replied. "It's because I can't write."

I decided I had better drop the subject.

"All right," I began over again. "What sort of a home life do you have?"

"Awful!"

"Tell me the truth, now."

"I'm telling you. Mrs. Montgomery beats me with the poker every night. Then I beat her. We like it. We just do it for fun. Haven't you ever noticed what a funny-shaped head I have? That's from being pounded with the poker."

"How am I ever to write this story, if you keep fooling?" I asked in desperation.

"Who's fooling?" he (Continued on page 107)





(Above, left and right) "Morning Glory," oddly enough, was something like Katie's own story. With Robert Young in "Trigger." (Right) Jo of "Little Women" was rather Hepburnish, too.

THE CAREER OF AN UGLY DUCKLING

I MAY be wrong—but to my mind, the least important element of Katharine Hepburn's success has formed by far the largest part of the publicity she has received in the past year. Every newspaper reporter, each magazine scribbler, has stressed to the breaking point the strange, spectacular nature of the girl; her crazy impulses, her publicity-attracting stunts, her wild exhibitionism.

Of course she is an exhibitionist! She has always been.

I'll tell you why. Because Katharine was an ugly duckling. An ugly duckling who never dreamed she'd grow up to be the beautiful swan she is today. She was long and leggy and thin as a bean pole. She had innumerable freckles and hair which was too straight and too abundant and too unruly, even if it was a beautiful color. She had to do something to make up for her lack of beauty—to attract her share of attention and admiration—didn't she? And—to aid and abet this natural urge—Katie was growing up in a period when almost every girl in every small town was an exhibitionist of sorts. One had to be! There were always more girls than

men—at parties, everywhere. Competition was too keen. You will remember—you girls who are Katharine's age now—that the general feeling was, "No matter what they say—no matter how they say it—just so they talk about me!"

At the Hartford Country Club, the girl who uttered the loudest damn was the one who naturally took preëminence over the others. "Here

comes that crazy Katie Hepburn! Mother said I wasn't to speak to her." And of course the loud whisper was so much meat to eager ears, and Katie's every girl friend envied her. The next day, the same whisper would apply to

some other girl who had been caught necking with a boy outside the Club during a dance. And so it went. The movies provided the chief source of supply for new stunts, and if this source fell down and imagination lagged, and one's reputation threatened to quiet down to normalcy—well, something had to be done quickly. Heroic measures were resorted to. Katie would enter the Club with a flying start, take a running leap across the lounge, and slide swiftly down the long polished top of the desk on her tummy.

By **BEATRICE
MACDONALD**



You can see for yourself that the Hepburn of sixteen would never have won any beauty prizes.

"Here comes that crazy Katie Hepburn!" they used to say. And why did Katie behave the way she did—the way she still behaves? This story tells you

And then, one of her most intimate friends would pale this stunt by appearing that very night in a snakily fascinating red silk gown and smoking a cigarette in a long holder. Competition was *very* keen.

KATHARINE was born twenty-six years ago, the oldest of a brood of six children. One of them—Tom—died. She has two younger brothers, Robert and Richard. Her two sisters—one about sixteen, and the other fourteen—are Marion and Peggy. From her very babyhood, she had been brought up in a household where individualism was considered highly important, and self-expression the natural necessity of a child's training.

The family of kids seldom, if ever, heard the customary "don'ts" of average childhood. Mrs. Hepburn firmly believed in childhood rights, and while other mothers shook their heads in dismal prophecy at the "new-fangled child psychology" of Doctor Hepburn's wife, they—the children—managed to grow up ordinary in every way except for an unusually high intelligence rating.

Katharine grew up in the wholesome, everyday atmosphere of the average middle class American household. She fought with her brothers and sisters. They played the usual childish pranks on each other. From her two husky brothers, Katie learned to climb trees, run, jump,

(Right) All toggled out in best bib and tucker. Katharine—the biggest—has a firm grip on sister Marion's hand. (Below) Independence itself—at the age of four, or thereabouts.



skate and swim like a boy. She never walked—she loped. Her long, lanky body grew so rapidly that her clothes always looked too small for her. Her arms have always been unusually long, and as a child she seemed to take peculiar delight in using them to give grotesque imitations of animals.

Her pet distraction—perhaps a protest against the loneliness of her soul which no outsider was ever permitted to see—was to upset a tea-party given by other children of her own age, at which the little mothers sat serenely aping their elders, their dolls as honored guests. Katie would lope into the scene, swinging her arms like a chimpanzee, and making the most hideous faces—stretching her wide mouth to its utmost, and often driving the other little girls into hysterics with the aptly fitting wild animal sounds coming from her lips.

Her refuge from the world of girlhood which seemed so prosaic—so commonplace—and so indifferent to her own peculiar nature, was to outdo her brothers in their athletic prowess.

From the very beginning of her life, intelligence was stamped in her brain as a natural part of the order of things. In the household of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Hepburn, the mother was always active in some new form of advancement. She took a keen interest in woman suffrage. A graduate of Bryn Mawr College, she led the women of her community in progressive ideas. She legislated for birth-control. She knew the famous women of the country who headed movements of this and similar

nature, and whenever a celebrated lady writer, or well known advocate of some feminine problem came to visit Hartford, they were always entertained at the Doctor's house.

EVERY summer, the whole family went to the seashore—to Fenwick, Connecticut. Here Katie formed little stock companies, and charged penny admission for the plays the child troupe put on in a barn back of the house. It was as natural for her to act the part of the Beast in "Beauty and the Beast," as it was for one of the curly-haired girls of her own age to play the more alluring character of Beauty.

As she grew older, her interest in the movies became deeper and more intense, and every penny she could scrape together went to pay for this delight or the purchase of screen magazines. She knew all the stars so well—everything that was written about her favorites was so eagerly absorbed—that if she had been suddenly transported into the house of a Beverly Hills dweller, she could have found her way around the place with the utmost ease—and would have startled the owner with the intimate details of his own life.

But—movies or no movies—education formed the most important part of the Hepburn background, and Katie had to go to school. She graduated from the Oxford School—the leading temple of learning for girls in Hartford in 1924. Her brothers entered other schools, taking preparatory courses for Harvard at which place both now enjoy student life. Of course, Katharine had to be sent to Bryn Mawr where her mother had studied, and in the fall of 1924, she found herself a freshman in that classic female training camp.

One of the most vivid memories her friends and contemporaries at that time have of the now famous star is the passionate longing which even then she had for the stage. Katie was never offered the opportunity to act in the local "amateur theatricals" put on by the younger generation during school holidays. And how she loved to act! But her appearance was decidedly against her. Any part in the production would be utterly unsuited to her thin, long body. She couldn't play the rôle of the heroine—she was far too homely. She couldn't act any of the other girl parts—she was either too tall—too ungainly—or too individual in appearance.

As she stood in the dressing-room watching a friend put on the grease-paint with hands that trembled from nervousness, Katie would (Continued on page 106)

They Visit New York

BY

Regina Cannon



Acme Photos

Left are three beautiful reasons why Max Baer loves a piano. Kay Francis is seeing New York night life and, despite her matrimonial split-up, seems to enjoy herself. Phillips Holmes arrives in town enroute to Europe.



NEW YEAR'S EVE must come at least 365 nights a year for Max Baer. No one but Fifi D'Orsay and millionaire playboys have quite as much fun as our Maxie. For all the world's a stage or a prize ring or a night club to the pugilistic sheik. And, at the moment, it's the last-named.

The big, good Baer made such a hit in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" that he landed himself a Master of Ceremonies job in Broadway's Cafe de Paree. This is one of the swankier night spots of New York. Our boy friend Maxie, who can fashion an ascot scarf from a Turkish towel and nirt with two blondes while knocking out a contender, is there to provide "witty chatter and snappy sayings." He does. He's completely surrounded by cover charges and chorines. And can he take it? Don't anticipate us! And can he give it? Even Schmeling knows that!

* * *

Anyway, Kay Francis, most recent of Hollywood's "friendly separators," likes to book herself a ringside table when she's in Gotham, as does Nancy Carroll, Colleen Moore and Irene Dunne. In fact, every star who visits the big town takes a look at the Empire State Building, the Aquarium and Maxie's night club.

Yes, Mr. Baer has just about everything but Edna Dunham, who goes to Phil Plant all wrapped up in gold tissue and legal knots very shortly. Of course, Max announced his engagement to the lady, but somehow she just didn't get around to accepting him.

Well, never mind Maxie, there's



always Hollywood, Carnera, cauliflower ears and big cash prizes.

* * *

A BLIZZARD and Katharine Hepburn in "The Lake" arrived in old New York at the same time. No connection, of course, except this time Katie didn't have to arrange for the spectacle herself. The weather man came through like the proverbial million dollars—or at least that's what it cost the city.

It's a moot question whether the Hepburn—who has a string of accomplishments to her credit, ranging from shooting to stardom after one picture to

pulling RKO out of the red—clicked on what was billed as her "triumphant return to the stage."

Some say, yes; the meanies say, perhaps and Walter Winchell reports "Me No Lake." Be that as it may, Katie drew a crowd that would make the mob scene from "Julius Caesar" look like a small gathering. You never saw so much sable and ermine and movie stars and Broadway first-nighters gathered under one roof!

Miss Hepburn had the wisdom to put \$10,000 of her own cash into the production and the temerity to cast the play with such time-tested troupers as Blanche Bates and Frances Starr, who drew large audiences when she was in rompers toddling around Hartford.

However, Katie rated an ovation, a corsage of gardenias and enough money to buy blue denim for some snappy spring overalls. Yes, we're afraid la Hepburn is a success and, as the old adage says, there's nothing succeeds like it.

* * *

And while RKO's favorite child gathered unto herself laurels and shekels, "Queen Christina," the great Garbo's latest picture, drew an enormous crowd around the corner at the Astor Theater.

After combing the celluloid fields more or less thoroughly, the New York public evidently decided that there is only one Greta and, indeed, there is. The Swedish lady is more thrilling than an adventure story and bravos (Continued on page 86)

Good



George Raft and Carole Lombard doing the "Raftero," a dance creation invented by Georgie himself. You'll see it in "Bolero." (Below) Well, anyway, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill talk it over. To wed, or not to wed, seems to be the question. Master Cary has been very sick.

when a very smartly gowned Greta showed up for lunch with Rouben Mamoulian. She wore a black suit, a small black hat with a veil and over her arm were two stunning silver fox furs.

Such goings-on from the lonely Swede are too much—much too much.

MAE WEST most certainly "was an angel" to various charity organizations during the holidays. Mae has been offered \$5,000 for a single radio appearance and turned it down because, in her own lingo, "I gotta be seen to be appreciated."

When a charity institution went on the air recently, Mae offered her services gratis in order to plug the worthwhile propaganda.

Next to Marion Davies, whose charities are innumerable, Mae rates tops with the local institutions.

NOW that Ginger Rogers is forging to the front of the movie ranks she is dissatisfied with her name. That is, she doesn't consider the moniker, Ginger, sufficiently dignified and dramatic for her future screen career. As she says, "Ginger is all right for a comedienne, but is hardly appropriate for an actress who hopes to become identified with dra-

THIS month Garbo has been cutting Hollywood capers and doing all sorts of un-Garbolike things.

First, she showed up at a beauty parlor and said she wanted her hair "dressed for evening!" The girls at the desk were so dazed they hardly knew what they were about. She arrived at the busiest time without an appointment, and while they had no intention of making her wait long, it was necessary to get one of those unimportant heads from under the dryer before Greta could be worked in. When she said she would wait, they nearly fell backward.

Picture, then, Greta Garbo sitting

"up front" looking at a movie magazine waiting to have her hair frizzed.

Rouben Mamoulian, what have you done to our Greta!

THE second Garbo shock of the month was the Swede's attendance at both of the theatre previews of "Queen Christina." At the last preview, the theatre projectionist must have been so excited at unreeling the film for the star herself, that he went haywire and got it so balled up they had to stop the showing right in the middle.

THE third and final voltage occurred at the Hotel Ambassador



Acme

THEY ARE MARRIED

News!

. . . All the latest intimate gossip straight from the camera coast

matic characterizations."

They say Ginger rather has her heart set on the name Gloria. Well, that would save changing the monograms on her lingerie, anyway.

WITH the possible exception of Joan Crawford, no girl in Hollywood has known the bitter, defeated, cruel childhood that was Jean Parker's. Yet, something has survived those dark years and that is her romance with Pancho Lucas, sweetheart of her "little girl days." Now that Jean is on top of the heap, she is doing all in her power to promote a screen career for Pancho. Success crowned her efforts when M-G-M cast him in "Viva Villa" with Wally Beery.

HAVE you been going around humming "Have You Ever Seen a Dream Walking?"

Believe it or not, but nobody else but Ginger Rogers is responsible for the success of this song.

Ginger was supposed to sing a song called "Gypsy Lover" during the romantic interludes of "Sitting Pretty," but she had heard a new little ditty "something about a dream" fresh off the piano of the composer and not yet published, and had her heart set on singing it. The New York execs said, "No." Ginger

put her foot down and finally they gave in. Now they are selling ten thousand copies of the sheet music daily in New York alone.

CLARK GABLE'S latest enthusiasm is horse racing. His two-year-old "Beverly Hills" made her first appearance on New Year's Day at Caliente.

RECENTLY, when Joan Blondell was too sick to go to the studio to emote, the crew packed up their equipment and moved into Joan's bedroom. It was the only shot needed to complete the picture and luckily it was a bedside scene. Still very weak, and many pounds lighter, Joan



Scott

AT THE GROVE

did her stuff with plenty of realism.

BECAUSE he was too bashful, an extra muffed a chance for a big break. The director picked him from the ranks because of his doggy dress and seemingly suave mannerisms for a close-up bit with Sally Rand, hotsy café dancer. He was instructed to stick a roll of bills into her stocking (just above the knee) and say coolly, "There you are darling!"

After many retakes, during which the "man-of-the-world" perspired profusely, the director dismissed him on the ground that he was too nervous for the part.

SALLY RAND isn't like most gals who, after struggling for years to keep the wolf from the door, plunge into an orgy of spending the minute they get an income. Instead, Sally is taking the dough she has earned from her famous fan dance and invested it all in a modest little orange ranch on the outskirts of Los Angeles. "If the wolf should happen by my way again," says she, "I'll at least have a place to live—fans or no fans!"

RUDY VALLEE'S dog "Windy" doesn't think much of the Hollywood pooches. The first day



Scott

LUPE MEETS MAMA W.

(Reading up) Charles Beahan and Sydney Fox liked their first wedding so much that they decided to celebrate their first anniversary by having another—wedding, of course. And (center) Mama Weissmuller, son and wife Lupe. Doesn't Lupe look sedate? The Tom Meighans entertain lovely Diana Wynyard at the Cocoanut Grove (top picture).



International

THEY ARE TWICE WED

... Maybe Katharine Hepburn wasn't so generous to give that "grand"

Good



Scott

(Reading Down) Mike Levee had a party. Well, everybody does. See if you can find Fredric March, Michael Farmer, Harold Lloyd and Doug, Jr. Randy Scott, Paul Lukas and Dennis King return from a trip abroad. Mary Brian, Colleen Moore, Hedda Hopper and Dick Powell met at tea recently. And this group all broadcast recently. John Boles, Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. But then, of course, you know 'em.

has been designing creations for the star to wear which are said to be so advanced in style that they will positively startle the world. The studio is very secretive about it all, refusing to give out even a hint as to what trend the fashions will follow.

The difficulty Adrian has come across so far is that the models, which were originally supposed to be for Norma exclusively, made the other costumes look so dated and *passé* that he now has to "dress" the entire cast, including extras, in the new mode.

Incidentally, Lilyan Tashman plays Norma's sister in the picture. Now Lil has long held the record for being the best-dressed woman in pictures, so everyone's holding his breath. There's sure to be an explosion soon.

WARNER BROTHERS don't want Dick Powell to get married . . . and how they don't!

They're trying to get him to put it on paper and promise he won't hie himself altarward, at least until his contract has expired.

Dick says he doesn't mind waiting a year, but the idea is not at all popular with several cinema debutantes.

Mary Brian, for instance, says, "It's a great idea—if it works."

THE meanie old gossips have it that there is a little story back of that \$1,000 check sent by Katharine Hepburn to the Community Chest before she departed for New York.

It seems that Katharine had one day's overtime work to be done on "Trigger." For this little service she asked, and received, the sum of \$10,000. The only catch was that la Hepburn was to donate \$1,000 of this amount to some local charity.

They say Hepburn first held out for the \$10,000 clear and thought the studio should donate the \$1,000 to charity. But she was finally made to see the light.

Then, the other side of the story is that Hepburn voluntarily offered to make the donation. That's the story that comes out of the publicity department and it's the one we'd like to believe.

W. S. VAN DYKE, M-G-M director, has a good memory.

Last Christmas, John Miljan bought a dilapidated T-Model Ford and had it delivered Christmas morning to the lawn of Van Dyke's



International

he was here he entered into a hair-raising battle with Jeanette MacDonald's "Captain" when the two met in a very ritzy hotel lobby. It took a police squad to separate them. The following day out at the Fox lot, he picked a fight with a director's Scottish terrier. But Windy has yet to prove himself a champ. Both times it was a draw.

GEORGE O'BRIEN was so tickled with the new suits his tailor made up for him in a jiffy just before Christmas that, wishing to show his appreciation, he told the little man if he had any kids he'd like to give them something for Christmas.

"Sure I got kids," said the seamster. There's little Reuben, Herman, Isabel, Isaac . . .

George was beginning to get weak.

". . . and Samuel, Aaron, Sarah, the twins and . . ."

But he never got to finish. George had swooned.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and Edna May Oliver were discussing a well known actor who has suffered an increase of hat size as the result of recent success.

"I never saw such a man," exclaimed Miss Oliver. "He won't work more than four hours a day. He has to have everything just so. He's certainly a candidate for the NRA. Why, that man already is working under a great big eagle."

"Big what?" asked Horton.

"Eagle."

"Oh, I thought you said *Ego*."

THE ladies will have a treat when they view Norma Shearer's picture "Rip Tide." For weeks Adrian



Scott



Scott

News!

... Is Rudy's romance on the wane?
Doug, Jr. says he knows love at last

home in Hollywood.

This Christmas, as a gag, one of Van's friends mailed invitations to every member of the movie colony to a Christmas party at Van's home. Acceptances poured in, much to Van's surprise, but he was determined to see it through.

In the meantime, he purchased a run-down fifty-passenger bus from a transportation company and had it deposited on the front lawn of Miljan's home.

But his chuckling was short-lived. Miljan showed up at Van's party with the bus filled to capacity—fifty in all!

SAW Ann Harding and her daughter lunching in Sardi's the other noontime and all those meanies who used to claim that Ann was a "dowdy dresser" should have seen her this day. The small green felt hat she wore was one of the brand new "turn back off the face models," extraordinarily becoming to Ann's classic profile. Her tailored suit was also green, and the scarf at her neck was a silvery grey fastened with a green pin. But even more important was the evidence of carefully applied make-up on her face. There was a time when Ann "never used a thing," but apparently those days are over. The lady looked grand.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., has gone on record as stating, "There is no one I admire more than Franchot Tone." Mr. Tone, you will recall, is Doug's ex-wife's present fiance.

Wonder how it happens then, that Doug and Franchot were both shopping in the commissary of the popular Vendome café the other day without speaking to one another. Of course there was another customer in the shop, too, so perhaps they didn't see one another in the "crowd."

THE Vendome was the scene of another amusing highlight of the Hollywood month.

In a conspicuous booth in the front of the café the Countess di Frasso was lunching with a woman friend. Directly across from her sat Lupe Velez being interviewed by a newspaper woman.

A newsy stuck his head in the door, yelling: "Gary Cooper marries

(Reading down) A new hot romance is Busby Berkley's and Merra Kennedy's. They're oh, so-o happy! And more good news is that of Maureen O'Sullivan's recovery. No more appendix trouble now! Margaret Sullavan recently landed in California by boat and is all set for her next picture. And—guess? Joan and Franchot Tone again with the latter looking adoringly, as usual, upon his sweet'n-heart'n.

Sandra Shaw in New York. Read about it. Read about it."

Neither of the ladies looked up—and neither bought a newspaper.

DON'T be surprised if trouble breaks out in a fresh place between James Cagney and the Warner Brothers Studio.

Jimmy was pretty upset when he noticed the Warner Theatre in Hollywood had billed Joan Blondell's name above his in "Footlight Parade." What's more he engaged a cameraman to photograph the "evidence" of his breach of contract which stipulates "no one shall be billed before Cagney."

IT is no secret that Lilian Harvey is not the musical comedy sensation she was expected to be. For some reason the beautiful Lilian just hasn't clicked in either "My Weakness," or "My Lips Betray." Some people attribute this to the fact that Janet Gaynor "beat her at her own game" in "Adorable." Others insist the continental star "tries too hard" before the camera and this effort to succeed makes her work seem stilted.

It was no surprise when Lilian and the Fox company began to have difficulties. The latest feud developed over Lilian's role in Rudy Vallee's picture. Lilian contends the part was so unimportant it was insulting and so she walked out. But now that Rudy's girl friend, Alice Faye, has been cast in the Harvey role you hear reports that the part is being "built up" to almost co-starring proportions. Is this the "freeze-out" for Lilian or not?

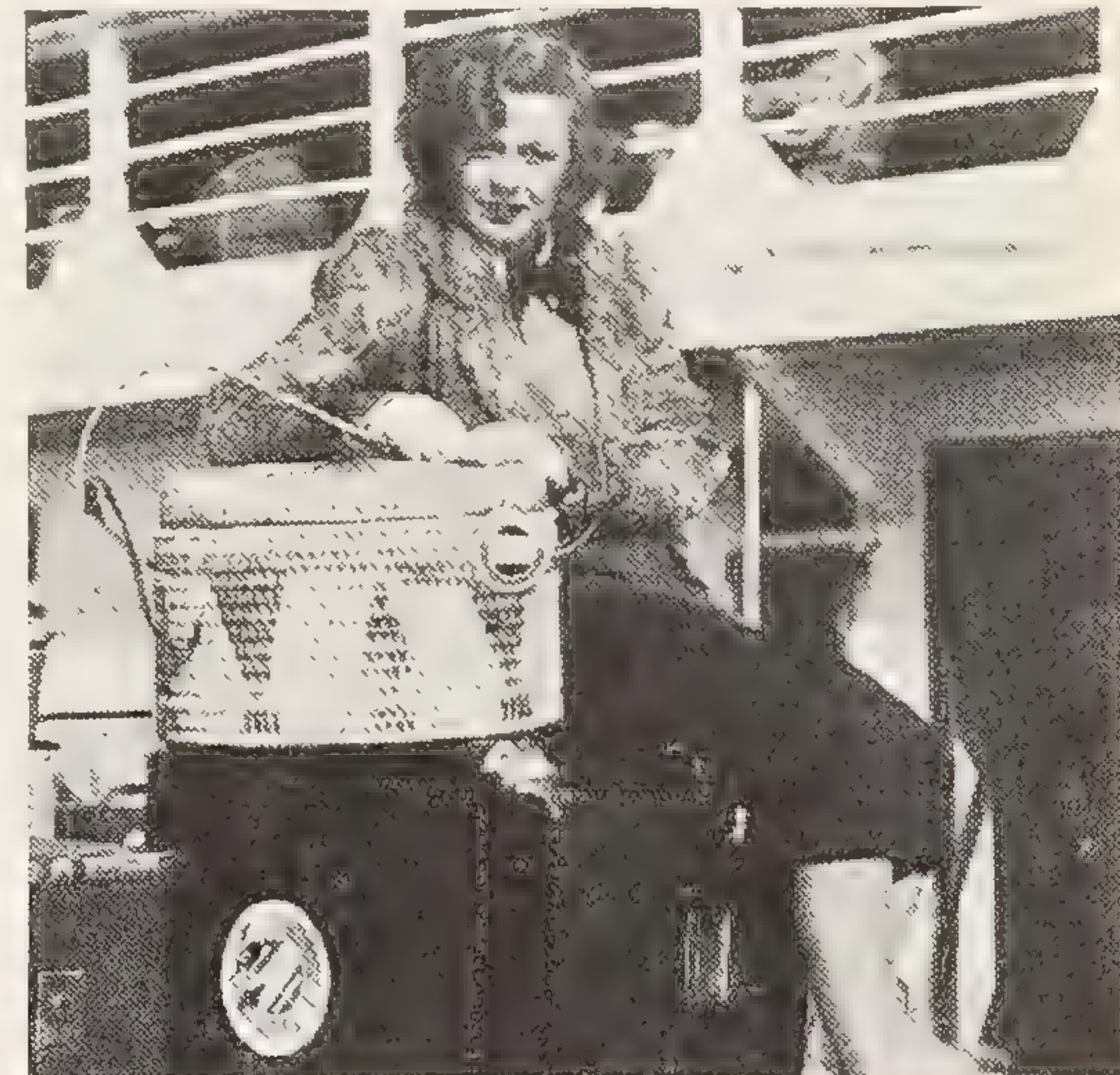
MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 78



Wide World



Acme



Scott



Scott

for once!
**THE TRUTH
 ABOUT
 PICKFORD**
 BY MARY ANN STEVENS



(Above) Miss Pickford as "Rosita" and left, with Buddy Rogers, her rumored beau. (Opposite) Douglas Fairbanks in faraway St. Moritz—and his wife as the heroine of "Secrets."



WHILE you arose luxuriously late Christmas morning and leisurely untied holly-decked packages and deplored the fact that Aunt Emma could always be depended upon to give something of which you already had plenty, Mary Pickford prepared to play five shows at the Paramount Theater in New York City.

And as you carelessly threw caloric discretion to the winds and passed your plate again and later rhumba-d your way through a festive evening, America's Sweetheart sat in a whitewashed dressing-room waiting to be called for her fifth performance Christmas day.

For, even as the world and his wife decides to call a holiday once in a while, Mary Pickford, possessor of millions, a veritable female Croesus, elects to work.

As a child, work to her was a dire necessity; as a girl, it became a well-established habit; as a young married woman, it represented the thrill of achievement; and now, as a matron standing on the brink of divorce accompanied by disillusionment and a sense of futility, it appears as a boomerang. For Mary Pickford's capacity for accomplishment has struck deep at the roots of what might have been her happiness. It is responsible for her inability to play, to enjoy leisure, to make a success of her marriage.

That last, to the Pickford devotees, seems like a sweeping statement, for they will tell you—and rightly so—that in matters matrimonial Our Mary turned her cheek until she no longer could with any semblance of pride. She bent backwards in attempting to recapture the feeling Douglas Fairbanks once held for her. But it seems to be just another case of locking the stable after the



At forty Our Mary faces disillusionment and divorce. And, as usual, there's a woman to blame. But not the one you think

horse is gone. For, years ago when her husband had taken all Hollywood could possibly offer—fame and money and social position of a sort, and a little more of each—he was ready to pull up stakes. Enough to Douglas Fairbanks was slightly better than a feast.

At the time, he urged his beautiful wife to call it a day cinematically, but Miss Pickford pleaded for "just a little while longer." And, to compromise, suggested that he take his next trip abroad alone. This, in view of the fact that it amounted to almost a boast at Pickfair that its owners never even danced save with each other.

CLOSE friends, realizing Mary's devotion and generosity to Doug, tried to point out that separation might mean the beginning of an estrangement, a gap in their lives that one day could not be bridged. But Miss Pickford, self-confident, a little autocratic and terrifically ambitious favored her even-then waning career.

Mary Pickford, undoubtedly, was the greatest personality the screen has ever seen. Her potent charm has always outweighed her histrionic ability. Her celluloid child sufferings touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the world. But when Our Mary grew up, her career began to hit the skids.

"Rosita," one of her earliest adult roles, did not come under the head of dramatic achievements. She made a pretty mediocre "Coquette" and a rather deplorable "Kiki." But pride and the insatiable desire for work kept her going and even after the first attempt at "Secrets" was shelved—at a breath-takingly stupendous cost even in an industry where money is thrown about recklessly

—Miss Pickford began on it again. The picture, finally released, received but fair appraisal.

Meanwhile, the host of Pickfair was going places and seeing things. Foreign cities, big game hunts, titled ladies. And, ironically enough, Mr. Fairbanks' penchant for royalty was born and fostered in Beverly Hills. Literally, lords, dukes and even a prince or two were entertained at Pickfair. And Mary Pickford arranged it all.

She also arranged, in the early years of their marriage, that her leading-man husband be given a nice section of the United Artists lot for his productions, and, as the connubial bliss continued, Miss Pickford gradually took less and Mr. Fairbanks more of the space and privileges in the great organization. She wished it that way, for it was just another proof of her love and loyalty.

Mary has always wanted to do things in the right way, being fundamentally a stickler for good taste, ever ready to sacrifice fun to form. Whenever there was a tea thrown at Pickfair, one instinctively knew it meant Orange Pekoe with nary a potato chip in sight to encourage a thirst. For the hostess respected and liked convention. It contrasted with her early gypsy-like theatrical life, an era fraught with hard work and sacrifice during which she figured as the bread-winner for her family. Hard work that later could not enlist the interest of her brother Jack in the career she planned for him, nor induce her sister Lottie to divert her energy into profitable channels. Hard work that built the barrier between her and Doug.

And even when the barrier had been erected, Mary could not, and would not believe it. (Continued on page 117)



Fredric March is the recipient of all the glamor Miriam Hopkins has in "All of Me."

WHY MEN FALL FOR

WHEN "the girls" get together in Hollywood, one of the favorite topics of conversation is, "But, my dear, how does she do it? Really, aren't men fools—falling for that baby stare and that Southern accent."

The "she" referred to is Miriam Hopkins, most arch of charmers, most subtle of allurers. And you wouldn't suspect that she has the ability to make men get all flustered and jittery—just to look at her. She is pretty, yes, but certainly her beauty is not nearly so lush and lavish as that of lots of the stars. And it is an actual fact that Anita Loos fired her from her play, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," because her eyes weren't big enough.

That girl knows how to get her man. And the other girls don't know how she does it. When a certain director fell hard for her his wife said, "I don't understand it. Why, he actually thinks she's a little innocent ingenue."

Yet when that connoisseur of glamor, Cecil B. De Mille, was asked for his choice of the most glamorous lady of all the Hollywoodians, his answer was—and did

it burn up the other women!—"Miriam Hopkins. Because she is subtle. Because she wears her glamor almost unconsciously like a rich cloak which she knows she has a right to wear."

And there you have some diversified opinions about Miriam Hopkins. Truly, she does know how to make men fall in love with her. And, truly, every time a romance has been brought to an end, it is Miriam who has done the breaking-off. So what of the girl herself? What is she really like and what makes her tick?

I, for one, am not baffled by her seductive abilities. I think when one analyzes her it is all plain enough. She was born in Bainbridge, Georgia, and even as a child with long, golden curls the boys carried her books home from school and willingly deposited their treasures—bits of string, marbles and broken pocket-knives—into her little white hands. There is something about long, golden curls that gives a girl the confidence and self-assurance that she is able to keep for the rest of her life.

Now—in her late twenties—she has more than just

Like a certain other Hopkins, all the lads find Miriam too, too fascinating



By KATHERINE
ALBERT

Miriam Hopkins

golden curls. With a curiously clear-eyed outlook on life she inspires men to friendship. They are taken off guard by the fact that she seems to be such a wonderful pal (she plays tennis, swims and rides horseback). Furthermore, she has a remarkable self-sufficiency, a capacity for being alone which prompts them to think, "Now here is a girl that one can be safe with, a good friend, a fine scout, a woman with every feminine charm but with the intelligence and outlook of a man."

Before they know it, the poor darlings have fallen head over heels in love with her and are begging her to marry them. This transition from friendship to love is not done by means of trickery but simply with her natural graces, the subtle quality of her face—a face where the mouth seems to be smiling and the eyes serious, calm and clear, with just the faintest trace of the sardonic in them. The men experience the vague feeling that she has not always been happy and that in spite of the fact that she and Austin Parker remain the best of friends, now that they are separated, that there must be something in her life

which she wants to forget. They feel that they are the ones to make her do that forgetting.

THEN, of course, there is the matter of her adopted child. Surely, they figure, any busy woman who would undertake the rearing of a baby (he was only six days old when she adopted him) must be starved for mother love, must want to have babies of her own.

Miriam is a girl of many moods. Not long ago she said to me, "I'm in sort of a transition period now. I don't know what I believe. The things about which I was so definite a year or so ago I'm definite about no longer."

Men sense in Miriam some wild, free spirit. She is a creature of impulse, as witness her mania for renting houses, equipping them, hiring servants and then giving them up and moving to another place.

When she first moved to Hollywood she chose Garbo's one-time home. She left that for an apartment and then moved to Bel-Air. Not so long ago she came to New York to do a play. At one of the (Continued on page 118)

Is it that Southern accent? Is it that head of golden curls? This tells you



●● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED
● RECOMMENDED

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert make "Queen Christina" one of the year's distinguished pictures.

●● **QUEEN CHRISTINA**
(METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, Ian Keith.

TRIUMPH FOR GARBO! One of the great pictures of the past few years, this historical epic makes a sustained drive for artistry. Besides, we have Garbo and Gilbert together again—with Gilbert very good, indeed. But you know how it is when there has been a lot of criticism? You *look* for faults.

One of the best scenes discloses

Garbo, travelling as a man, and stopping at a wayside inn, there to be placed in the same room with a nobleman from Spain (Gilbert) because all other rooms are occupied. (No reason to censor and every reason to try.) One does not resent the situation because it is so beautifully handled.

The picture is an unending series of exceptional scenes, packed with fine characterizations and good direction. A triumph for Garbo, a comeback for Gilbert with an orchid apiece for Messrs. Stone and Keith. The production is in a class by itself, so you cannot afford to miss it.

●● **MOULIN ROUGE**
(20TH CENTURY)

Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone, Tullio Carminati, Russ Colombo.

BENNETT SCORES! Indeed this is about the best picture Connie has ever made, which is praise aplenty. The heroine is a stage-struck wife, which husband Franchot does not like. However, a little thing like that doesn't stop her. She heads for the footlights



Dolores Del Río and Gene Raymond in "Flying Down to Rio."



Tullio Carminati, Franchot Tone and La Bennett in "Moulin Rouge."



Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi appear together in "By Candlelight."

in brunette disguise and, of course, makes good.

Connie sings well, dances beautifully and dresses stunningly—and her husband, not knowing who she is, falls for her. In the end he claims he knew her all the time, which statement perplexes la Bennett considerably. (Shades of "The Guardsman.")

See this picture by all means. Mr. Tone becomes better in each new production and Russ Columbo warbles a tune or two.

• BELOVED

(UNIVERSAL)

John Boles and Gloria Stuart.

LADIES, PREPARE! This will give you what you want in the way of heart throbs. We follow John Boles, a composer, and Gloria Stuart, his wife, through an entire lifetime. After they have struggled for years, their adopted son makes a hit with the Paul Whiteman type of composing, which Boles (an old man now) claims has been lifted from his symphony.

The incidental music is by Victor Schertzinger and its loveliness will haunt you long after you have left the theater. See this one and weep.

• FLYING DOWN TO RIO

(RKO)

Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire.

JUST MIDLIN' GOOD. This one is about an orchestra leader (Gene Raymond) who is always losing jobs because of his penchant for lovely ladies. He eventually gets around to Dolores Del Rio, promptly falls for her charms and as promptly finds himself among the vast army of the unemployed. Hearing of a job in Rio, he grabs Dolores aboard a plane and they become stranded on an island near the landing field.

Ginger Rogers sings and Fred Astaire dances—and very nicely, too—and the picture is punctuated with catchy tunes. While it is not exactly tops insofar as musicals go, you're apt to get a bang out of it. And the Del Rio gal is surely sumpin' to look at.

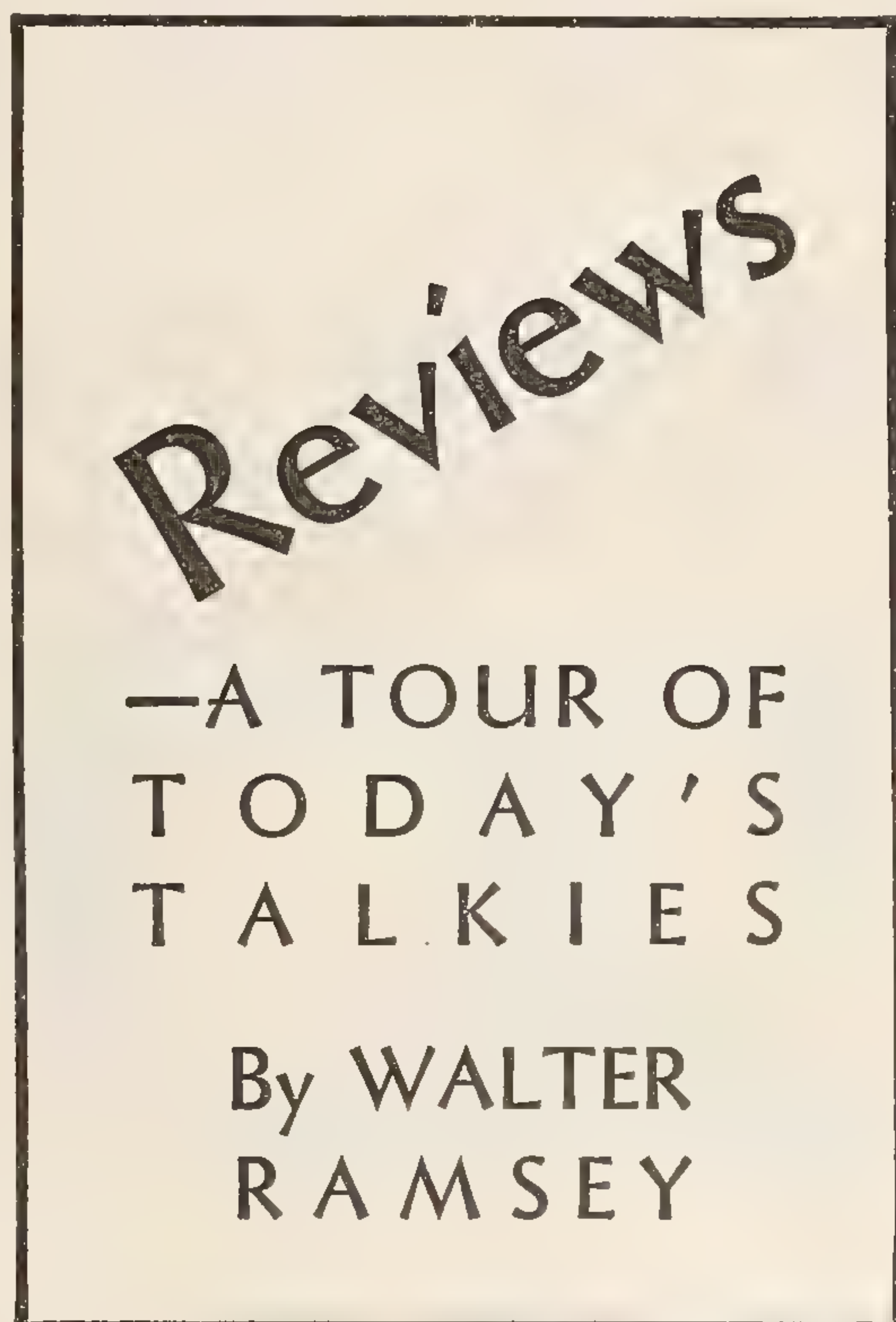


Gene Raymond and Lilian Harvey in a new musical, "I Am Suzanne."

• BY CANDLELIGHT (UNIVERSAL)

Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, Nils Asther.

VERY GOOD: You will enjoy every moment of this picture. It's a huge masquerade party, set in Vienna and Monte Carlo, in which Miss Landi, the maid in the house, decides to be the mistress for a few days. The butler (Paul Lukas) tries his hand at being master and the real prince (Nils Asther) getting into the spirit of the thing, plays his own butler.



The cast and story are far better than the direction, which makes the picture just miss being excellent. It is the type of story that requires subtlety and deftness in making the clever situations unravel the idea. Individual performances are pretty swell and you are scheduled for several good laughs.

MASSACRE

(WARNERS)

Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak.

PRETTY FAIR. You might like it. The story is rather slender and the



Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak in a scene from "Massacre."

theme rather depressing, which does not exactly make for entertainment. Barthelmess gives a good performance as the Indian boy who leaves the reservation to become a swaggering, conceited performer at the World's Fair.

When he eventually returns to the reservation, which is overridden with crime, he does an about-face and tries to help his own people. Ann Dvorak is adequate as an Indian girl. The youngsters will undoubtedly think they should see this, but we cannot recommend it to them.

I AM SUZANNE

(FOX)

Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond.

FAIRLY GOOD-SIZED CHEERS.

Yes, this picture is better than the usual run, a different sort of musical and one you will maybe enjoy. Lilian Harvey lives up to her European reputation with an appealing, emotional performance as the dancer whose career is halted by an accident. Befriended by a puppet master, she falls in love. Puppeteer Gene Raymond is too shy to mention his love and Lil thinks he cares only for the puppets! Drama is high in the scene where her jealous rage makes her shoot one of the puppet dolls through the heart. We like Raymond more each time and Harvey is making us wonder why her success has been so luke-warm.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE

(UNIVERSAL)

June Knight, Lew Ayres, Alice White, Alan Dinehart.

NOTHING SENSATIONAL. This little film rolls along at a pretty fast clip. It's another bus yarn with an exciting murder and crash in the finale. June Knight (you'll like her) is on her way to California because of marvelous pictures painted by villain Alan Dinehart. Lew Ayres follows June, much smitten. Minna Gombell is Dinehart's wife and helps the situation by keeping an eye on him, and Alice White is the hitch-hiker who gets a lift. This is the most believable bus picture of the month—with more to come, we hear.



John Boles and Gloria Stuart co-star in "Beloved." Ver' sad.



THE SHAKEDOWN (WARNERS)

Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, Charles Farrell.

GOOD CAST WASTED. It is really a shame to put such a fine group of players in a yarn so undeniably trite. The story is about a cut-rate drug racketeer (Ricardo Cortez) who uses a dumb chemist to make up inferior products which he sells under standard labels. All goes well until Chemist Charlie Farrell's wife (Bette Davis) and his baby fall victims of the bad remedies.

• JIMMY AND SALLY (FOX)

James Dunn and Claire Trevor.

LAUGHS GALORE. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is a cute, fast-moving little comedy and a pleasant entertainment. Sally Eilers, however, was wise to turn it down. Yet, even though it wouldn't have done her any particular good, it does plenty for Claire Trevor. She certainly has a lot of what's-its-name. Jimmy Dunn is the publicity man for a meat company and Claire is his secretary as well as his inspiration until Harvey Stephens steps in and almost grabs her. Adults and youngsters alike will enjoy this one.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Otto Kruger, Isabel Jewell, Una Merkel.

HARD TO TAKE. It's that old, familiar story about the criminal lawyer and his women and doesn't compare with the best of this type. However, it has its moments. Poor Otto Kruger wanders around in cemeteries in the driving rain, has races with death and his slow marches down the "last mile" are typical of the old silent days. However, when they give Kruger a chance (such as the sickbed scenes and his convalescence) he puts his heart into it and his swell acting triumphs. Isabel Jewel is good in a sympathetic rôle and Una Merkel and Roscoe Karns take expert care of the laughs. We'd like to see Irene Franklin some more. She was fine as the husband-shooting lady in deesa pecture.

(Left) Roscoe Karns, Irene Franklin and Otto Kruger appear in "Women in His Life." (Right) "Jimmy and Sally" brings a new team, James Dunn and Claire Trevor, to the screen, (Below) Zasu Pitts and Will Rogers combine to give you lots of of laugh in "Mr. Skitch."



GOING HOLLYWOOD (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.

MIDDLING MUSICAL. They had a tough time dragging in the explanation of such gorgeous clothes for "poor girl" Marion Davies—and the story was kind of hokey and Bing Crosby steals whatever there is—but aside from that a good time was had by all. It's a little ditty about a gal (Marion) who falls in love with a radio crooner's voice (Crosby's) and follows him to Hollywood; only to (strange, unusual plot) get the star's rôle in his picture. There are a couple of good tunes, too. We've never seen Marion look so beautiful, but whether it was the exceptional camera work or the fact that the cast of young ladies chosen to surround the star were so well chosen, we couldn't quite figure. Elaborate production and good ensemble numbers plus Bing's warbling make this worth your money.

• MR. SKITCH (FOX)

Will Rogers, Zasu Pitts.

COMEDY and tears. Yes, the Fox Studio certainly rings the bell with this combination. It's funny that Will and Zasu haven't been thought of before. This opus concerns itself with the "repression" and how Will has to sell the furniture and pile Zasu, the twins, daughter Rochelle Hudson, a son

and the dog into the rambling family vehicle and start out "traveling." Their destination is California, but there are several auto-camps, laughs and tears before they get there. We laughed at Florence Desmond and her imitations and loved Rogers in this human, natural rôle. Let's have more with Zasu Pitts and Will. The youngsters will love it, too.

• MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (PARAMOUNT)

Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady, Baby LeRoy, Jack LaRue.

VERY GOOD. Dealing with the timely topic of the kidnapping racket, this offering includes a fine story and grand acting. It may leave you a little limp—memories being memories—but we want you to see it. Dorothy Wieck is still a bit cold as the movie star whose baby is stolen, but Alice Brady has warmth enough for both of them, as she gives a grand performance of the simple soul (with a brood of children) who rescues the stolen baby and has a big moment as she rides into town with motor-cop escort. A good scene is the one in the kidnapper's shack when Baby LeRoy listens to his mother's voice over the radio. We defy John Barrymore to do the scene better. Jack LaRue and Dorothy Burgess click as "snatchers" and Spanky is adorable. We recommend this one highly . . . better see it!

BOMBAY MAIL (UNIVERSAL)

Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

MAYBE we're fed up but anyway, it didn't click with us. Too many people bobbing in and out, confusing, and the plot didn't have much chance against it. Eddie Lowe, as the Inspector who tosses off the not-so-wisecracks isn't up to par. Shirley Grey is the gal and Ferdinand Gottschalk gets murdered while Hedda Hopper, his wife, stands by. Onslow Stevens is the suspect. You have to be very hot for mysteries to go for this one.

(Continued on page 120)



(Above) Lil Tashman (snapped with Dolores Del Rio and spouse Eddie Lowe) went haywire on that hat. (Right) Loretta Young has to be coaxed to pose with sisters Sally Blane and Polly Ann.



(Right) Lew, maybe Ginger wouldn't be too pleased to hear about that gal in the stationer's shop. (Below) Arline Judge (between Marian Nixon and Leila Hyams) was just a bit too nonchalant about the diamond brooch.



WANT to know what this page is all about? Well, listen:

Each month, we shall pick out—from the pictures which we see and from the news which our spies gather for us—various things which we no likee. It may be a bit of ham acting from a player who should know better. It may be a bad boner in direction. And then again, it may have nothing to do with any movie—it may point out, instead, some ungracious or just-too-simply-ridik action on the part of one of your favorites.

It's all in a spirit of fun—with malice toward none (not much, anyway). And if you would like to join in the merriment—why, come ahead. Send your contributions to The Booby Prize, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

● A large, ancient umbrella goes to Greta Garbo as a booby prize—for appearing *twice* in the lobby of the exclusive Ambassador Hotel, wearing raincoat and galoshes—when it wasn't raining! Was she *trying* to disappoint the tourists?

● To Lew Ayres, we present a slightly used copy of Casanova for consistently trying to date a cute little gal in a local stationery shop—who wouldn't even give him a tumble.

● Dareos gets a textbook on astrology for predicting "no marriage" for Gary Cooper in the February MODERN SCREEN.

● Will Hays gets one year's subscription to "The Nudist" for holding up photographs until he decides whether the stars have enough clothes on. There is no truth in the report, however, that Mr. Hays wants Johnnie Weissmuller to wear modest leopard-skin over-

alls in "Tarzan and His Mate."

● Tullio Carminati—who sings just booful but who makes the most gosh-awful faces while he's doing it—gets a pocket mirror to practice with.

● The director of "The World Changes" gets a copy of Little Nellie's First Music Book for letting that piano player in the 1857 Wild West Saloon tickle the ivories in so 1933 a manner. Mercy, ragtime didn't appear on the scene until long after 1857—let alone Gershwin blue-notes.

● While we're on the subject, will directors in general do something about phony piano playing in general? Why, even in "Little Women" which was so

... Boners of the month, pointed out for your amusement. All in a spirit of good, clean fun, you understand!

perfect, one sees Paul Lucas seated at the piano, playing and singing a lovely—and difficult song. There's a shot of Lucas' hands—doing nothing whatsoever except bobbing up and down as if he were playing chopsticks.

● Lil Tashman gets D-minus for wearing a contraption on her head which looked like an inverted carpet sweeper. It was supposed to be a hat.

● Arline Judge gets one of Mr. Winchell's onions for this: she lost a \$1500 brooch. And she merely tossed her head and said, "Oh, well, what of it?"

● Loretta Young gets stood in the corner for being so snooty about posing
(Continued on page 89)

"I've dressed them all!"



(Above) Norma Talmadge threw a handful of loose diamonds on a jeweler's table, much to the amazement of the author. (Right) Wherever Betty Blythe goes, she's still the "Queen of Sheba"—even today.

By HOWARD GREER

IN telling you all I know about the stars whose gowns I have designed and who have signed my famous autograph book, I have selected the names about which to write at random.

I find now that those I have overlooked are the stars of a generation ago and I mean a movie generation, which is about seven years. But these players were so glamorous that I must tell you about them.

Here's a signature I prize. Picture stars may come and go but Norma Talmadge, whether she is on the screen or not, goes on forever. I have known her in Hollywood, New York and Paris and our experiences together have always been mad and bizarre.

Only last winter I met Norma in New York and we started on a shopping expedition which led us to the elegant show-



... The modiste is the privileged one who knows what makes the wheels go round in a star's mind—and this famous designer discloses to you the intimate secrets of Hollywood's great and near-great in his own chatty way



(Left) Evelyn Brent is as extravagant as she is charming and as talented as she has lately become unlucky. (Above) Her beauty and ability triumphed over Dorothy Mackaill's penchant for make-up.

I was wearing an old polo coat which I flung on the thick carpet at my feet. Then, kneeling beside it—and by this time everyone in Cartier's was looking at me—I picked up a corner, peered beneath and said quite seriously to Norma, "The outside is sable all right. I'm convinced of that. But they've cheated on the lining. It's summer weasel."

Norma, seeing me behaving in this mad fashion, burst into a mild hysteria which so frightened the poor salesman that he immediately swooped up all the loose jewels and clapped them in a drawer for safe keeping. I'm sure they all thought that I was feigning insanity and would, at any moment, seize a tray of diamonds and bolt for the street. But Norma never tired of telling about how I completely upset the dignity of Cartier's.

room of Cartier's, one of the greatest jewelers in America. I was impressed when I saw a row of little carved tables behind which sat the most serious individuals selling beautiful jewels to beautiful women. One of the men, a stately moustached individual, arose and approached us. He had waited on Norma for years and knew every jewel she had.

Norma sat before the little table, casually opened her handbag, took out a handkerchief, the four corners of which were knotted together, undid it and spilled upon the table a handful of loose diamonds. Little ones and big ones tumbled out and a few fell on the carpet.

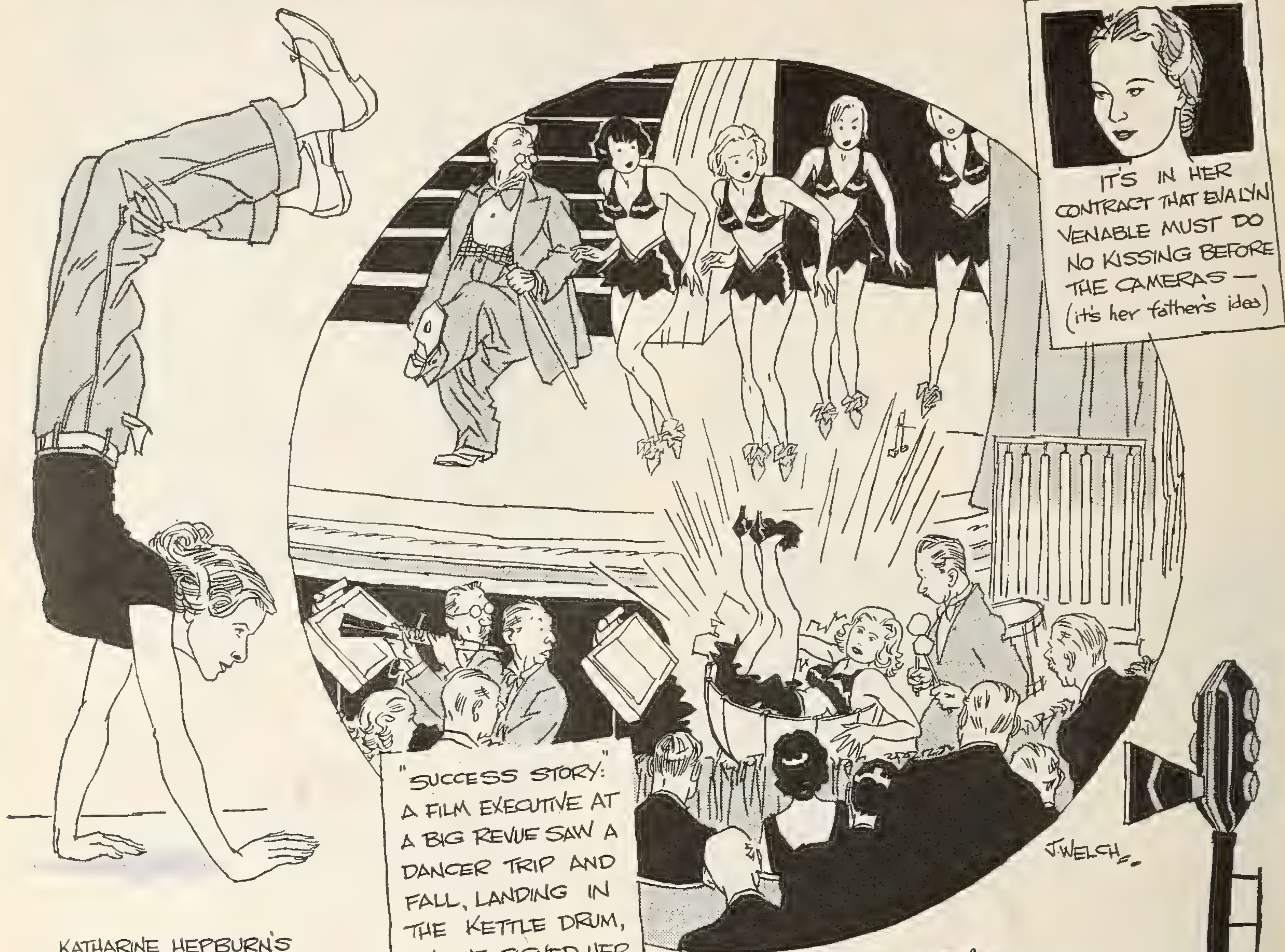
"I want all this junk put into a pair of earrings," Norma announced. It suddenly occurred to me that there was something sensational about a woman who could be so unmoved by such a quantity of priceless stones. A momentary madness seized me. Everybody was being so nonchalant about all this wealth.

MARGARET LIVINGSTON, now Mrs. Paul White-man and retired from pictures, was another girl with a marvelous sense of humor. She was once working in a picture supporting one of the greatest stars. We were having difficulty with the star's wardrobe and had tried this gown and that, but none suited. Finally Margaret said, "I think I know what that dame wants. She's mad for beads! Now I've got an old dress at home that's falling to bits, but it's covered with beads. Put some ostrich around the skirt and let's see what happens."

Well, we took the remains of Margaret's beaded dress, did as she suggested and presented it for the Great Star's approval. "But that's exactly what I want," she said. "It looks expensive but it should." Well, only Margaret and I knew what it really cost.

Dorothy Mackaill was adored (*Continued on page 96*)

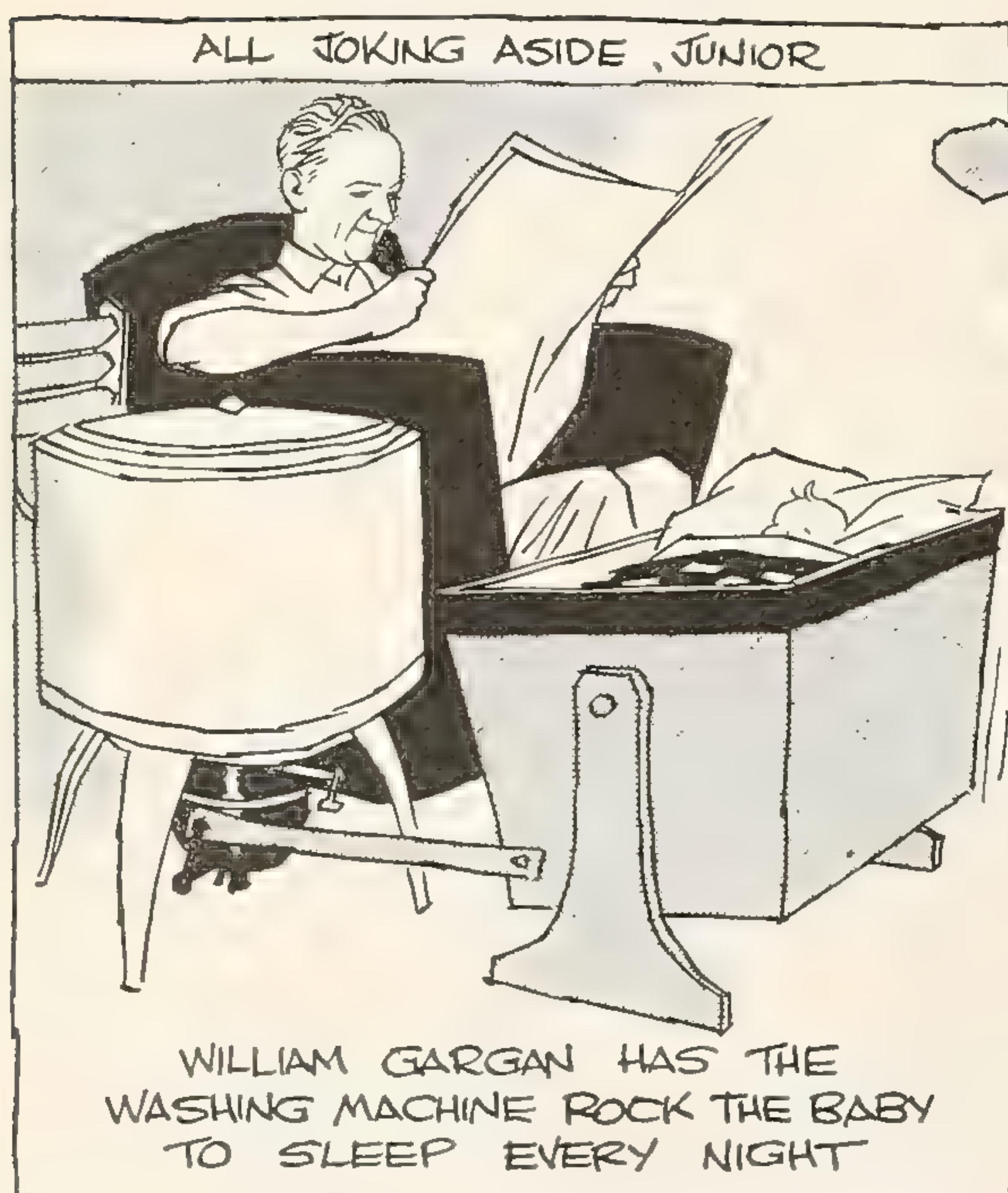
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



KATHARINE HEPBURN'S FAVORITE EXERCISE IS WALKING ON HER HANDS

"SUCCESS STORY": A FILM EXECUTIVE AT A BIG REVUE SAW A DANCER TRIP AND FALL, LANDING IN THE KETTLE DRUM, AND HE SIGNED HER UP FOR THE MOVIES SHE WAS LILIAN HARVEY.

J. WELCH



WILLIAM GARGAN HAS THE WASHING MACHINE ROCK THE BABY TO SLEEP EVERY NIGHT



WHEN SHE WAS WITH A ROAD SHOW IN CANADA EDNA MAY OLIVER ONCE OVERSLEPT AND HAD TO CHASE HER TRAIN A QUARTER OF A MILE, CLAD IN HER NIGHTGOWN



BABY LEROY:

HA-TA-TA

BABY DURANTE:

HA-CHA-CHA

They speak the same language and do not go in for much Hollywood night life. In fact, the only matter that threatens the beautiful understanding between Messrs. Durante and LeRoy is the latter's likelihood to creep off with the coveted title of "Jimmy, the well-dressed man." Chevalier's choice will soon be seen in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen" and "Schnozzle" is ready with "Palooka" and "The Hollywood Party."





Anna Sten's chief worry since arriving in Hollywood has been how to teach her cook (colored) to prepare borscht and shashlik in true Russian style. Anna's first American picture, "Nana," has suffered long delays—but all say it's superb. Her husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke, is in Hollywood with her.



Warner Baxter has been in the show business since he was five. He has been happily married to the same woman for sixteen years. His chief hobby is picking up charming odds and ends for their new house. After "Fox Follies," you'll see him in "Grand Canary."



Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy are still romancing. Loretta dislikes all sports, except badminton (of all things) and adores all picture shows. After "Born to be Bad," she'll be in "House of Rothschild" with Mr. George Arliss.



How would you like to see Lew Ayres teamed up in a picture with that eccentric girl and marvelous actress—Margaret Sullivan? They may do the best seller, "Little Man, What Now?" after Lew's "Cross Country Cruise."



Johnny Mack Brown, in his quiet, unassuming way, has managed to keep his fans loyal through a series of bad breaks. His present pride and joy and chief topic of conversation is his three-months-old son. Like all good Southerners, he's a bit daffy about duck hunting. Latest picture—"Swan Song."



Madge Evans gets up every morning at six to play tennis with Tom Gallery—and then expects us to believe she isn't going to marry the chap! Madge dotes on ice cream sodas and eats them without any figure-fears. With Montgomery, she has completed "Fugitive Lovers." A grand cinematic team.

THE LOWDOWN ON MICKEY MOUSE!



By B. F.
WILSON

...He's five year's old and famous—yet it hasn't gone to his head. For Minnie's boy-friend knew days when producers wouldn't give him the price of a piece of cheese



This may look like a photograph titled, "Each man for himself." But in reality the boys are co-operating in the music room of Walt Disney's film factory, to synchronize one of Mickey Mouse's celluloid adventures. A rehearsal is in progress, as you see.



When these enthusiastic tango-ers are transferred to the screen, they will be Mickey and Minnie in the throes of the "light fantastic." The cartoonists draw from life in order to get correct body movement, while Mr. Disney supervises the proceedings.



Here is Walt with his best pal and severest critic. Mrs. Disney used to draw in her famous husband's studio. However, that was before she became mistress of a six-room bungalow, a three-year-old car and a new refrigerator. They're oh, so-o happy.

reason being, that the man responsible for him in every way, has his own ideas about success.

Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies, is a shy young man of thirty-three. He lives in a six-room bungalow five minutes walk from the studio where Mickey Mouse is made. He has a three-year-old car of modest cost, and his chief luxury, up until now, has been a new electric refrigerator. He is very happily married to a girl by the name of Lillian Bounds, who used to draw for him in his studio. Just recently, his wife presented him with a baby, and that, as you all know, is a far greater luxury than any ice-box. He takes a weekly salary for himself of two hundred dollars. Every other penny goes back into the making of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies.

Mickey Mouse is only five years old. When he was born, Disney tried to get every movie producer in Hollywood to back him financially. About this time, talkies had just appeared to give the film magnates further headaches, and bustling around trying to get sound effects into pictures which were almost finished, or had just been finished, made these same magnates deaf to Disney's entreaties. He decided to make them himself—on the proverbial shoe-string. He also decided that Mickey needed sound effects to increase his attraction. He made Mickey dance and sing, and that was the beginning of such fantastic, incredible feats as elephants pirouetting like Follies girls; pigs fiddling with the ease of concert masters; wolves turning into Fuller Brush men as realistic as the most every-day visitor of that well-known household necessity to your back door.

WHAT would you say if you discovered that the greatest star of them all—a screen favorite who has leaped far above the heads of players like Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford or Barrymore—draws a salary of a mere two hundred dollars per week? You would immediately jump to the conclusion that I should be rushed around to the nearest padded cell, wouldn't you?

It is true, however. The most famous movie star in the world today is Mickey Mouse. He leads the band of popularity from Timbuktu to far Japan, where he is known all over the land as "Miki Kuchi." Each country has its own peculiar name for him. He has been placed, along with the other immortals, in Madame Tussaud's wax-works Hall of Fame. He has been acclaimed by writers, scientists, savants and the "Brain Trust" of the world. He has played command performances before the Kings and Queens of Europe. And his fan mail out-numbers that of any other star.

And yet, he is the only celluloid luminary who isn't riding around in a Rolls-Royce or living in a palace. The

WITHIN a year every producer in Hollywood who had refused to listen to Disney, was crowding the office of his studio with tremendous sums on the contracts they offered him. Mickey Mouse went up in electric lights at movie houses. People flocked to theatres where he appeared. And when the success of Mickey became assured, Disney began another series of one-reel features, and called them "The Silly Symphonies," which caught on with such sure-fire (Continued on page 97)



DON'T SEND GILBERT INTO EXILE

By GLADYS
HALL

JOHN GILBERT called me on the phone one night. He said, "I am filing a complaint against the studio to have my contract construed. When I gave you the first story about my comeback, thanks to Garbo, I told you I'd give you the next big story that might happen to me. It has happened. Come up tomorrow and I'll tell you about it. My lawyers have just left. You are the first to know anything about it."

I went up the next morning. My pulse was accelerated by ten beats to the minute. There had been Jack's ad in the Hollywood Reporter advising the world that he was at liberty. "At liberty"—when it was understood that he was under a seven year contract. There had been a mysterious silence at the studio where he was concerned. On one hand rhapsodic reports of his superb performance in "Christina" and on the other hand silence when you asked, "What is he to do next?" Still, I couldn't believe it, whatever it was.

I was thinking of Jack as he had been a few weeks ago when he first knew he was to play with Garbo in "Christina." He had been exalted, transported, in Seventh Heaven. He had been like a man reborn, revived, reinstated in Paradise. One would have sworn that he

HIS FATE IS IN YOUR HANDS

Read this story and see what cruel calamity can overtake John Gilbert. Do you resent it?

What is to become of this player? Is he headed for a break or oblivion? Will he be given further opportunity to work at his chosen profession, or is he doomed to the limbo of forgotten favorites?

It all depends on you. And you and you. Does it matter to you? It should. Real talent is as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth.

Write and tell us your opinion. It is valuable. It will influence both producers and exhibitors mightily. It will determine John Gilbert's future.

would endure all things rather than allow anything to interfere in any way with his "new deal" in this game he hates and loves.

I thought, the man is really tremendous. He is a rebel in the ranks. He is a militant pacifist. He is the stuff of which the mad martyrs were made. He is of the blood that fight their lives through for some Holy Cause only to fling it, bloody, into the teeth of the first offender.

It's grand that there can be a man like this in a world gone soft and compromising and riddled with poor little cowardly fears.

A man without compromise or caution, with a fierce and violent pride, with a lusty heart and a skin as thin as tissue paper.

Jack paced that long and sumptuous living-room of his. His brown, lean hands were gesticulating, his hair was wild and black. I thought, "What an actor!" There isn't anyone else like him. He brings the old and barbaric colorfulness of the theatre back to us again. An actor who doesn't have to act, because there is greasepaint in his very veins, histrionics in his very blood, drama in every cell of his body.

He said, "You know how happy I was when that magnificent Swede *made* the chance for me to play with her in 'Queen Christina.' I would have given away twenty

A chance to work, a try at happiness seems little to ask—yet an unjust



Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in the tavern scene from "Queen Christina." (Left) Jack registers a court "smash" on his day off.

years of my life to have done that picture. I would give the twenty years away again today. It was and it is the most magnificent thing that ever happened to me, or ever will. You know how exalted I felt at my chance to get back to where I had been, to do what I had once done. It doesn't happen twice to most men, you know. It happened twice to me, thanks to Garbo

AND I want to tell you that she was magnificent to me while we were working together. She is greater than she ever was, greater to work with, greater in her work. She knew that I was nervous, raw, almost sick with the excitement and the thrill of the thing. And never once did she fail in consideration of me, in tact, in saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. She was gracious and friendly. She sensed every one of my feelings and was tender toward them.

It was hard work, of course, making that picture. I was nervous and gun shy. I felt that only Garbo really wanted me there. I was sick a lot and Garbo was sick. There were delays and retakes and troubles like that. The executives were looking at me with the old-time and too-familiar suspicion and hostility. I didn't care. I was working again.

"Then, after the picture was finished, I was feeling on top of the world one day and thought I'd call up one of the executives and just say thank you to him, for the part, for the chance, for—well, for everything, you know.

"I got him on the phone. I started in to say thank you to him. I'd hardly opened my mouth before he opened up on me and let me have it—foul abuse, threats, damnation and all hell let loose. I tried to scream into the phone that I was just trying to say *thanks*. I didn't want any more dough, I tried to (Continued on page 112)

fate can and—

more—may deny them to this star

WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM ALINE MacMAHON



You can learn a secret of quiet charm—more potent, sometimes, than glamor and sex appeal can ever be

She is prettier than her screen portrayals would have you believe. Fairer of skin. And slighter of figure. As for wisecracks—she believes they belong on the screen. Not in a woman's life. Wise girl, Aline.

IF you met Aline MacMahon you would see instantly that she is a much prettier woman than her screen portrayals had led you to believe. There is a charm and a harmony there and a grace of carriage which is most attractive, for she has something in her features, mobile and alive, something in her long, slender hands, something in her perfect poise which will endure long after merely pretty and even beautiful women have been forgotten.

I had expected a dash of brusqueness, a slight amusingly hard-boiled veneer and a constant effect of comedy. I found none of these. And I was very glad that I didn't find them. Because I think that too often, girls of Aline MacMahon's type are apt to take refuge behind a hard-boiled manner and a barrage of smart wisecracks. And by "girls of Aline MacMahon's type," I mean this: girls who are not beautiful in the accepted sense; girls who are not born with sex appeal sticking out from every pore; girls whose intelligence tells them that they are not sirens. These girls are too apt, sometimes, to sit down and decide that they have no sex appeal at all. They become the "good eggs" of this world. The "perfect peaches." The girls to whom men tell their love troubles—about other girls. Not that you can't have sex appeal and be a good egg, too, but—you see what I mean, don't you? That is

By FAITH
BALDWIN

what you can learn from Aline MacMahon.

Aline MacMahon can be as funny as a crutch—on the screen. But you don't find her playing the clown—or even the flippant wisecracker—in real life. Because, somehow, in a woman, that just doesn't go with charm—unless you happen to be Mae West. And Aline has a lot of charm. I might say, oodles of it.

Aline MacMahon is fairer of skin than I thought and her hair is brown and I am trying to remember whether her eyes were hazel or a blue gray. She has a low, delightful voice and a way of making you feel that you are interesting to her. She was an excellent stage actress before reaching the screen. She told me of an incident in her theatrical career which was both amusing and pathetic.

We were speaking of the unfailing regularity with which dreams come true if you have the wisdom to work for them and the gift requisite for the realization of your especial dream. We agreed that often they come true, not quite as one expected and sometimes too late or in a different form. She said that she had her first leading part in a play called "Collusion." The play was well received and after it was over someone said, "Well, this is your big night, the night you were to have been dragged through the streets in your carriage by the wild and cheering multitudes." (Continued on page 105)

Their "BEST ESTEEMED" Stars



... Delightful—and somehow touching—tributes to some of our movie stars, written by the young Oriental pupils of a Hawaiian school. The English may be wild, but the sentiments are sincere!

Most elegant artist, Jack Welch, have pulled these sketch. Very uproarious they show the stars in such costume they imaginatively attire in Land of Ancestors. We cogitate they most amusement for illustrate this fastidious article

NORMA SHEARER: the magnificent star, functions on the screen and is known as an excelling beauty. She looks excessively repose with tooth like clouds and pearls. Her hairs are so undulating that I think so it is hard to comb it. Her eyelashes are tedious and exceedingly cute. When she commences her eyes, her eyelashes goes reluctant, as if she did it for intentionally. Her lips are not spacious, but paltry. Her nose is not so inadequate, nor are they too comparative. They are just upright. She exploits so pungently that she is known as one of the movie stars.

AYAKO MURAOKA

MARION DAVIES: My most best, esteemed actress is Marion Davies. She is one of the superior actress. Her complexion is fair with large blue eyes, circular countenance, extended hair with a modish dress. She have a fine procedure in walking, and is fitful to be at every show and are well prepared to act movies kind.

Marion Davies is calm and perfectly good. Her reputation is what people ponder she are. I maxim she is

preferable to any movie star that exploits. She is an actress of not so long ago.

KINUYE HASHIMOTO

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: Charlie Chaplin is a man of the jollity class actor. He has a black hair, a dark blue organ of vision and always vesture himself in a funny condition in a long pant and a coat with a large space exposed by the end of the front part. He have pregnant feet, and when he walk the part by the toes propogate away from each other. He were always winking the eye, but without utterance a bit of laugh.

I perception no actor can act so comedies as Charlie Chaplin. I most desirious to sit downing in the Princess Theater and observation how he shackle his basis. In one movies his foot grew a corn, and everyplace he go he would conveyance a cane.

KIM YUN HO

COLLEEN MOORE: MY most propitious esteemed actress is Colleen Moore. I saw (Continued on page 95)

~~"I said that Ralph Forbes and George Brent were no longer good friends and that either one could see the other at the bottom of a well with total unconcern."~~

"I was wrong. I discover that Ralph and George are still Damon and Pythias to each other and that Ruth, George and Ralph are the greatest of friends."

The real truth about

By
HOMER
CROY



Ruth beams—instead of scowling—upon ex-husband Rafe.

IF you will turn to your file of back copies of MODERN SCREEN (which, of course, you keep) and get the October issue, you will find something interesting. In it you will discover an article entitled "Hollywood Feuds" written by myself. It now brings the blush of shame to my brow, and when I walk the street my eyes are lowered and I skulk in alleys where once I strode boldly in the full light of day among my fellow-men.

The reason of my ignominy is that I listened to the scandal of Hollywood and spoke harsh words about Ruth Chatterton and George Brent when I had better been in Sunday School studying the golden text instead of believing all that fell upon my unsuspecting ears. In the article I said that Ralph Forbes, who was once the husband of Ruth Chatterton, and George Brent, to whom she is now married, had once been the best of friends, in spite of the rather unusual relationship; but that they were no longer so, and that either one could see the other at the bottom of a well with surprising composure.

Thus the report came to me and I put it into words

and it went forth to the world. But I am new at key-holes; in all my long years I have never been the first to tell an astonished husband that a Blessed Event is about to come into his life. And, these days, no writer who has not done this amounts to shucks. I set the words down in New York as I heard them, but now I am in Hollywood and I discover that Ralph Forbes and George Brent are still Damon and Pythias to each other and that the three are the greatest of friends and at least once a week get together at food time to celebrate their three-cornered moon. So unusual is the situation, and so deep my humility at having cast them into a well, when I should have exalted them upon a housetop, that I fared forth to meet them and to see the moon with my own dim eyes.

ONE may well marvel at my temerity in accepting an invitation to a peace conference with three properly indignant celebrities, but mutual friends assured me they were really the souls of tolerance and that I need not have any fear of being drawn and quartered.



Rafe, friendly—not hostile—husband-in-law and good friend of George.

Ruth, George and Ralph

Besides, I welcomed the opportunity to tear down the Hollywood grapevine, which has long disseminated falsehoods of the Brent-Forbes relationship.

What might well have been an embarrassing situation was instantly dispelled by the charm and graciousness of a lady and by the good-natured attitude of two gentlemen. Their behavior, despite the distressing circumstances, merely reflected their good breeding.

In my career as a writer I have experienced many strange interviews, but none so strange as this meeting with Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes. It took place at the Brent home in Beverly Hills.

To find myself, an alleged author of homely humor such as Will Rogers plays, suddenly precipitated into a frank and intimate discussion of the marriage, divorce, and remarriage of a celebrated actress—with the lady herself; and on the cause and effect of the preservation of an extraordinary friendship between the former and present husband of the lady—with the two gentlemen themselves; is an experience that seldom, if ever, befalls any mortal.

Controversy rages in Hollywood over what the picture

colony loves to believe is a bizarre domestic situation, worthy of a Noel Coward plot. I said as much in my introductory remarks as we bent elbows together in the famous Brent "glory hole," which has probably heard more brilliant conversation and sparkling wit than any other rendezvous in the picture capital.

Miss Chatterton: "Since living in Hollywood, Mr. Croy, I have come to entertain the deepest sympathy for Irvin Cobb's goldfish. Apparently there is no limit to the violations of one's privacy. I feel that there are intimacies in one's life that even an actress in the public eye is entitled to hold sacred. To publicize, or to consent to the publication of such, is bad taste. It has always been my policy to ignore gossip and scandal, but this latest slander is too unjust to pass unanswered."

I heartily agreed. This continuous gossip of the doings of screen stars, which is usually based upon garbled hearsay, sweeps our country from one end to the other. It often results in the blasting of the reputations of innocent persons.

Mr. Brent: "Our friendship with 'Rafe' here is so thoroughly honest and sincere that it is a perfectly natural relationship to us. Perhaps it is so simple that it becomes complex to people of limited understanding. They can't seem to believe that it is possible for two men, who have loved the same woman, to remain staunch friends."

Mr. Forbes: "Certain people won't understand it, you mean. If they can't dramatize and scandalize, they have nothing to talk about."

Miss Chatterton: "When 'Rafe' and I were divorced and George and I married, (Cont. on page 110)

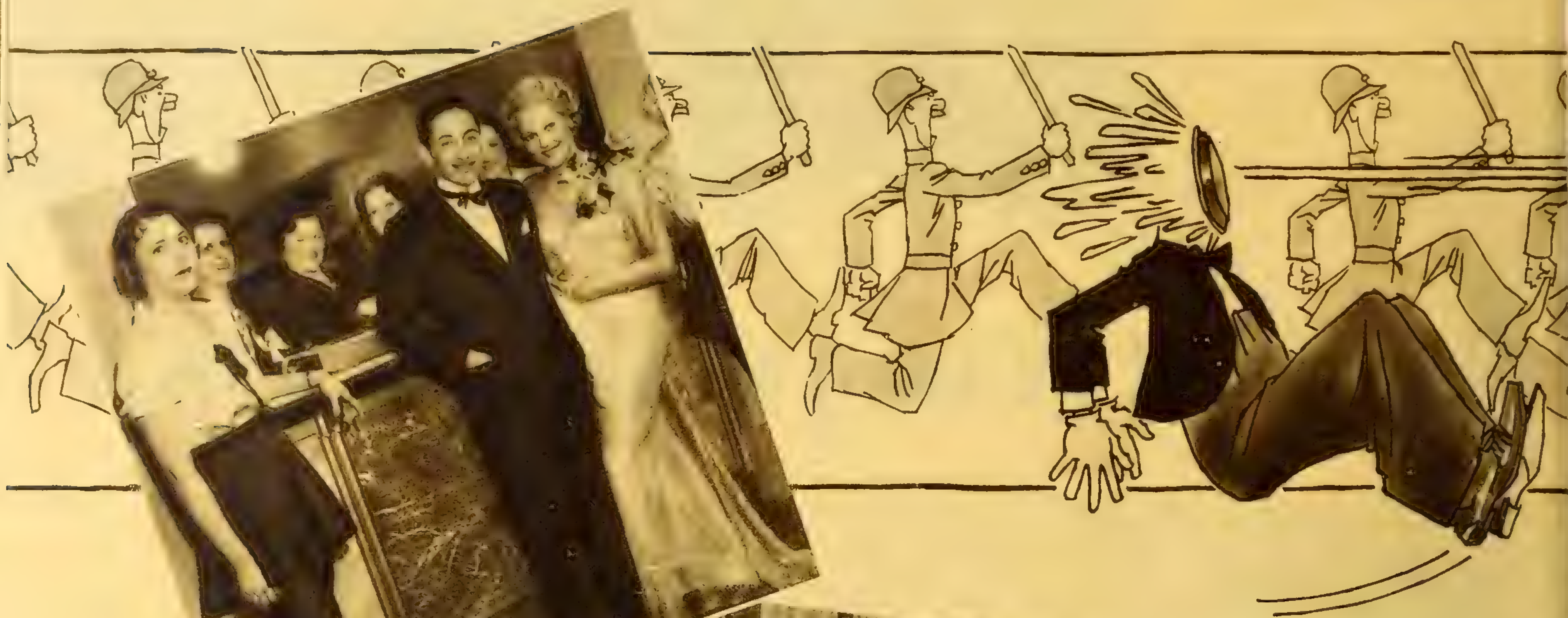
George seeks—instead of shunning—the company of Rafe.



"SLAPSTICK'S

Hal Roach lights twenty candles

Illustrated by



(Reading down) It looks as if Irving Thalberg and Thelma Todd are having themselves a grand time, doesn't it? And here are Ginger Rogers and her mother with Lew Ayres serving as escort. Will Rogers tells Hal Roach and Harold Lloyd that the party is a huge success and we agree with him.



ONCE upon a time Bebe Daniels told Harold Lloyd that some day comedians would be making one hundred dollars a week. Mr. Lloyd, who had great respect for the Daniels judgment—even when it went reckless—passed the good word on to Hal Roach. The latter, listing tolerance among his finer qualities, smiled sympathetically at his be-spectacled co-worker and murmured something about, “everything’s gonna be all right; just you take things easy for a while.”

The foregoing incident occurred in the not-so-good old days and much celluloid has flowed into the camera since. Much gold has clinked into the Roach coffers, too—hard-earned and well-deserved gold, the result of thoughtful planning and wise investment.

And now, in the land of sunshine and sound tracks, Hal celebrates his twentieth anniversary. Short subjects—good ones—have made him a time-tested success, for no sky-rocketing, flash-in-the-pan sensation is Mr. Roach.

Perhaps best-known of his products are the “Our Gang”

ANNIVERSARY"

and Hollywood helps him celebrate

JACK WELCH



(Reading up) Stan Laurel, Walt Disney, Hal Roach and Oliver Hardy are all happy to be "among those present." Our cameraman snapped the host with Jean Harlow and her mother. The Messrs. Hardy, Roach and Laurel join Thelma and Patsy Kelly to cut themselves a piece of cake.



comedies. These bright juvenile two-reelers have consistently proved to be the exhibitor's delight, for there has always been an audience for them. Little Farina's sufferings and Fatty's pie-eating lures an adult as well as a very youthful spectator.

Later—much later—Mr. Roach signed Laurel and Hardy and then Charley Chase and, to date, he hasn't missed as a "spotter-upper" of talent, as Jimmy Durante would say, if "Schnozzle" had a better vocabulary.

Hal Roach was once a cowboy. He literally rode into Hollywood, parked his spurs and donned a celluloid collar. Perhaps it was the material of his neckwear that gave him the cinematic idea. At any rate, we're glad he got it, for we have all indirectly profited by his success.

We feel sure that the infant industry, long since out of swaddling clothes—having learned to talk with various and varying qualities of diction—joins us in congratulating this king of comedy purveyors on his many achievements and in wishing him continued prosperity.



ALICE BRADY IS LIKE THAT!

YOU don't know very much about Alice Brady, do you? Except that every performance she gives is superb. But—I mean—the lady herself hasn't been plastered all over the magazines in story and picture; you haven't been invited to read an exposé of her love life; you haven't seen her pottering domestically around a prop kitchen—or lolling on Malibu's sands in beach pajamas. Right? Right. And you never will. Because Alice Brady just isn't like that. I'll try to give you a picture of what she really is like.

Hollywood's suavest comedienne (who is also one of Broadway's greatest tragediennes) lolled back on a white leather couch before the fireplace in her red and white Empire drawing-room, nibbled at a lamb sandwich and sipped a glass of sherry.

It was tea-time. Jessie de Brady, Sammy de Boy (born Hayworth Thane—much too aristocratic a name for him, so Alice Brady changed it), Nina Hopkins and Hotcha Lavinia Mannon solemnly gnawed at enormous beef bones spread bare at our feet on the thick biscuit-colored rug.

In order not to confuse you, let me quickly introduce the above-mentioned bone-gnawers. They're Alice's three wire-haired terriers and one very sedate Scotty.

"A well-meaning woman once asked me why I always wore black," Alice was saying, "and I answered, 'Because I love red so much!' She didn't know what I was driving at. But what I meant was—if once I started wearing red, there'd be no stopping me. So I keep as far away from it as possible and usually dress entirely in black. That's safe!"

Certainly there was no doubt about her passion for all shades of red. What wasn't white in her striking drawing-room was *red*. And through the open archway which led out into a combination library-bar, one saw cozy red leather chairs and lounges and red woodwork. Also such warnings as "Ladies not permitted to smoke" and "Dogs not allowed." But since the dogs hadn't yet learned to read, those signs didn't disturb them!

Bill Brady's daughter, with her French eyes and her Irish grin, has given the screen a number of superb comedy roles. (Opposite page, left) "Should Ladies Behave?" was one of the finest. In "Miss Fane's Baby" (right) she plays a very different sort of role. Yes, believe us, that's Baby LeRoy, with his hair and face blacked up for the part.

The publicity boys and girls didn't find Alice Brady very good copy. Too independent. Too truthful. Too natural.

What do you think?

By HILARY
LYNN

moment as I glanced around the room.

"You don't have to be polite about it," she said. "Be frank and say what you think. It wouldn't surprise me if you thought exactly what Adrian did."

It seemed that shortly after moving into her new Beverly home, the whimsical Miss Brady, all hopped up about her original ideas for decorating and furnishing, rushed into Adrian's studio at M-G-M to tell him all about it and to get the reaction of a connoisseur. When Adrian heard about the red-flowered wall paper and that large slap of still life—the red flowers in a red

frame—on that particular flowered wall paper, he threw up his hands and groaned with horror.

"It sounds frightful, Miss Brady," he said.

"Come out and look at it before you convict me," suggested the unperturbed Alice. Adrian did.

Politely, he suggested that perhaps there was just a *leettle* too much red in the room for comfort. Perhaps it might hurt someone's eyes, said he. Gently, he advised that she might improve it by removing that large blotch of red flowers from the wall.

"But I didn't," said the redoubtable Miss Brady, jingling the bangles on her wrist. "As I said to him, 'You're a lamb to give me your frank opinion, Adrian, and I'm sure you're right. But I'm afraid *I prefer to rot in my own bad taste.*' No matter how wrong it is—it expresses *me!*' And Alice Brady is like that!"

ALICE BRADY is one of the few actresses—or women, for that matter—who is completely *sufficient unto herself*. In the disapproving face of the most violent objections, she goes blandly and contrarily on her own sweet way. Unconcerned, cool and filled with lazy mirth over the consternation caused by her perfectly harmless, legitimate foibles. In this typical Brady, but most untypical movie star fashion, she lives in Hollywood exactly as she might live in New York, London, Paris or Kamchatka.

"I'm one of those people who is never affected by environment," she once told me, with a flash of her French eyes and a broad flicker of her Irish grin. "I suppose I'm just too lazy to live any other way. That must make me a terrible worry to the publicity department of M-G-M. Not good copy. What a blow!"

If she only knew! Vividly I remember the day of my first appointment with her. Just before going out to her house, I called up that much-harassed department to get some idea about the mentionable virtues or vices of Broadway's famous dramatic actress.

I knew nothing whatever about her, except that she was the daughter of William Brady, the theatrical producer. And that she had made the role of Lavinia Mannon in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" burn with such malignant, tragic passion that some New York critics, who were pre-convinced that Nazimova would carry off the honors overwhelmingly, staggered out of the theatre wondering whether Alice Brady hadn't stolen the show.

I also knew that her first (Continued on page 108)



Have **YOU** background in



1. Here is a novel black and white fire-place graced by a gay red dancing girl. 2. A modern room—gray-green carpet and white furniture. 3. An interesting parchment lamp shade is trimmed with red plaid. 4. An attractive corner featuring a peacock green vase and a black figurine. 5. And a brown and white kitchen boasting practical plaid pique drapes with voile curtains. 6. This suite of Ramon Novarro's is done in two shades of green with lamps and tables of chromium. 7. A white corduroy couch sets off a chair of brilliant red leather. 8. An "intimate" living-room—ivory woodwork and mantel, plain walls.

By VIRGINIA T. LANE



VERY few people, says Willie Pogany, realize how much a house can do for them. The proper setting is not only conducive to greater happiness, but to success. And he reveals the way to get that proper setting.

Pogany is a wizard at creating certain moods with the sets he designs—as the studios have discovered. He says a house, no matter how small or how large, can take on any quality you wish it too—peace, cheeriness, sophistication.

There's adventure, in his estimation, in John Barrymore's home. You feel it when you see that dagger picked up in India, those queer scimitars. And there's romance in it, too. As witness that vase from Florence, the little rose quartz figurines.

Pickfair reflects a queenly elegance. But it misses being austere because of the low ceilings. He doubts very much if Douglas Fairbanks ever felt at home in it, principally because of the oyster white woodwork. "So much of it is repelling to a man of his active nature," explained Pogany. Your background, you see, must always be in



the right YOUR home?

. . . The right setting can enhance your personality or change your whole life, for with it you may create peace or glamor at will. And here is how you can do it

tune with your personality. Otherwise it becomes irksome. Pogany sees Joan Crawford, for instance, striving toward strength in her surroundings. "I think," he observed musingly, "she must hate mere prettiness. She wants strikingness. I can't imagine her having any pink or blue ribbons about or any boudoir pillows. She has the vividness of a gypsy. She's intense, restless and romantic. I picture her in an enormous studio living-room, having all the incongruity of a studio. No particular system, but great stimulation. Strong, vibrating colors like rich deep green, with a touch of black here and there. No interior could ever be soothing to her. It must be restless like herself for her to really enjoy it. Her relaxation she must get from a beautiful garden, from huge windows giving on to wide sweeps of velvety lawn.

"Janet Gaynor, on the other hand, is a typical little home girl. You see her amid gay chintz and lace curtains and canary birds. In a pretty house, possibly on the bungalow order, with bright flowers in the window boxes. In the sort of house most men love coming home to.

"There's only one environment in which I can fancy Marlene Dietrich—the Dietrich, that is, of the screen. I see her sitting immobile on (Continued on page 101)





Ann Harding, in "The Right to Romance," adds a bit of feminine fluff-and-ruffle to an otherwise severe black gown with armlets and muff of white ruching.

Satin lure—and plain as plain, can be. Dolores Del Río, in the sparkling "Flying Down to Rio," wears this satin hostess gown with its stunning corded trimming.

THIS is a new department. I hope you're going to like it. If you do, write and tell me. And if you don't, you can write and tell me that, too, but please tell me *why*, at the same time, so that I can give you something that you will like.

Briefly, this is what the department is going to do for you. I shall dash busily around and see all the movies I can. And I shall watch, with an eye like a hawk, for good fashion in those movies. Then I shall tell you in this department about the clothes that I see. About the clothes that are good—and the ones which are not. About the ones which would be adaptable for everyday wear. About the ones which will bring glamor into your soul and happiness into your lives—for clothes can do that, you know!

Also make a note of this—I'm working on a scheme whereby you will be able to obtain copies, at a reasonable price, of certain particularly good dresses which I see on the screen. Watch for this! And now—to work.

By **MARGERY WELLS**

Talk about dressing aiding the art of "Going in a big way for a Gigolo"—or for any he-man for that matter! See Dolores Del Río pull off this stunt in white and more white, transparent or opaque

—in "Flying Down to Rio."

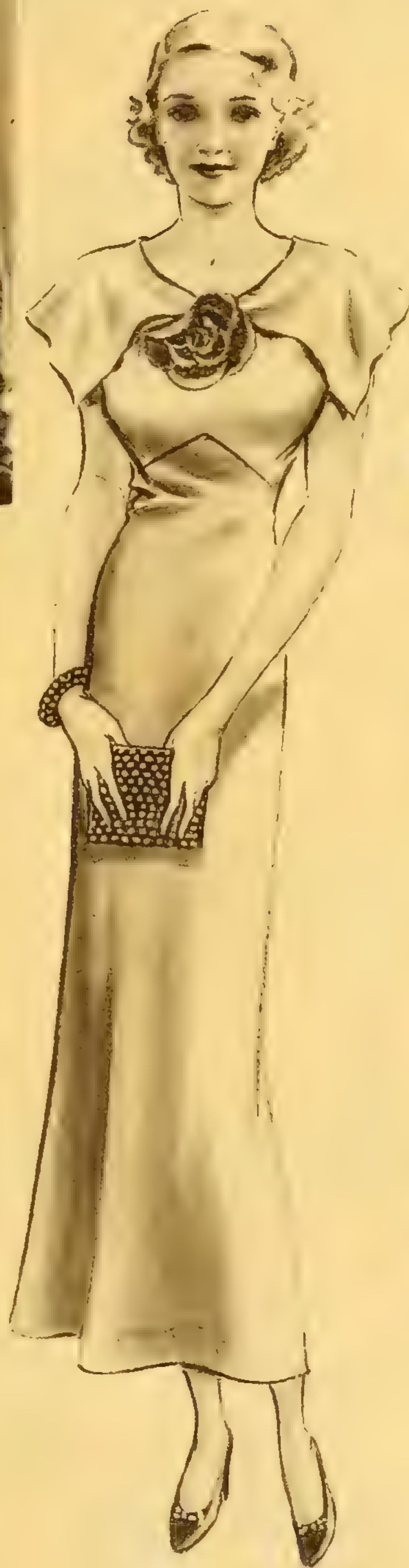
Over and against her dark skin (you can do it with tan make-up, or real) white thinnesses and surfaces make her sparkle. And as for those spotted organdy puffed sleeves over her arms, around her dark face, setting off her dark eyes—well, mark that down in your June calendar for Summer Madness. Added, a little white cap over black hair and the enchantment is complete.

Then, for sparkling, shimmery, satiny lure, take the home gown, in white room (in picture). Not a frill in a carload—just banded cordings, and what a setting for a jewel of a head.

White net—yards and yards of it—making sleeves mostly, for a blouse, for a gray suit. These voluminous sleeves over dark arms, (Continued on page 114)

• Reviewing the movie clothes as they flash past us on the screen •

Three Star Patterns



3406

3392



3411

3411—Wynne Gibson's interesting tunic dress fashioned of rhumba-rust wool. The stitched bows at the front and on the sleeves make a smart trim. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

3406—Bette Davis' charming satin afternoon frock. The wide collar covering the shoulders and upper arms meets in the back, fastening with a single rhinestone button. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

3392—Ann Dvorak's dusty emerald green wool daytime dress is trimmed with cire satin cuffs and tie belt matching the brown bow at the front neckline. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

Instructions for ordering patterns—and back views—on page 114

WHAT KIND OF A GIRL IS HEATHER?

. . . She knows India, Yogi philosophy, the thrill of escape from sudden death. Indeed, Miss Angel's past has been almost as colorful as Joseph's proverbial coat

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

TO see her sitting so calm and so British in the very dignified living-room of her very dignified home in Hollywood, you would not believe that her life had been made up of anything but pouring tea for the village vicar—"one lump or two" and "cream or lemon?"—or taking a prim stroll across the English countryside.

Heather Angel is a typical English girl—low voiced, charming, placid and it tests one's credulity and imagination to picture her a part of the curious and sinister atmosphere of India. Yet in this country one finds her for fifteen months, traveling far into the interior, as a member of a repertoire theatrical company.

She was born in Oxford, England, on a bleak day in early February. As a child, she attended the Wyncombe Abbey School and just as a final fillip, she was sent to Switzerland and went to school there since family tradition must be upheld. Her father—and incidentally Angel is their real name—before his death in the World War was a lecturer on chemistry at Oxford and her uncle, Horace Lamb, was a professor at Cambridge. There is also in her family a titled lady, Lady Brooke, her first cousin.

One can see that Heather is what is known in effete circles as "well connected." All the more strange, then, that she should have felt impelled to break away from the family patter and become—"oh, my deah, is it really done?"—an actress.

Heather was attending a dramatic school when the death of the head mistress threw the school into such confusion that the girl tried her own wings and went on the stage immediately, where for three years she played small and featured rôles in London.

It was in 1929 that the chance came for her to tour India, China, Burma and Egypt. There she found an entirely new life, a life different from anything she had ever known and there she (Continued on page 94)





"COWBOYS NEED
HEALTHY NERVES —
AND, BELIEVE ME,
SO DO HOUSEWIVES"

Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, says:
"To have nerves that can take it, I smoke
only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels
are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness,
and I like their taste better. Camels do not
jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one
after another."

Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
Montclair, N. J., says:
"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy
nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any
woman who is a home maker will agree
with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning,
washing, and tending to all the other
duties of running a household are enough
to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I
have to be careful in choosing *my* ciga-
rettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker
because I can smoke Camels freely with-
out a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are
the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"


Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man or woman who does not get nervously upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we suggest a check-up now—on your eating, sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh slant on your smoking by changing to Camels. Much is heard about the

tobaccos used in various cigarettes. But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you :

 **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.**

Everywhere you see Camels smoked more and more. People *do* care about mildness...about good taste...about their nerves. And Camels *never* get on your nerves...never tire your taste.

*Camel's
Costlier Tobaccos*



NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

What makes skin *Smooth* — *Wrinkle-free?*

TWO REASONS!

- 1 *Active Oil Glands in Under Skin*
- 2 *Natural Moisture in Outer Skin*

You have Two Skins. You need
Two Creams—a different
cream for each skin

THE APPLE TELLS THE STORY



Smooth—Glossy	Soft—Spongy	Wrinkled—Discolored
1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!	2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from outer skin.	3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunk under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

READ the story of the apple above!

Amazing that your skin, too, is subject to changes like that!

But there is a way to keep it youthful . . . free from dreaded lines! That way is to give *each of your two skins* the different care it needs.

To Avoid Wrinkles, keep your Under Skin firm—Begin *early* to help this under skin. When its oil glands begin to fail you can supply the oils that keep it firm and young. You need an oil cream that goes deep down. That is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. It penetrates to the very under skin. Your skin feels toned, renewed. Soon you feel and look years younger!

Use this satiny cream for cleansing, too. Because it goes so deep, it removes every particle of dirt and make-up. No wonder it is so refreshing!

To Correct Dryness—What to do for your Outer Skin—Here it's an entirely different need! Not oils but natural skin moisture is needed to keep this outer skin from growing dry—chapped.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is made especially for the outer skin. *It is greaseless.* It contains a marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually replaces lost moisture.

You can test this yourself by a *single application* of Pond's Vanishing Cream on dry chapped skin! The roughnesses are smoothed away!

UNDER SKIN
WHERE
WRINKLES START

OUTER SKIN
WHERE
DRYNESS STARTS

Eleanor Roosevelt

lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, of Washington, has already started using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Your skin is pearly looking. And this cream holds powder and rouge smoothly for *hours!*

The Two-Skin Beauty Treatment *Society Women Use*

Eleanor Roosevelt describes the method for you:

"My night cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream—and Pond's Tissues take it off. The tissues show how marvelously this cream cleans. I do this twice.

"After cleansing I like to leave a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face overnight. It's so good to keep the skin clear and smooth. And there's no heavy stickiness about it.

"In the morning, and in the day when needed, another good Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. Tissues blot it up. Then a dab of Pond's Vanishing Cream to leave on. It holds powder nicely—keeps off any shine."

Send for the samples offered in the coupon below. In a few days see your own skin growing clearer, smoother, lovelier every day!



For Your Under Skin—Pond's delicious Cold Cream, or, for those who prefer a cream that melts more rapidly, Pond's Liquefying Cream.



For Your Outer Skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Overnight or daytime softening. Holds powder.

SEND FOR SAMPLES!

POND'S EXTRACT CO., Dept. C, 136 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 9¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Friday evenings, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF, NBC Network
Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

FORGET everything you have ever read about me! For the most part it is bunk!"

Nils Asther asks this of his fans.

The man who is known in Hollywood as "The Lone Wolf," "The Male Garbo" and the guy-it-is-almost-impossible-to-make-an-interview-appointment-with, stood with his back to the blazing fire in the living room of his hilltop home and grinned at my mood of obvious bad temper. In the first place, I had been exactly three weeks making an appointment with the fellow. In the second place, I had run out of gas on the very perpendicular hill where he maintains his hide-away. And to top it all, I had been assailed at the door by his Great Dane who, assuredly, does not approve of callers.

I had said, sarcastically, "Nice little place you've got here. Bet you get a lot of 'drop in' trade. What is it—a gambling joint?"

"No," said Nils, "it is just a *plain* joint. It is very simple. But we love it. We call it home."

The Chinaman who does Nils' cooking set down a large platter of *hors d'oeuvres* and a bottle of wine. Though it was early winter afternoon, the lamps in the enormous room were already lighted and the logs on the hearth flared and crackled in genial warmth. As my tall host set about his duties with the wine, I began to feel better about the whole thing.

"I am sorry about the appointment," he had said, "but to be perfectly frank, I had come to the conclusion that it might be best to dispense with interviews entirely. I am growing a little weary of myself in print. Because—neither the friendly nor the unfriendly writers have ever made me anything but ridiculous on the printed page. I am not the

NILS ASTHER, ENEMY OF HOOEY

By WALTER RAMSEY

kind of person you have been reading about! But on second thought, I realized that it would be impossible for me to stop talking for publication because I would immediately be called a recluse . . . attempting to create a mysterious atmosphere about myself. But I should really like to tell the people that have read stories about me just what I have said to you:

"Forget everything you have ever read about me."

I SAID: "Why not? It's an excellent idea. Why don't you tell just exactly

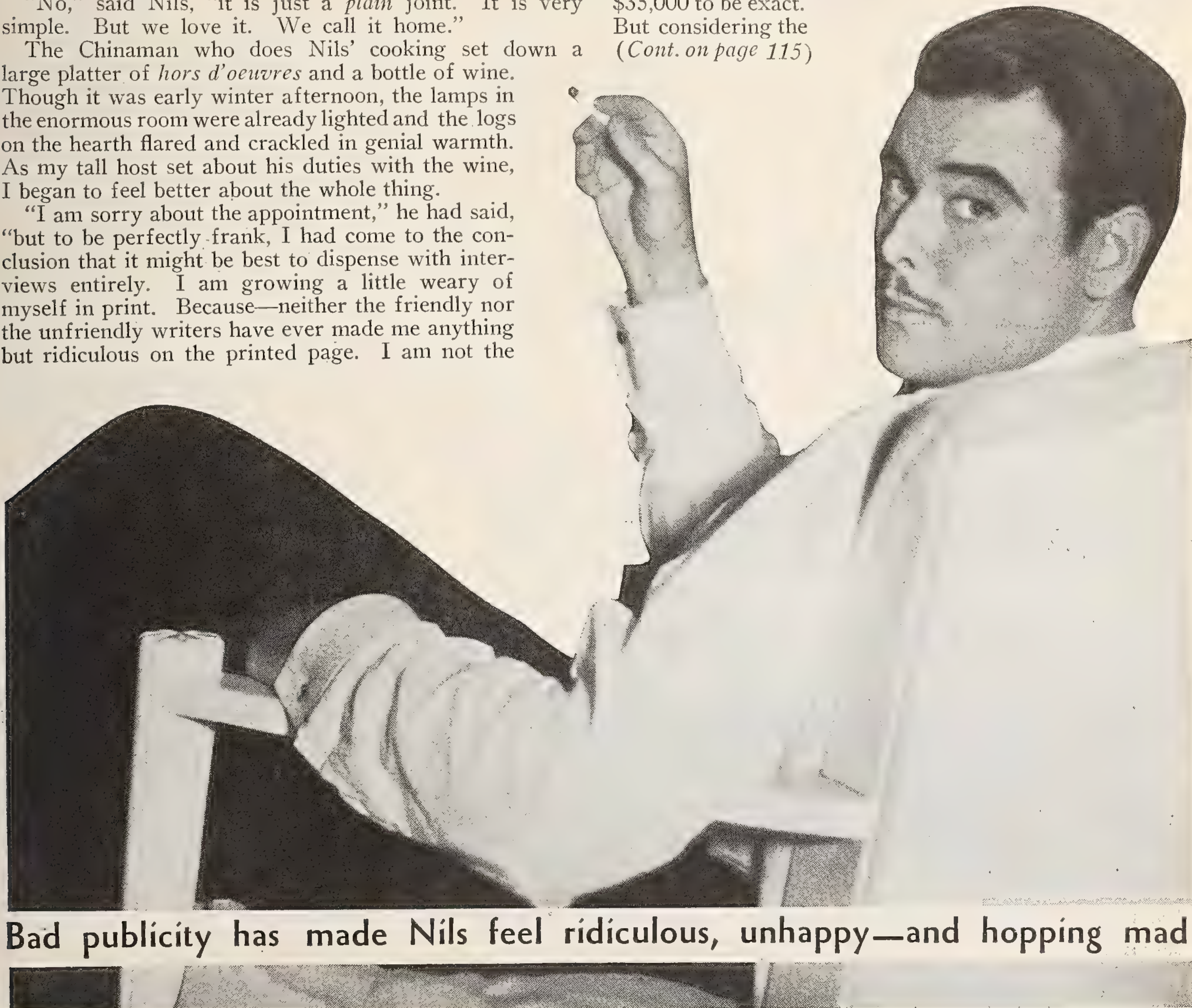
what is, and what is *not*, true about Nils Asther? I'll try to remember and set it all down in your own words."

"The oldest and most popular story about me," Nils began, "is the one about my being broke—or that I *would* be broke if I didn't rush furiously from one picture to the next. I suppose that yarn started with the news that the Bank of Hollywood had failed and that I had money deposited. I did.

\$35,000 to be exact.

But considering the

(*Cont. on page 115*)



Bad publicity has made Nils feel ridiculous, unhappy—and hopping mad!

Mrs. M. Johnston
of New York City
writes:—



**"That's
what our
Doctor does
for Coughs—**

—and it works!"

● "Mother's cough wore her out," writes Mrs. Johnston. "We finally decided she must see a specialist. His advice was simply, 'Pertussin.' It was certainly good advice. Mother's bad coughing quickly stopped . . . Pertussin has helped us all again and again."

INSIDE your throat and bronchial passages are millions of glands—like tiny water faucets—that keep the tissues healthily moist.

But these glands clog up when you "catch cold." Thick mucus forms. Your throat tickles—feels dry. You cough so hard, but you can't "raise" a thing.

Get those little moisture glands working again, to stop that cough! . . . *That's what Pertussin does!*

Just a spoonful or two of Pertussin stimulates the glands and starts their *natural moisture* flowing freely. Your throat feels relieved. Germ-laden phlegm loosens up almost instantly. Pertussin is helping Nature to cure your cough!

There are no narcotics or harmful drugs in Pertussin . . . it's the scientific extract of a medicinal herb used by doctors to treat the most severe coughs known. Won't you get a bottle of Pertussin now?



**DOCTORS PRE-
SCRIBE Pertussin
for babies . . . It's safe!**
"I have prescribed it
for 25 years," writes
one doctor. It won't
upset digestion; and
is pleasant to take.

PERTUSSIN

has been prescribed by doctors
for 30 years . . . *It works safely!*

Let's Talk About Hollywood

Cary's illness is Randy's luck . . . L. Barrymore feels his age . . . Scandal about Landi? . . . And other highly seasoned tid-bits from talkie town

CARY GRANT unable to leave England for at least one month on advice his physician" read the cable that arrived at the Paramount studios the other day. This is particularly bad news to Cary's pal, Randy Scott, but the results might be the greatest "break" that Randy ever got.

When Cary left for England recently, it was for the purpose of saying "Hello" to his own folks and "May I" to Virginia Cherrill's folks. He was to have returned at once. His health changed that plan and now Randy may get his great chance in drama after months of Westerns. "Thirty Day Princess" is the picture and Scott will co-star with Sylvia Sidney—if he makes the grade. Luck, Randy, and *better* luck, Cary.

"YOU'RE more the platinum vamp type," wailed the big shots over at Paramount the day that Ida Lupino arrived from London to try out for the rôle of "Alice" for the "wonderland" picture.

Now the boys-around-town are saying that she acts as a platinum is supposed to with regard to hittin' the high spots. This little gal, Ida, wants to go places every night in the week. She wore out her first escort, Jack LaRue, in no time and now she is playing the field. Ida's field includes Johnny Warburton, Frank Albertson, Teddy Joyce and a dozen others. This is the only way a gal can get around to all the places in short order. Ida never seems to get tired.

WHEN Dick Arlen said, "Elmer will have to fight his own battles. We're going to register him at the casting bureau at once," we all thought he was kidding.

Last week, however, Richard Ralston Arlen sent his card into the "front office" and when he was admitted said, "I'm trying to work my way through kindergarten. Can you help a fellow along?"

"Yes," the executive said. Within five minutes, the young would-be student had signed a contract to play in pictures at a salary of \$100.00 each week. He will be the "Baby in The Ice Box." Must be great to have a kid who can get out and hustle at the age of six months. P.S. And was the father burned! Remember, Dick Arlen made one of his greatest pictures, "Wings," at a salary of \$75.00 a week.

FLORENCE DESMOND and Ted Fio Rito lost the following things in the order named: their heads, hearts, their way and their urge.

The actress met the band leader and

their hearts beat as one. They decided to skip to Yuma and get married. The driver lost his way in the fog and they never reached the airport. By the next day Florence had lost the urge. Maybe it's better to wind up losing the urge. It's certainly better than losing your heart and then having it handed back to you as fast as they usually do in Hollywood.

IN spite of the Hollywood impression that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister will reconcile, the rumor is now out that they won't have time. Harry is scheduled to leave town almost immediately. Maybe their child really was the reason for the get-together after all.

RKO is trying to sign Ruth Chatterton for the lead in "I Loved An Actress" and it looks as though they might succeed, what with Ruth being out of her Warner Brothers contract just in time to make it.

There's a funny story behind it though. Lenore Ulric was handed a nice contract some weeks ago by this same studio and told to rush to Hollywood for the lead in "I Loved An Actress." She rushed, but when she got here nothing happened. First, Lenore didn't like the story, then RKO didn't like the resulting changes. At last the studio came to the conclusion that it was silly to keep such high-powered talent standing around waiting, so they handed her a check for 25,000 dollars and told her she could call it a day. At the last minute RKO thought of using Ulric in a new version of "Lulu Belle," but the Hays office said "Naughty, naughty; mustn't do." So that was that.

THE late word on Garbo was that she is negotiating with Prince Sigvard, King Gustave's grandson, to become a producer of motion pictures in Sweden. But 'tain't so, brother. 'Tain't so.

LIONEL Barrymore admits that he is "growing old." The realization dawned on him the other day when Tom Brown reported on the set of "It Happened One Day" for the juvenile rôle.

The last time Lionel and Tom worked together, some twelve years ago, the present "juvenile" was about six years old.

RONALD Colman is back. Yes, that bit of good news has just flashed around Hollywood. Colman is returning to the same lot, but not to the same company. That peeve with Sam Goldwyn is still very much on. Ronnie will do "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"

(Continued on page 80)

"She had been Constipated since childhood"

says DR. PLOOS VAN AMSTEL of Amsterdam

The celebrated Dutch intestinal specialist, Dr. P. J. de B. Ploos van Amstel, describes this very typical case:—

"... young married woman. Symptoms—loss of appetite, over fatigue, dizziness.

"Examination showed auto-intoxication. She had been constipated since childhood—had been a frequent user of cathartics.

"I prescribed yeast. Her intestines gradually began to function normally. Her appetite returned; dizziness disappeared. Patient showed a surprising gain in vitality."

AUTHOR of the popular "Medische Encyclopedie" (1933) and member, Netherland Assn. of Physicians and Surgeons, the noted Dr. Ploos van Amstel states:—

"Constipation leads to poisons which impair health very seriously... cause headaches, skin eruptions, loss of appetite and a generally run-down condition.

"To correct constipation," Dr. van Amstel explains, "I know nothing quite as satisfactory as yeast."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, "tones" your intestines—softens the wastes—makes eliminations regular. Extra energy, a clearer skin and much better health result!

Just eat 3 cakes a day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in a third of a glass of water. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Try it!

MISS ALICE SPINNING, of Washington, D. C., says:

"My pep came back and my headaches stopped"

HERE'S ANOTHER CASE THAT SHOWS WHAT EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WILL DO! MISS SPINNING (ABOVE) WRITES:—

WHY, ALICE, YOU LOOK DREADFULLY TIRED! WHAT'S THE MATTER, ARE YOU ILL?

I'M WORRIED! WHATEVER I EAT GIVES ME INDIGESTION—AND MY HEAD ACHES CONSTANTLY. I'VE GOT TO QUIT AND GO TO BED.

"I AM A NURSE—often on duty for 20 hours a day. I need good health. But I had become constipated—chronically. This led to indigestion. I also had headaches. And then...

YOU KNOW, DOCTOR, THIS YEAST HAS HELPED MY INDIGESTION ALREADY—AND I'VE BEEN EATING IT ONLY FIVE DAYS!

JUST KEEP RIGHT ON. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THAT STUBBORN CONSTIPATION BEFORE YOU CAN REALLY GET YOUR STRENGTH BACK.

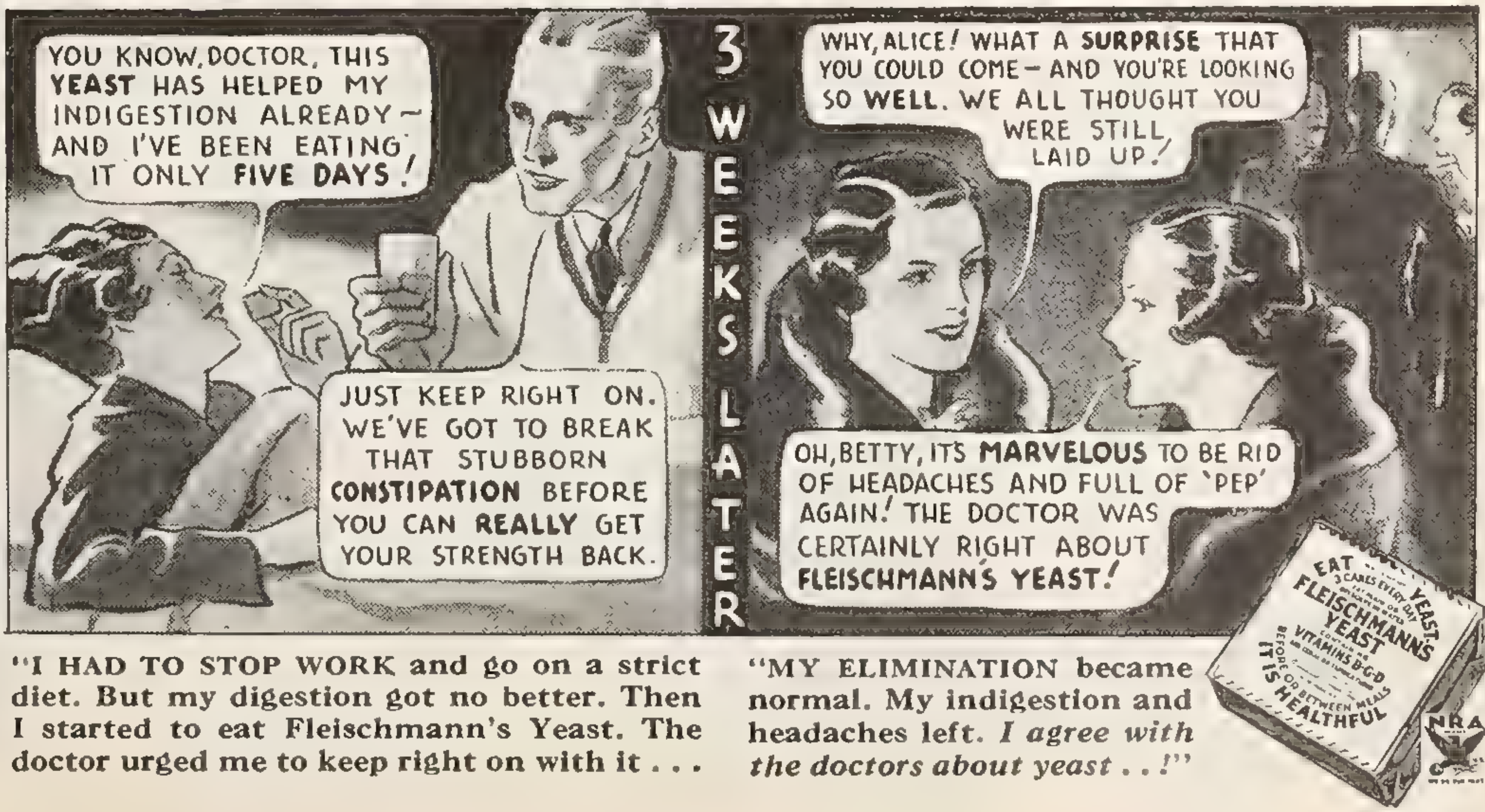
3 WEEKS LATER

WHY, ALICE! WHAT A SURPRISE THAT YOU COULD COME—AND YOU'RE LOOKING SO WELL. WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL LAID UP.

OH, BETTY, IT'S MARVELOUS TO BE RID OF HEADACHES AND FULL OF 'PEP' AGAIN! THE DOCTOR WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!

"I HAD TO STOP WORK and go on a strict diet. But my digestion got no better. Then I started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. The doctor urged me to keep right on with it..."

"MY ELIMINATION became normal. My indigestion and headaches left. I agree with the doctors about yeast..."



I'D SKATE TO THE SOUTH POLE FOR A

KOOL



MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTE—CORK-TIPPED

They're easier on your throat—the smoke actually *is* several degrees cooler. But why talk scientifically when the main thing about KOOLS is the downright pleasure you get smoking them? They're definitely refreshing. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, neatly blended and then mildly mentholated by a process that fully preserves the flavor of the tobaccos. Cork tips are lip-savers. Save the valuable B & W coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

PLAYING CARDS—FREE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 78)

for Twentieth Century. Loretta Young will help him strike. It's our fond hope that Sam keeps his distance. The title of the picture might become an actuality.

IN spite of the fact that most of Hollywood thought that "Alice In Wonderland" was just another mistake, Paramount is cleaning up so much dough with the picture that they are laying plans for a "repeat" on the fantasy-type story for the next holiday season. It looks, now, as though "Cinderella" will be your next Christmas present. Charlotte Henry will no doubt be it.

SOME kind, good friend should get to Mary Pickford and advise her to go easy on further "sob story" publicity in regard to her divorce. In the beginning, Mary's simple, direct statements of her unhappiness caused everyone to realize how broken-hearted she was. But lately America's Sweetheart has overstepped the bounds of good taste in sobbing out her heart to every casual reporter who comes along.

CONSERVATIVE Elissa Landi will probably be annoyed, but there has to be a first time for everything, even a separation rumor. Yes, the report is out that Elissa and her English barrister husband will very quietly call it quits some time this Spring.

More and more frequently Elissa has been seen in the company of a young man named Abram Chasis. In fact, when Elissa recently departed for a vacation in New York, Chasis was not long in hopping an eastward bound train after her.

THAT Mexican business has certainly taken the starch and pepper out of Lee Tracy. Hollywood hardly recognizes the former good-time kid who seldom took anything seriously.

The other day a wisecracker standing by the Brown Derby tossed a fast one at Tracy as he departed from the café. Six months ago Lee would have

jovially topped his gag. But this time he ignored the joking remark and stepped hurriedly into his car.

He looks worried and older and he is dodging the stay-up-late places like the plague. No one would be surprised if Lee and Isobel Jewel were married by the time this appears in print. A year ago Tracy was quoted as saying he was a "habitual bachelor." His best friends now claim he has had a change of heart and wants to settle down to the simple life.

COLLEEN MOORE'S "four to six" cocktail party was just about the biggest success of the social season. There were so many people about that one wag remarked he couldn't see the house for the people.

We didn't see Constance Bennett, but the Marquis de la Falaise was there and what's more he was speaking most cordially to none other than Gloria Swanson. So many people were enthralled by this intimate little tête-à-tête they failed to take note of several other interesting developments.

Marian Nixon becomes very peeved when Eddie Hillman announced in a loud voice he was giving a luncheon party for "both of my ex-wives" and went around inviting people to be guests at the interesting event.

Mary Brian and Dick Powell held hands all afternoon.

Jeanette MacDonald and Barbara Bennett evoked the greatest admiration for their beauty.

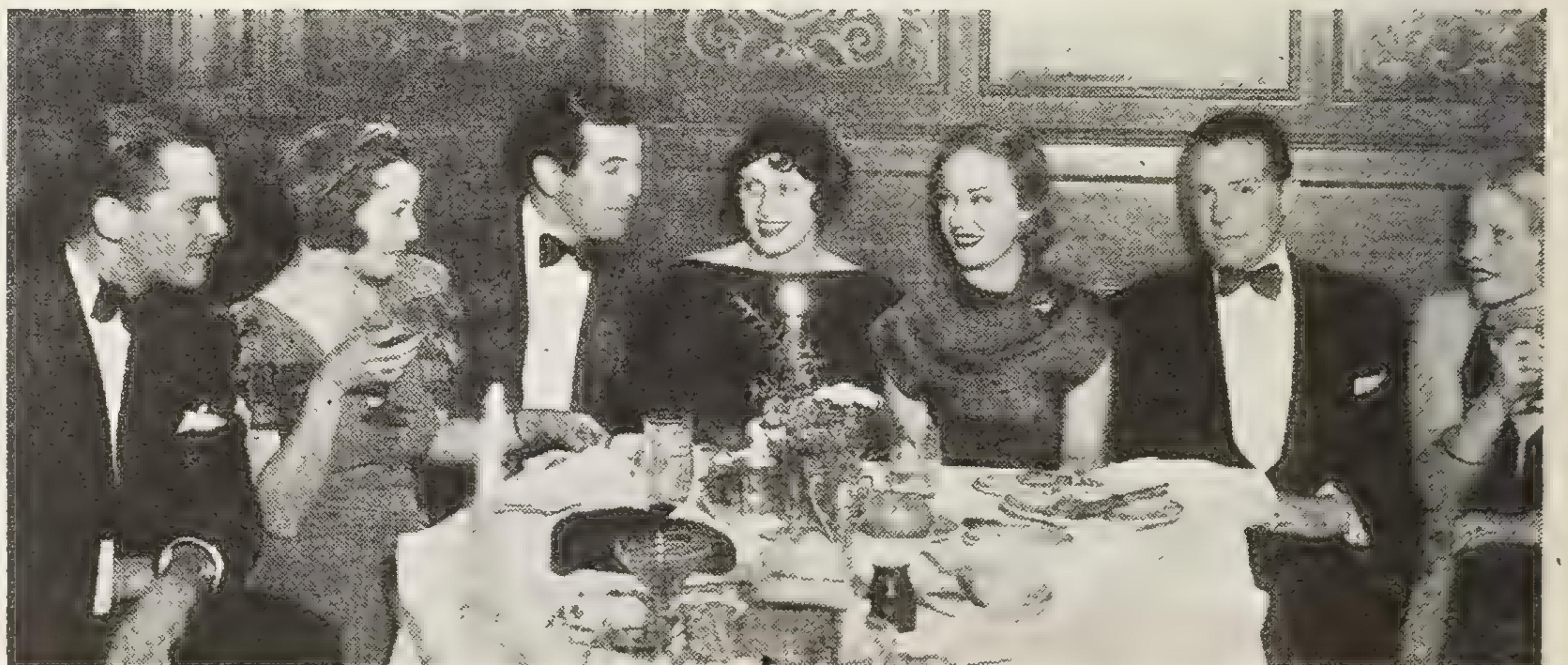
Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Loretta Young, Spencer Tracy, Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were posing for the press photographers when we drifted by the library.

WHO do you suppose?

One of the local husbands of a very famous wife is collecting first editions as follows:

He writes famous authors, mentions his celebrated wife's name and by re-

(Continued on page 82)



Three happy couples and one lone wife! They are John Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Chas. Farrell, Johnny Mack Brown and wife, Fay Wray and hubby, and Mrs. John Lodge at the Russian Eagle in Hollywood.

"I can help you win hearts — and hold them." *says* **BARBARA STANWYCK**



GIRLS, HERE'S A SECRET I LEARNED MY VERY FIRST YEAR IN THE CHORUS. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHARM OF REALLY EXQUISITE SKIN MEN JUST CAN'T RESIST ...



I HAVE THE SENSITIVE SKIN THAT GOES WITH RED HAIR, YET FOR YEARS MY SIMPLE BEAUTY CARE — LUX TOILET SOAP — HAS KEPT IT ALWAYS SOFT AND SMOOTH !



DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SKIN THAT JUST "GETS BY"! WITH A TEMPTING, TENDER - SMOOTH SKIN YOU CAN WIN HEARTS .. AND HOLD THEM. JUST TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP — YOU'LL SEE !

LOVELY WARNER BROS. STAR

Men can't resist alluring skin —you can have this charm ...

Barbara Stanwyck tells you Hollywood's secret of loveliness : . . how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

You see her as she looks in her own boudoir. Notice how smooth *her* skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice — make *yours* as lovely!

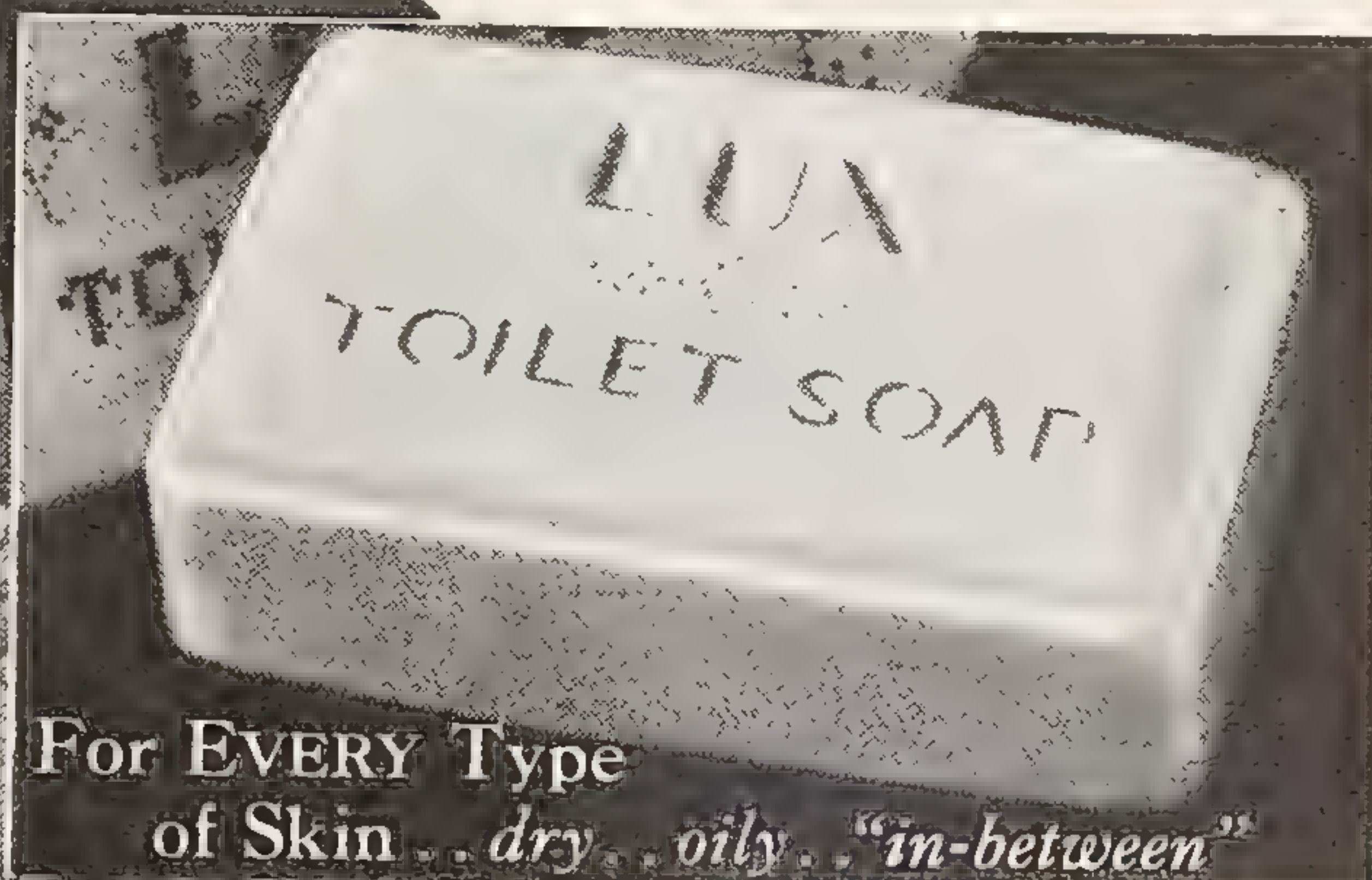
All over the country girls are turning to Hollywood's complexion care.

Actually 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Get some today. Begin at once to win new loveliness!



Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



For EVERY Type
of Skin . . dry . . oily . . "in-between"

Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 80)

turn mail (usually) comes an autographed volume of the book he has mentioned.

This little hobby might be worth a lot of money, if the worst happens.

CREDIT Mrs. Pat Campbell with the two most widely quoted "insults" of the current month. To a popular sex appeal star, who is noted for her very hectic kissing scenes with her screen lovers, Mrs. Pat snarled, "My dear, why do you insist on making a meal off your leading man's lips?"

And after taking a look at Lil Tashman's new hat (with a fringe of feathers hanging down over her eyes) the ruthless lady remarked: "You look just like a Sheep Dog in that remarkable hat."

HUGH HERBERT did a nip-up in the middle of his act on Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann's Yeast Hour the other Thursday. Hugh forgot his little piece or lost his notes or something. There was a long silence followed by a heart felt: "Oh, my God!"

Of course the technicians had to switch the rest of it off. There can be no profanity over the ether waves.

SAYS Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in referring to Gertrude Lawrence, "She is the most fascinating and sophisticated woman I have ever known. For the first time in my life I know what true love is."

If Doug's love observation was intended to irritate Joan Crawford, it didn't!

RADIO has offered Katharine Hepburn \$6000 per broadcast if she is interested. Marie Dressler has been offered more per broadcast than an entire picture engagement will net her.

And yet this same Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, who is holding out all this gold to Hollywood celebs, is the same gentleman who recently protested in Washington that stars were being paid too much in the movies.

Wonder why they don't clamp a code on radio salaries.

IN the last few months Jeanette MacDonald has, slowly but surely, been adding weight to her lovely figure. The first five pounds were becoming, but the holidays began to play havoc with her curves.

If she does rate the title role in "The Merry Widow" with Maurice Chevalier, a strenuous diet and exercise program is in store for her.

AL JOLSON may be all the world to Ruby Keeler, but the entire cast of "Wonder Bar" is beginning to wonder why.

Their collective necks are out of joint from trying to twist their faces into the camera when Al is in the scene.

Jolson and Ricardo Cortez have been at feud heat ever since the picture started, but lately Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio and Dick Powell have rated as conscientious objectors to Al's "camera hogging."

During the making of one of the scenes, Jolson had to carry Ric Cortez (who outweighs him by fifty pounds) about a quarter of a block. Was it revenge which prompted the director to shoot and re-shoot this scene? It's too bad the camera couldn't pick up the delighted expression on Ric's face as Al tugged along under the burden of his dead weight.

WONDER what's happened to the reputed Rudy Vallee-Alice Faye romance since they both hit Hollywood? Latest gossip is that Rudy's interest has turned purely managerial and that his social life is being divided between several charming cinema queens. Heigh-ho, everybody!

IT happened on the "Bolero" set t'other day.

One of the character actresses, a Swiss, had a very slight understanding of the English language. Her role was that of a dumb innkeeper. She was to appear with George Raft in the following scene.

"Now, remember," the director explained to her, "you're just a great big yokel."

The scene was ready to shoot. At the proper cue, the Swiss woman appeared before the cameras . . . and to everyone's surprise began a series of loud mountain yells.

"Stop!" shouted the bewildered director, "What are you doing?"

"Vy, I yodel," answered the Swiss. "Didn't you tell me I vas a great big yodel?"

GENE RAYMOND has a cute little romantic habit. At the beginning of every new picture he sends his current leading lady a dozen of American Beauty roses. However, on the first day of "Coming Out Party," Gene hesitated about his floral offering and finally decided against it. Frances Dee is the leading lady and bridegroom Joel McCrea might object.

CAROLE LOMBARD gave a big housewarming a while ago and invited her estranged husband, William Powell.

That was all right with everyone except Carole's current boy friend. Did he burn up when her husband showed up also!

ALISON SKIPWORTH swears her brother loves her even if he did write her the following letter:

"I see all your pictures. Why don't you come home?"

(Continued on page 84)

I wish

somebody
would
tell
her!

"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has 'come hither' if I ever saw one. But it becomes 'go thither' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the quick, the easy, the sure way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on, slip into your dress. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

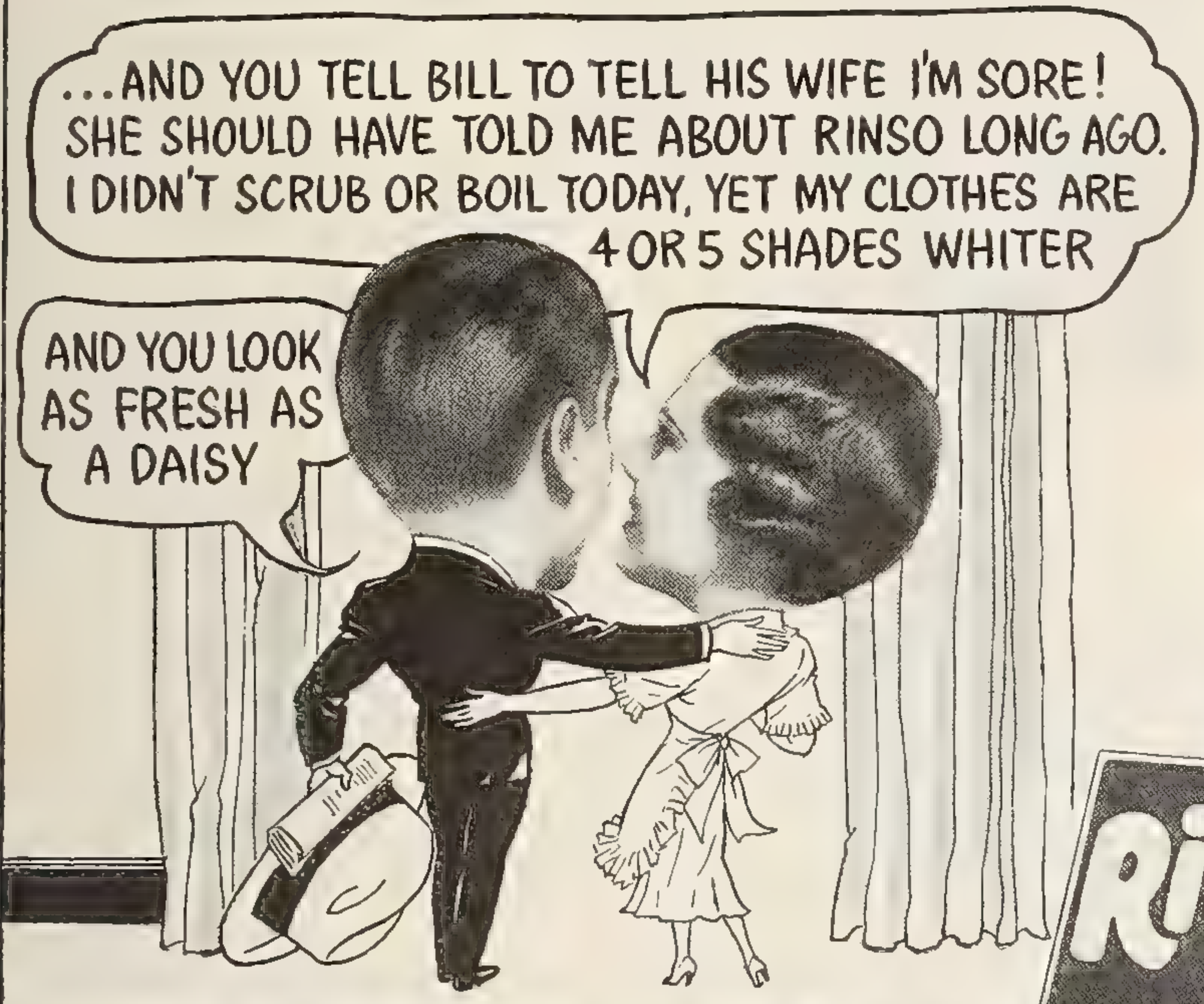
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from unpleasantness.





NEXT WASHDAY



RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—I KNOW THAT WILL SAVE ME LOTS OF MONEY

I'll never use a washboard again—that's what ruins clothes! The Rinso way is so gentle—yet clothes come whiter than ever. I'm using Rinso for dishes, too. I'm using it for *all* cleaning—it's so economical.

No wonder the makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso! No wonder it's approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Try it. See what rich suds a little gives even in hardest water.

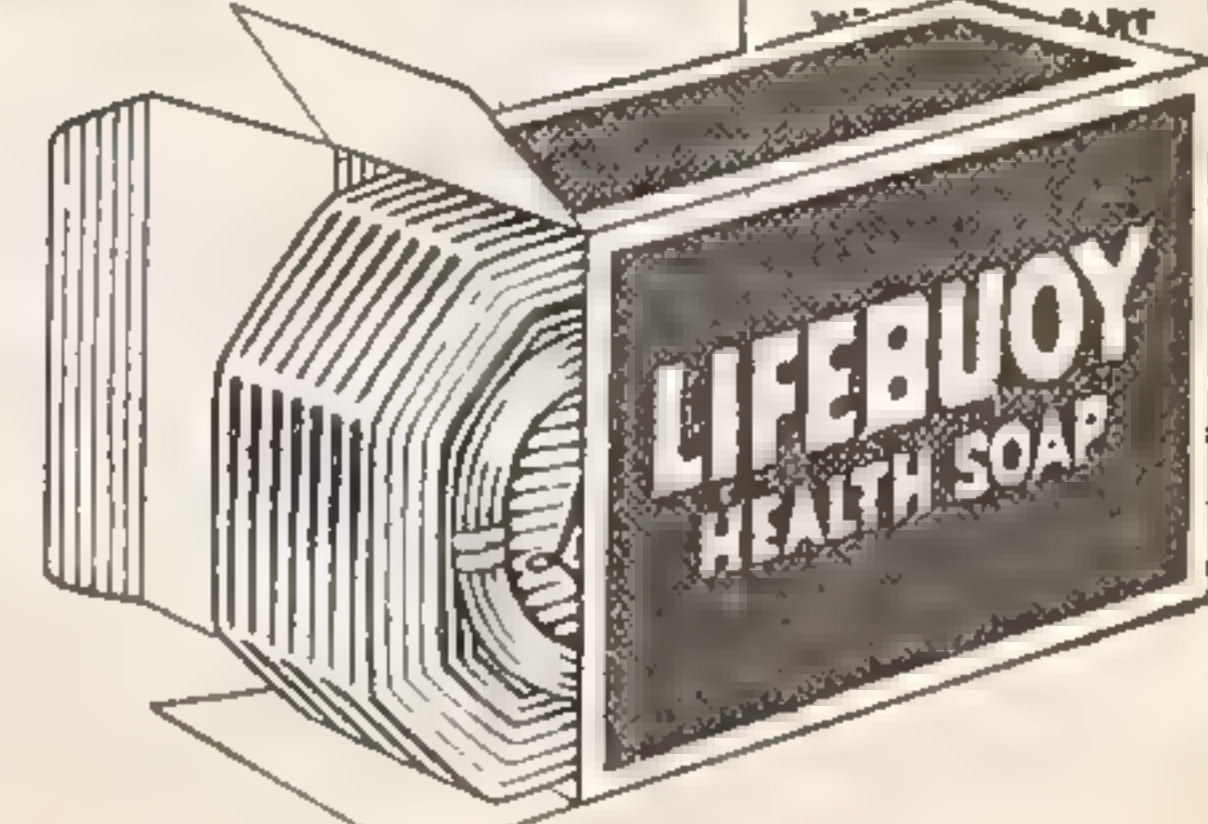
CAN A WIFE FORGIVE THIS?



"B.O." (body odor)
—a kill-joy

To guard happiness—guard against that unforgivable fault, "B. O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects. Its abundant, hygienic lather purifies

and deodorizes pores—stops "B. O." For a lovelier skin Every night massage Lifebuoy's gentle, purifying lather well into pores; then rinse. Watch skin bloom with health. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



Let's Talk About Hollywood

(Continued from page 82)



"Don't blame that tie!"

YOU had planned a nice quiet evening at home with the family . . . when you found other plans had been made, you asked "Why drag me out?"

That was not natural. It was your subnormal condition that made your overworked body rebel against social activities. You had started the day off at top speed—keen and alert—but gradually you had slowed down and by nightfall you were exhausted.

A most likely cause of this let-down feeling was that your red-blood-cells—the carriers of oxygen to all parts of your body—had been reduced to the point where you were not up to your full strength. You were all worn out. No wonder you did not like that tie.

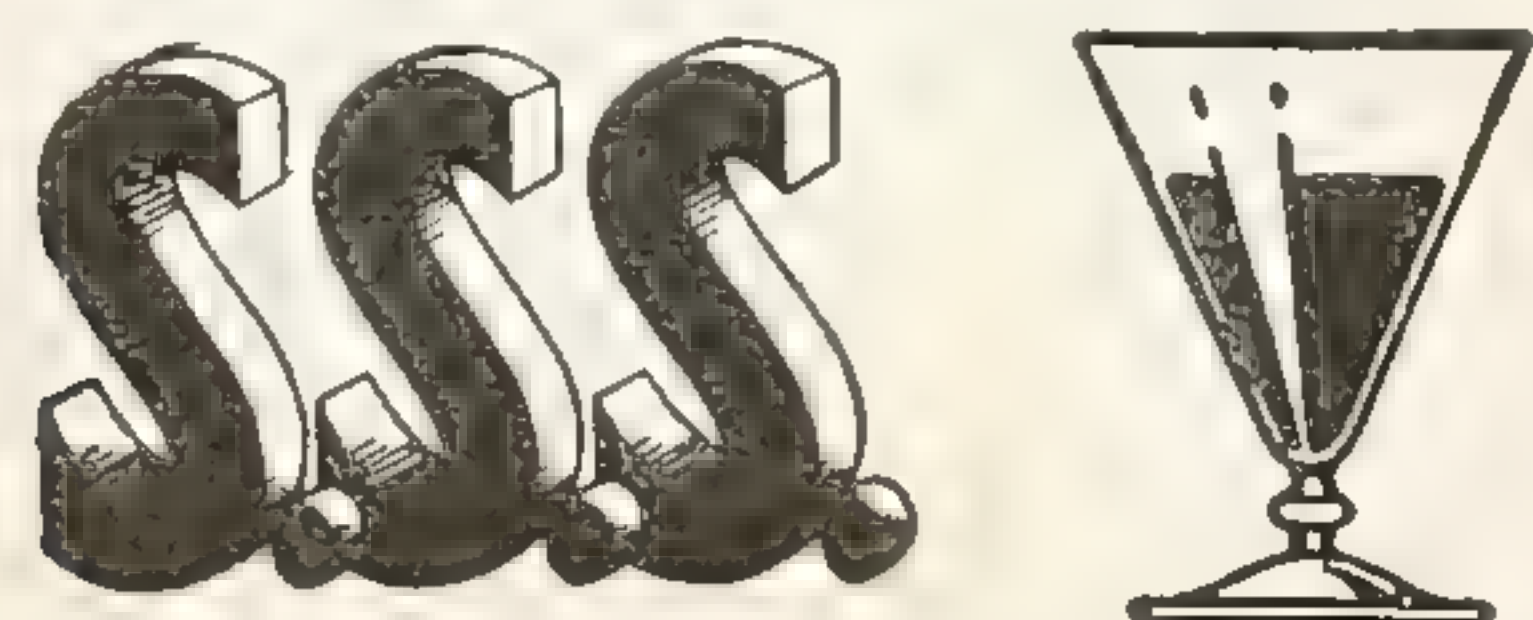
Though you have no organic disease*, you may have a lowered red-blood-cell count with deficient hemo-glo-bin. When this occurs, and it is very common, you need a tonic. Not just a tonic so-called, but a tonic that has the virtue of stimulating gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to make it natural for you to "carry on" without exhaustion.

Don't wait until you face a breakdown. It is well to remember that you cannot have good health, energy, and cheerfulness if your blood is in a run-down condition.

If your condition suggests a tonic, we recommend S.S.S. because its value has been proven by generations, as well as by modern scientific appraisal.

S.S.S. is truly a blood and body tonic. It is carried by every drug store in America in two sizes—the larger being more economical. ©The S.S.S. Co.

*Consult a physician if you suspect an organic trouble.



builds sturdy health



Pretty soon Hollywood won't know what an "eligible bachelor" looks like. The latest to fall is Mervyn Le Roy. She's Doris Warner—of the Warners.

RUSS COLUMBO and June Knight were at the Beverly-Wilshire the other night, but not together. This didn't prevent them from gazing dreamily into each other's eyes, however, over the shoulders of their respective partners as they danced about the floor.

Must have been a grand evening for the guy-what-brung June and gal-who-was-brung by Russ.

George Raft is so "azycray" about Marjorie King he even invites her mother along when they go out. If that isn't love with matrimonial intention, what is it?

RAFT did punch production supervisor Barney Glazer in the nose. George Raft *didn't* punch Barney in the nose. He merely pushed him. Those are the two Hollywood stories of the interesting affair which took place on

the "Bolero" set, and you may take your choice.

Anyway, the disputed dispute was over a line in the script supposed to be spoken by Georgie.

"How about those pictures of me at my mother's grave? They'd be great publicity!"

George said he wouldn't say such a disgraceful thing. Glazer said the character he was portraying would say such a thing and wound up by wanting to know whether Georgie was an actor or merely a Boy Scout. He found out.

This isn't the only row Raft and Glazer have had. The first took place when George refused to work in "The Story of Temple Drake." The boys just don't get along!

THERE is something a bit sad about that romance between Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy. Intimate friends know well that Spence is hard hit by his deep affection for Loretta and yet they are both deeply devout in a religion which does not countenance divorce and re-marriage.

It is an unhappy and almost hopeless Hollywood love story.

SOME of the boys were trying to crash the "Bolero" set at Paramount to watch Sally Rand do her famous Fan Dance and the studio, anticipating their idea, posted four guards at the door.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, the troupe went hopefully to the cutting-room the next day to see the rushes, but no soap, either.

So they consoled themselves by trotting over to the "Good Dame" set and watching Dorothy Dell, beauty winner, do her version of a hootchy-kootchy number.

THE small son of the Skeets Gallaghers is called "The Duke." Now that he has a brand new little sister all Hollywood has named her "The Duchess."

MARY CARLISLE is mad at M-G-M.

She has a little trouble keeping down her weight, anyway, and when the studio cast her in a role where she had to eat a whole pound of chocolates it was adding insult to injury. What's more, they made the scene four times and the candy couldn't be faked.

It took a solid week of massage to remedy that trouble!

BABY LEROY is a gold digger! The other day he vamped Mrs. Alexander Pantages out of fifty dollars worth of baby wearing apparel from her Baby Shop. The original idea was merely to photograph the irresistible Mister Weinbrenner in the latest baby fashions for publicity purposes, but before the sitting was over he looked so cute in his "models" Mrs. Pantages packed them up for him to take home.

Modern Screen



PROTECTED

with Kleinert's Dress Shields

Sudden emotion, over-heated rooms, strenuous exercise, strong underarm preparations — these increase the danger to your dress from underarm moisture, friction, and chemicals.

Keep your frocks new and fresh with the guaranteed protection of Kleinert's Dress Shields. There are sizes, styles and colors for every type of costume.

Why risk your dress by trying unknown substitutes when you can buy genuine Kleinert's Shields for as little as 25¢ a pair where you bought this magazine.



AS LOW AS 25¢ A PAIR

Kleinert's DRESS SHIELDS

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

They Visit New York

(Continued from page 35)

filled the air and rocked the house when her likeness first appeared on the silver sheet.

John Gilbert, too, came in for his share of praise. His old friends rallied around and he garnered many new ones.

The evening-garbed audience was punctuated with celebrities and among 'em we spied Nita Naldi, Gene Raymond, Estelle Brody, Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Young, Phillips Holmes, Margaret Livingston and Kay Francis.

Yes, "Queen Christina" was an enormous success.

* * *

LITTLE old New York has been doing right by the famous. Teas and dinners and Repeal parties seem to be the order of the day. First, there was Randolph Scott, who was "done right by" by Paramount.

The southern gentleman, who rides like a westerner, had just returned from across the Big Pond where he and his pal, Cary Grant, stepped around, met royalty and Noel Coward and, in fact, knocked things off in a big way socially.

Randy is "for" movies and "ag'in" marriage; that is, for himself. He claims connubial bliss just "isn't" in them thar Hollywood hills. Besides, he has five sisters who pulled booby prizes in the matrimonial grab bag, which is enough to discourage a more sentimental lad than the Scott.

Of course, he does like Vivian Gaye "much big heap," as the Indians would say, but that's all there is, there isn't any more. Mr. Scott told us this with his hand on his heart and promised not to make us look any more foolish than Nature did, by marrying the lovely lady the day this issue appears.

* * *

And, speaking of the lovelorn, there's Phillips Holmes, as fine a young actor as never wasted any time in a dramatic school. Phil balanced a potato chip at the Waldorf-Astoria's glittering bar as he talked of his future.

He was set to set sail for London, where there is a play waiting and a couple of tempting movie offers. There was a nice picture proposition in the U. S. A., too, which he was about to leave behind with Florence Rice, a pulchritudinous miss who acts on the stage and cares for Phil and hates to be parted and all of that.

They, too, say "some day," and even though Florence has changed her religion in preparation for the big event, it is not as yet scheduled.

There is going to be fuss and feathers connected with the Holmes entrance into wedlock. In other words, this afternoon's wedding isn't going to be a result of this morning's hangover. Tch, tch, now you *know* it's been known to happen!

WELL, the Gary Coopers left New York in a blaze of glory. They fooled the public, the press and their friends here and, having grown tired of kidding us, called in the preacher and planned a honeymoon.

On said wedding tour the happy pair took four trunks and the bride's parents. They had never seen Gary's ranch in Arizona, either, and the papers do tell us it's sumpin' to look at.

The Coopers appeared at all the opening nights—he, looking very proud and she very luscious and young—and the smart night clubs and were the envy of just about everybody. Another Hollywood bachelor become a benedict!

* * *

Here's a little item fraught with sentiment and prosperity.

The old Biograph studio way up in New York's Bronx has just reopened for production. Yowser. Chester Erskine, who has sound financial backing, is about to start a series of fifteen pictures, the first of which will be "Frankie and Johnnie," co-starring Tallulah Bankhead and Helen Morgan, this month.

Biograph was the locale in which the real film famous began their then precarious careers. The master director, D. W. Griffith, wielded his megaphone there fifteen years ago and Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand and Lillian Gish were among the celebrities who first faced a camera on that old lot.

This is the really cheering news of the month.

* * *

WELL, the rumor hounds on lil old Broadway certainly had themselves a field day when Kay Francis was discovered making the rounds with Billy Gaston. Just by way of keeping the records straight, said handsome man-about-town was once Kay's husband. When the pair decided to call it a day, the gentleman wed Rosamond Pinchot, talented stage actress and, as you know, Kay eventually became Mrs. Kenneth McKenna.

Incidentally, those reputed to be "in the know" claim that the "inside" on the star's recent matrimonial split-up is one of those Harry Bannister-Ann Harding headaches. While Ken was hitting the theatrical high spots in New York several seasons ago, Miss Francis couldn't get a break and when the pair migrated to the land of milk and honey, earthquakes and cloudbursts, the tables were turned and the groom just couldn't take it.

Anyway, we hear that since Kay and Billy Gaston are both apt to be free in the not-too-distant future, they may become Mister and Missus once more.

Wasn't it Will Rogers who said, "Reverivals are always flops?" But then, maybe Our Will is just pessimistic!



● This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau

**"I have
REDUCED MY HIPS
9 INCHES WITH THE
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**

... writes Miss Jean Healy

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

**REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND
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Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

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Except for a couple of cuts and bruises, the Wesley Ruggles arrived safely in our midst. 'Twas a little matter of their train and another one arguing for right of way or something. Mrs. Ruggles (Arline Judge) has about regained her land legs at this writing.

Wes, who just finished making "Bolero," is here to look over the New York theatrical fare with a view to translating something promising to the silver sheet and Arline has promised herself a shopping spree.

OUR town holds no mysteries to Charlotte Henry. Chotsie was born, you see, just across the river in Brooklyn, so subways, the Empire State Building and the Aquarium are mere landmarks that have been hanging around for years. Nothing spectacular a-tall!

However, "Alice in Wonderland" drew a swanky party when she hit Park Avenue. It was unreel'd at the Waldorf-Astoria with much gingerale and ice to keep things stimulating.

Miss Henry, contrary to the impression one would gather from her "wide-eyedness," seems to know all the answers. She has had stage experience and social contacts and whatever it takes to gain one assurance. No shy violet is this pretty Brooklyn belle. Indeed, she can hold her own—and anybody else's—in matters conversational.

And because she's a smartie, a good trouser and shows promise, Paramount—ever grateful for favors received—has presented Charlotte with a brand new long-term contract. She'll probably play the title rôle in "Lovey Mary" next.

* * *

And while we are on the subject of social celebrations, the combined press agents of the town—or so it seemed—staged a little whoopee for Gene Raymond, the occasion being the platinum blond's departure on a three-months' European tour with his mother.

There were *hors d'oeuvres* and clinking glasses long before there was a handsome young actor, for Gene got tied up in the traffic somewhere en route and couldn't get himself disentangled. The blizzard again. When he finally arrived he was gracious and nervous in about equal proportions, but made a great hit with the susceptible New York newspaper women. Gosh, Mary Brian's apprehensions!

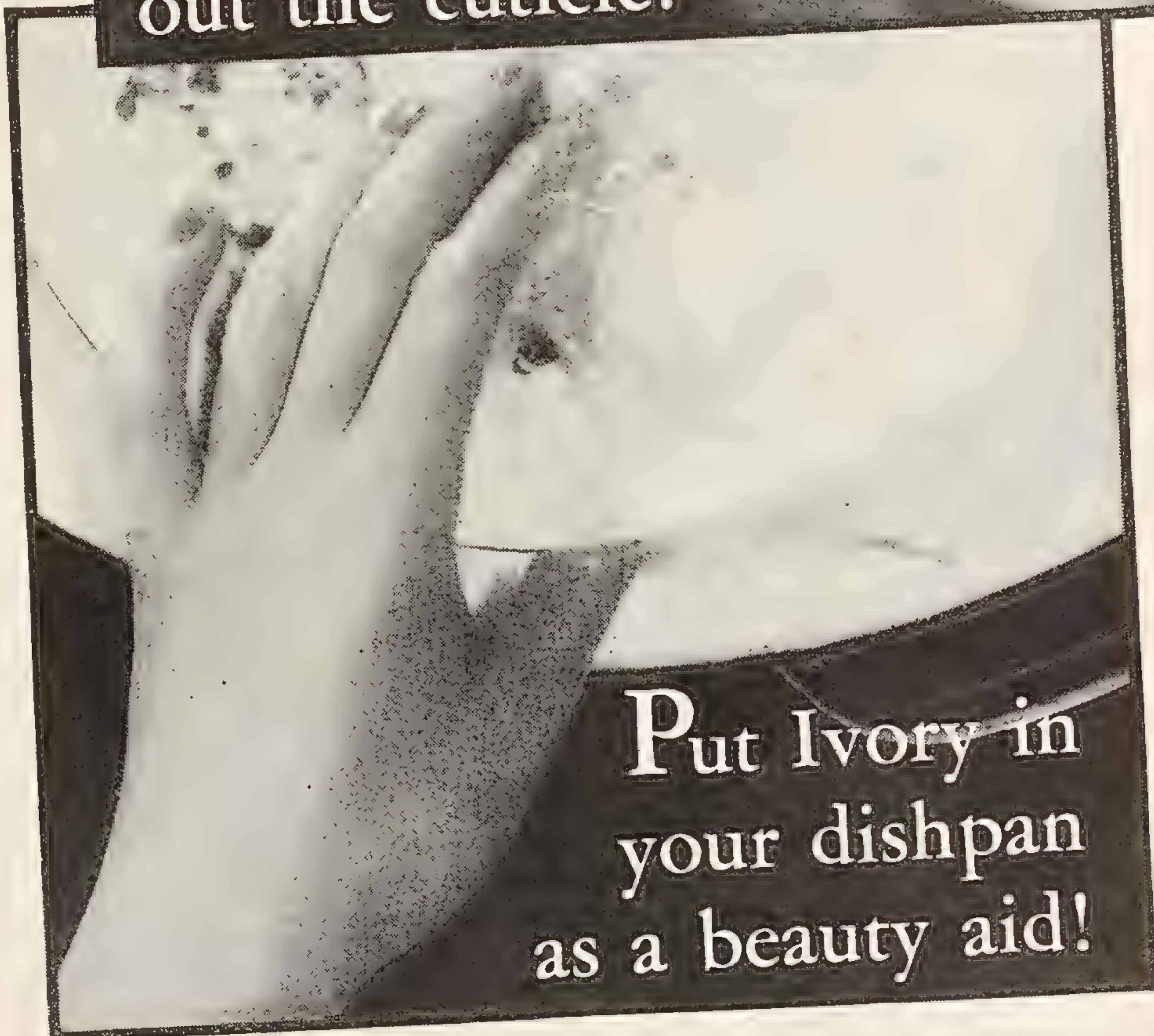
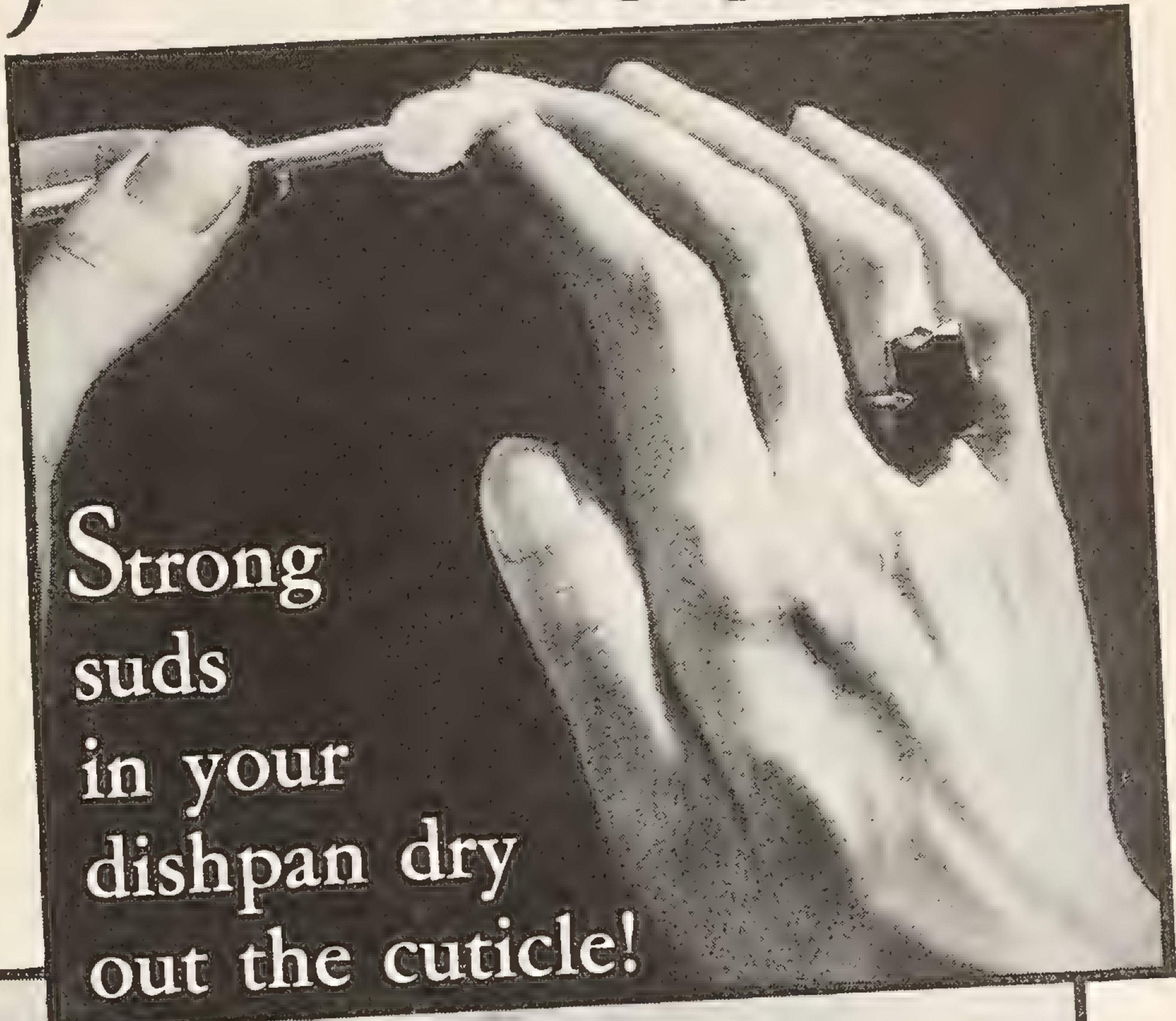
The party was gay and Gene, who isn't due in Hollywood until April first, seemed to survive it with an eventual show of equanimity. In other words, he made the grade with the people who help make the actors.

* * *

And now the O'Briens are here. George and his 'bride, Marguerite Churchill. They are on sort of a second honeymoon, making unscheduled "personal appearances" at all the places where the smart set gathers.

This popular pair look inconceivably "un-movie-ish" which must help them out in public places, when one takes into consideration the way most stars are

"Why does my Cuticle get so RAGGED?"



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prevents "Housework Hands"

COLDS Go Overnight

*When You Take This Famous
Tablet in Time*

BEWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection—and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated. At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

These Four Effects

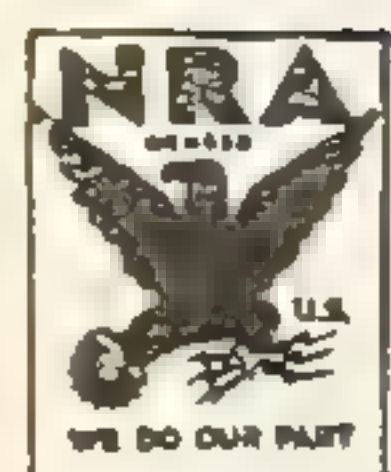
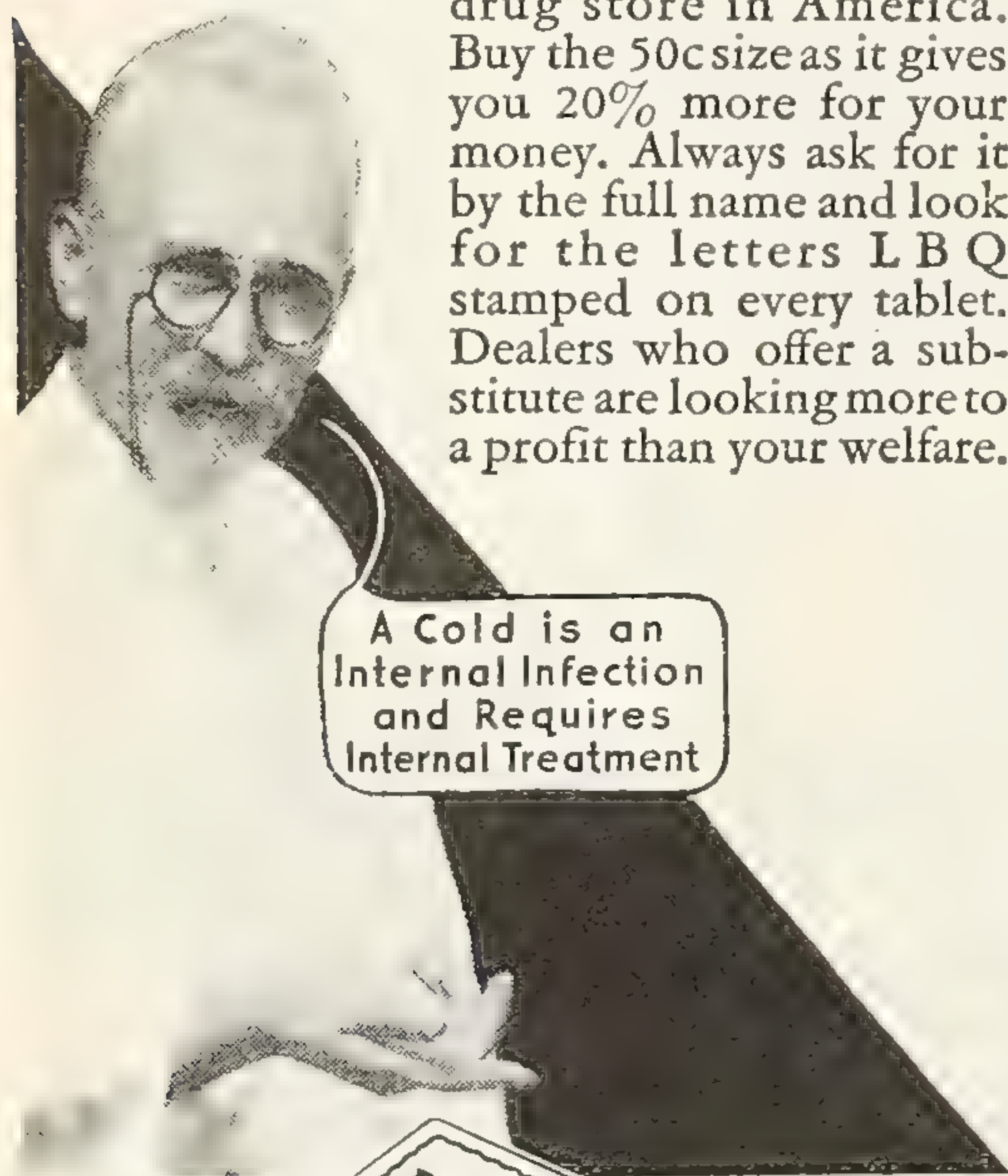
First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and gripe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Dealers who offer a substitute are looking more to a profit than your welfare.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

mobbed and mauled once recognized around these parts.

* * *

The Algonquin, famous hostelry housing celebrities and exuding intimate atmosphere, takes on a Hollywood

aspect these days; that is, from the standpoint of luncheon guests. Seated around the main dining-room recently, we spied Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Laura Hope Crews, Roland Young and Ross Alexander. Yes, everything there but the cameras and sound track!

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

odor. The strongest he-man couldn't object to it. For a pimply condition—watch the diet. The plainest of foods for a while. Lots of vegetables. Tomato juice. Fruits. Very little starch. No sweets nor heavy, oily foods. Hot applications to the offending blemishes will help. And a medicated skin cream would help, too, if you get him to use it without his suing for divorce.

Now, about hair. I do see the most pathetic heads of masculine hair. Stiff, dry, no-color-at-all-hair. Dandruff. Oily hair. And hair that looks like a wet whisk broom from being sopped under the shower until there isn't a speck of natural oil and life left in it.

Goodness knows, it ought to be easy enough for every man to brush his hair vigorously once every day. There isn't much territory to cover. And it does give such a grand polish and sleekness to a head of hair. It makes hair stay put and look neat, too.

THERE'S no reason, either, why a guy shouldn't wear a shower cap under the shower. A once-a-week shampoo is plenty, I think. It should be a thorough one. Three soapings with liquid soap. A good rinse under the shower. And plenty of rubbing and scalp-massaging while the hair is drying. Then, when it is quite dry, a little tonic rubbed in. Or one of the good oil preparations, if the hair is dry. But what the dears usually do is to pour on their oil tonic—or rub in the stickum—while the hair is still wet. And there you have a beautiful mess clinging to the hair. This collects dust. And the hair is so caked down all the time that the scalp never has a chance to breathe. The scalp must get aired every day. That's another reason for the brushing. It's a good thing to rumple the hair up—stand it on end and pull it a little, to stimulate the scalp. (That task may be a pleasure to some married ladies, huh?)

For advanced cases of dandruff and for hair which is falling out so fast that it makes your head swim, special care is needed. And one of the best lines of hair preparations that I know about has a remedy for every hair evil. None of the preparations are perfumed. And alcohol—where it must be used for preservation—is used sparingly. They are reasonable in price—neither too high nor too cheap to be good. Write and ask me about them, if you would like to know their names, and I promise you a very prompt reply.

I don't suppose I need to tell men

that they should all get regular exercise. I don't need to tell the young ones, I'm sure. They look after themselves pretty well. They're mostly scared to death of getting fat. In fact, they err a bit on the other side, there. I'd like to see some of the young fellows with a little more flesh on their bones. They have natty figures and nice, flat stomachs—but their faces look so thin, sometimes. I think it is because the average young American male is usually so "on the go" that he never has a chance to relax after a meal. I know it's that way with a certain younger brother. He's off—on some mysterious "date" the minute the dessert is finished. A girl may have some home duties to putter with. Her face to fix or her frock to change. That's a bit of relaxation, in a way. Food is digested properly.

Older men, however, are the ones who get careless. You see many more good looking middle-aged women these days than middle-aged men, don't you think? The women have better figures. Competition has been keen, for them, and they have had to spruce up and keep slim and fresh-looking in the face of Father Time.

Middle-aged men are always saying, "Must get some exercise. I'm putting on weight." They may even go so far as to buy a rowing machine—and park it in the coat closet in the hall, where it stays, winter, summer, autumn, and spring. They may, perhaps, play a little golf. And then they open a quart of the finest stuff in the locker room and undo all the good work the golf has done. Liquor is *extremely* fattening, I'll have you know.

Systematic, regular exercise—be it tennis in summer and rowing machine in winter or whatever—will keep the figure flat where it should be flat and muscular where it should be muscular. And that's the only really important requisite for a good, masculine figure, isn't it?

I'm afraid to say any more about beauty advice for men. I'm afraid of butting in where wives fear to tread. Honest I am. But if anyone feels inspired to write me about any personal problem, I'll be only too glad to answer it—confidentially, of course. I've helped the ladies with a good many of their problems and I'm sure I could handle the men's, too.

Next month, I'll return to the ladies again. And a darned sight easier it will be, says I!

The Booby Prize

(Continued from page 47)

for news pictures with her sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young. She *did* pose with them at Colleen Moore's party—but with what poor grace!

● Eddie Hillman announced in public (and in the presence of his latest ex, Marian Nixon) that he was going to throw a big party in honor of his two ex-wives. Was that the best of manners, Mr. Hillman?

● Gene Raymond, leaving for New York, invited three girls down to the train to see him off: Janet Gaynor, Marian Nixon and Mary Brian. He gets a prize—and the girls all get a special prize for showing up!

● We don't quite know who should get this booby prize. But—well, anyway... We're a little tired of movies in which the heroine is a brilliant surgeon or a brilliant something else—and looks not a day over twenty-two. Ann Harding, for instance, in "The Right to Romance," was, for the purposes of the plot, in possession of all the surgical knowledge which brilliant men spend years and years slaving to acquire. We seem to remember "Mary Stevens, M.D.," too.

● And Joan Crawford's shoes in "Dancing Lady" provided us with a snicker. "Don't wear bows on your shoes," said Franchot Tone to her. "They're cheap looking." Close-up of the famous Crawford legs and feet. And what did we see? Lovely, expensive, hand-turned slippers. Probably cost \$15 per each. And great, big, luscious gros-grain bows on them. Cheap, my eye!

MODERN SCREEN ON THE AIR!

At 5:30 on Monday afternoons—until 5:45 on Monday afternoons you'll find us holding forth over Station WMCA. If your set will behave nicely and get this station for you, you can obtain an advance broadcast on what this magazine is doing in the world.

"Dry those tears, sister. You were a silly to believe that fancy soaps would make you beautiful. We've known right along that no soap smooths up the skin like Ivory!"

"And don't think your complexion stops at the neckline, sister! Please, if you want your all-over complexion to match your face, do as we do—take Ivory baths."



If you want a baby-smooth skin, use
the baby's beauty treatment

Spring's on the way! Now's the time to take stock of your good looks if you want to be able to wear the alluring bright colors that will be so popular this season.

How's your complexion? Dull-looking? Roughened by raw winds? Then make-up alone won't do the trick. Your skin needs a little attention. Get busy with a cake of Ivory Soap and start working for a naturally clear, baby-smooth complexion.

Ivory, you know, is the soap that keeps so many millions of babies' skins rose-petal soft. Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive complexions because it is so *pure*—because it won't

dry up the natural oils that lubricate your skin. No dyes—no soapy perfumes in Ivory!

It's smart to be a baby about your bath, too. Quaintly enough, your complexion doesn't stop at your neck—it extends all over you. And your all-over skin needs Ivory's purity just as much as your face does. So hop into your Ivory bath and scrub yourself shining clean with Ivory's cleansing lather. You'll step out radiant and glowing. Ivory's the best daily beauty treatment your skin can receive. Lucky for you that its price is so modest! And you can buy Ivory at any grocer's.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure • It floats

Let Me Tell You About Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 27)

M-G-M was spending a huge amount for her comeback. When she works, she concentrates so hard that I think a cannon could be shot off at her side and she wouldn't move. Lots of men have that power of concentration but very few women have it.

Imagine my surprise, then, in the midst of all this intensity to have her wisecrack the first time she talked to me alone. We were speaking of a love scene in the script and she said:

"This is a very low scene—a *very low scene*."

I knew she meant it had to be played in a low-pitched voice but the repetition made me imagine she meant something more—and she did! I looked up and found her smiling slyly and looking at me out of the corner of her eye to see if I got her double meaning. When I giggled, her smile spread to a grin. She always waits mischievously to see whether you get her *double entendres* and if you do, she's as pleased as punch.

But she has the true aloofness of the great. No matter how well you know her, I don't imagine you can take your hair down with her. She's not the sort of person to whom even her intimates would yell, "Hi! Greta." She is "Miss Garbo" always, no matter how human she is and, in my opinion, she's swell.

At first I couldn't forget the "Garbo legend." I remember the first scene we played together. I had to curtsy and kiss her hand. I had been perfect in rehearsals but the "take" was almost spoiled. In the middle of it I thought, "My God, this is Garbo!" and it darn near broke me up. Of course, as the picture progressed and we became more friendly, I got over my awe of her.

We began to gag together. We wore long dresses that swept the floor and hid our feet. One day she lifted her beautiful Adrian creation and showed me her feet encased in an old pair of tennis-shoes.

"They said I have four pairs," she laughed, "but I've got only these."

Not to be outdone, I lifted my beautiful dress and showed her my feet in an old and comfortable pair of slippers. It got to be a morning ritual with us. Each day with all solemnity, she'd lift her gown and the tennis shoes were in evidence.

"And you?" she'd ask.

To keep up with her prank and hear her wicked laughter, I used to wear the oldest and most outlandish clodhoppers I could find.

Another gag was her "Nay! Nay!"

When she had to give a decision about something, instead of saying "No!" she'd say "Nay! Nay!" until it got so that everyone from Mamoulia down was "Nay, naying."

One terrible day she walked through the sets saying in a sepulchral voice, "There's trouble afut! There's trouble afut!"

We all looked at one another in dis-

may. There was fear and trembling, for none of us knew what the trouble was. Fortified by her friendship to me, I approached and asked timidly:

"What's the matter, Miss Garbo? Why do you say, 'there's trouble afut?'"

She looked at me and answered solemnly, "I have just learned your delightful expression. 'There's trouble afut!'"

ANOTHER day I told her I knew one word in Swedish but I didn't know what it meant. My aunt had had a Swedish cook who used to say "forbaunod" a great deal. Garbo roared when she heard that.

"It means damn or hell," she explained. "I have visions of that woman knocking the pots and pans about and shouting 'Damn, damn, damn!'"

She used to take as much pleasure in teasing me as Mamoulia did. She loves tennis and she knew I did, too. When the tennis matches were on, she'd say to me, "Maybe we can get you off today in time for you to see them."

I protested that I didn't want to get off but she kept teasing me about it just the same. And because sometimes some young man would be waiting to take me home, she'd keep asking, "How are all your boy friends?"

One morning I answered lightly, "I'm through with men. They complicate life so."

She answered very seriously, "You're right. If you want to be a success, you must not let anything interfere with your work. You must concentrate. Everything must come from within you."

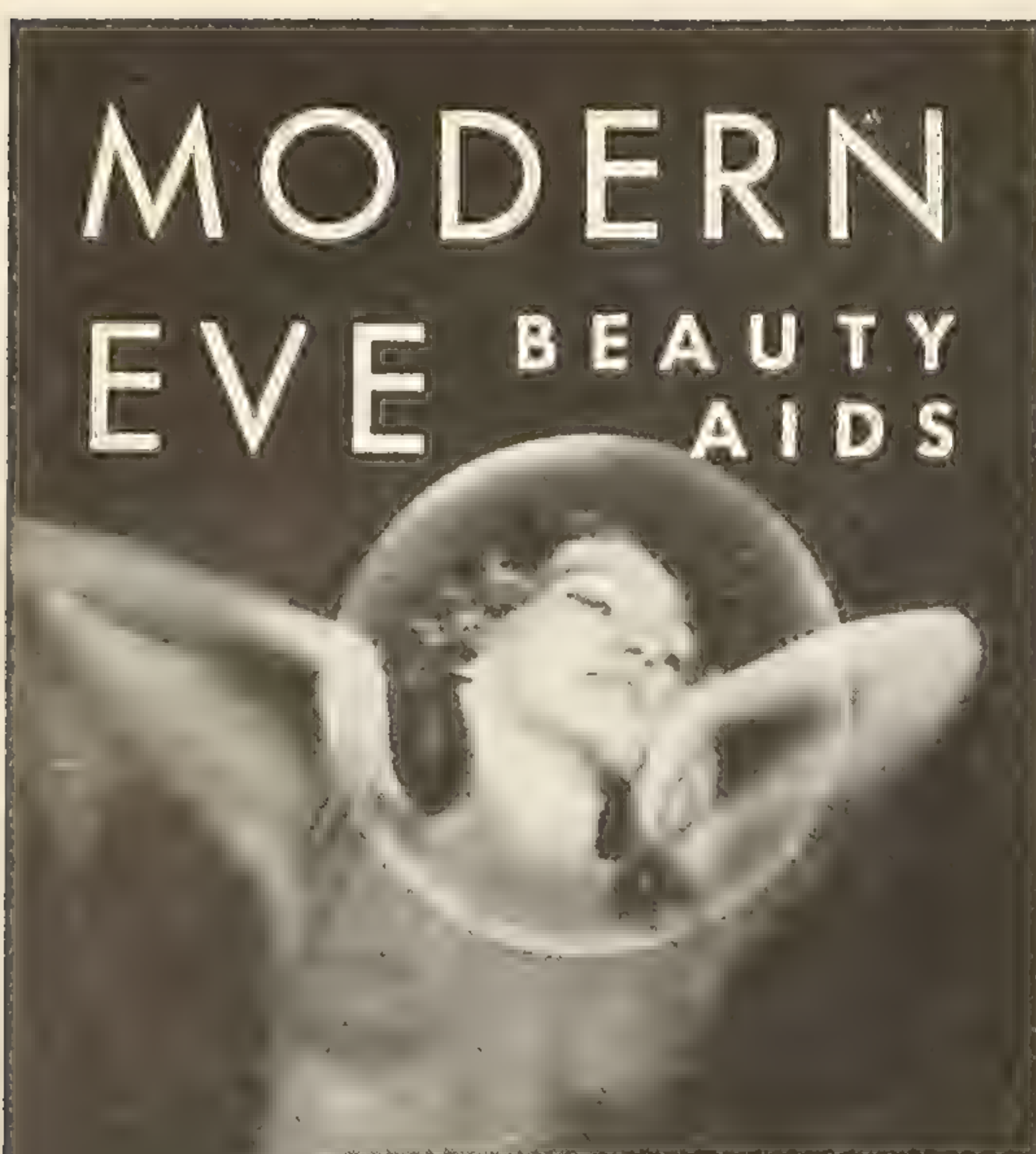
She's the most amazing person. Wearing the same costume and make-up, she can look hard and sophisticated one day and the next be so radiantly beautiful that "dewy" is the only word that fits her, much as I hate to use it. She is never satisfied with her own work. She used to stop in the middle of a scene which overwhelmed me by its perfection and say, "It's not right." She'd bite her lip, shake her head and walk about in distraction, almost like a caged animal.

Mamoulia always let her do a scene over if she wanted to, even though he thought it had been done all right. He knew better than anyone how hard she was striving for perfection.

Gossip has linked their names but I don't think they were anything more than good friends and fine artists, each appreciating the other's ability—and sense of humor, too.

They would both love to play kids' pranks on each other. We had a man on the sound track called "Skippy." He was short, pot-bellied and wore glasses. Just to look at him made you feel good for he would giggle at you as if you and he had some secret joke.

One day he turned up in a turtle neck



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That's because Modern Eve has been made especially for your favorite 5-10-25¢ store. That store cooperates with a well-known, modern beauty laboratory to bring you these highest quality toiletries—but *so inexpensively* that you can stretch your beauty budget further. See Modern Eve, and you'll find out there's no need to spend dollars; a quarter brings you just as much!

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sweater and a white cap. It so happened that Mamouliau, who is very tall and wears glasses too, had the same kind of sweater on. Garbo called him over and pointing to Skippy said, "I think you two are brothers."

MAMOULIAN waited until she was off the set and then he sent to the wardrobe department for a white cap like Skippy's. When Garbo was expected back, he motioned for us all to be silent and went over and stood posing with his arm around Skippy. I can't tell you how funny they looked—tall Mamouliau and little Skippy wearing the same kind of clothes. When Garbo came on the set and saw them, she roared. Skippy had his own sense of humor too and I think Garbo liked that. His arms were tattooed and we asked him if he had ever been a sailor. "Sure," he answered. "I was the captain of a schooner."

When we were all duely impressed, he added, "A prairie schooner."

You can see from this that Garbo created an atmosphere of friendliness to everyone. She didn't play the great lady but was her gracious self to one and all.

And when it came to work, her own flawless performance made us all give our best. She helped us all, particularly myself and Gilbert, who worked at high tension all the time because it was his comeback and he is especially high-strung anyway.

She did lots of kind little things for me that I shall never forget. Whenever she sent her maid out for coffee or tea, she saw to it that I had some too. And one day when we had been working on the back lot and were waiting for the cars to take us to the studio, it began to snow and I began to shiver. Garbo and Mamouliau usually took the first car and I went into the second with the others. But this day the second car didn't come up right away and before I knew what had happened, the first car had backed up and both Garbo and Mamouliau were beckoning me to hop in with them.

I think her good-bye to me was typical of the woman about whom so many conflicting things are written. She didn't say, "It was nice to have you in my picture," as so many great stars do, but instead:

"It has been very nice working together," and remembering that I had told her I was going back East for a holiday with my family she added, "You're going to see your mother and your brother, aren't you?"

"Yes!" I replied and I'm afraid I acted too delighted at the prospect, for she said in the most tragic tones:

"Oh, how I envy you!"

I forgot her greatness then. At that moment I felt that she might be my chum who was frightfully alone and homesick and I was very sorry for her. Imagine, me, Elizabeth Young, feeling sorry for The Great Garbo. Oh, it all sounds too absurd but it's true. That's how I felt.

Do you blame me for thinking that Garbo is a regular person and that I've got something to tell my grandchildren?

Still...it's her Eyes

THAT MAKE HER SO COMPLETELY... SO IRRESISTIBLY...

SO RAVISHINGLY *fascinating*



Lovely figure, beautifully gowned . . poise and style . . yet, withal, just another mannequin unless her eyes express the fascinating charm of her own unique personality.

She knows well how important is the appearance of long, dark lashes, delicately shaded lids, and graceful, expressive eyebrows, to bring out all the alluring beauty and depth of expression in her eyes. Like five million other clever women, she achieves this natural-appearing loveliness quickly and easily with the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids.

Don't let pale, scanty lashes, blank-looking eyelids, and scraggly brows rob you of the glamorous beauty that can be so easily yours with these exquisite yet inexpensive Maybelline preparations.

A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe. Tear-proof, non-smarting, and absolutely harmless, it keeps the lashes soft and silky. Delicately shade your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is deepened and intensified. Form lovely, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now behold...! Your eyes have become twin pools of alluring beauty, expressing your every mood with irresistible charm.

Encourage the natural growth of your lashes by applying Maybelline Eyelash Grower nightly before retiring. Stimulating and beneficial, it is, like all the Maybelline eye beauty aids, absolutely pure and harmless. Try these four effective aids to eye beauty today. They are obtainable in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores.



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Black and Brown



Blue, Brown, Blue-grey
Violet and Green



Colorless

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CHICAGO

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Who's Calling!

(Continued from page 29)



She's NOT PRETTY BUT SHE'S engaged

At the Beauty Salon she obtained a permanent which gave her style and personality. Then she kept her hair as originally set—lovable—by using, as her Beautician did—

BOBBY LOX HAIR PINS

These bob pins are used in Beauty Shops more than any other. Black, Brown, Blonde, Grey. Insist upon Bobby Lox at your favorite store or mail the coupon to

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"Radio Girl" Perfume was designed for the modern American Girl—gay, vivacious, unaffected. Though compounded from fine French essential oils, Radio Girl Perfume is produced in this country with a thought for thrift... You'll love Radio Girl Face Powder, too—with the same exquisite fragrance.

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Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only)

Name.....

Address.....

behind some of these encounters of trustful little girls with men who claim they are directors, it is perhaps best not to think. Most of them only go to show that there are a staggering number of empty-headed braggarts in Hollywood. The operators say that calls for these non-existent "directors" often run up to eighty a day.

THEN there are the pitiful calls from people down and out, beaten by life, willing to snatch at any straw. "I'd like to ask about a job," they begin hesitantly.

"In what department, please?"

"Oh, acting—any department—any kind of work," comes the vague answer. "I just hoped—I just thought maybe—"

People who don't even know what kind of job they could handle don't stand much chance of getting any job at all. But it is never without a pang that the operators pull their plugs, saying, "We're sorry, but you'll have to get in touch with the department your work fits you for."

Heaven knows, though, the phone girls get enough comic relief in their daily round. There are the ardent swains who call in to entreat, "When will Betty Daniels finish work in the chorus on that dance picture you're shooting? I've got a date with her and she's three hours late now!" Betty, or whatever her name happens to be, is still on the set.

When will the chorus be through? Doesn't the chorus wish it knew! Doesn't the studio executives wish they knew! Doesn't the director wish he knew! And if they don't know how can the poor telephone operator know?

Then there are the curiosity hounds who want to know "Is Ruth Chatterton really married?" "Does Cagney wear a wig?" "How old is Randy Scott?" "Is Jimmie Dunn going to marry Ann Harding?" They know the answers already. They just want to hear them via voice from the studio itself. There are the downcast salesmen who say to the phone girl, "I can't seem to get to Mr. X. Will you sell him a car for me?" There are the skeptics who demand suspiciously, "Did Eddie Robinson really ride that horse in that picture I saw last night or did he just wear the riding-clothes and let a double do it?"

An odd quirk is that people who call in to ask questions like these—"Is Norma Shearer's hair really curly?"—and so on—almost always preface their questions the same way. "A bunch of us were sitting around the house the other day and we had a bet that such and such was the case," they begin. It seems to make it less embarrassing, that old fib about the bet.

A NOTHER mix-up out at Warners' recently might not have been so funny had not Jack Warner, vice president in charge of production, had a

sense of fun. One evening after hours Mr. Warner came into the office and said to the girls on duty, "I'm Mr. Warner. Please get me long distance to New York."

People are always trying to swipe free telephone calls. The girls exchanged knowing smiles. Mr. Warner actually had to write his signature on a piece of paper before they would believe him.

And as with production heads, so with stars. The operators know their voices, know them well enough to kid them over the wires, but quite frequently they have never seen them off the screen. Of four operators on duty at a major studio, only one has ever been on a set.

Poor little Jackie Cooper went unrecognized one day, too. The girls at the M-G-M board heard a childish voice saying, "Please let me talk to Miss Joan Crawford." The operator who got the call closed her key and turned to her chief. "It's a little boy wanting to talk to Joan," she said. "Gee, I've got half a mind to put him through to her. You know how she is about kids. She'd talk to him." But rules are rules and so, opening her key again, she said, "I'm sorry, but I can't let you talk to the stars."

"But I'm a friend of Miss Crawford's," the young voice insisted.

A friend! That's what they all say. "I'm sorry—"

"But darn it, Marie," said the voice, peeved by now, "I am! This is Jackie."

Only then did the girls recognize his voice.

Joan Crawford, by the way, once checked an attempt at robbery by a peculiar accident of the switchboard that could not happen one time in twenty thousand. A woman's voice called the studio saying, "This is Robinson's Department Store. What is the number of Miss Crawford's charge account with us, please?" This is an old dodge of department-store thieves. They make every effort to get a charge account number. Once they get it, the star finds thousands of dollars of merchandise charged to her name. But the operators are wise to the stunt and never give out the information. Ordinarily they would simply have cut the connection. What happened on this occasion is inexplicable. The operators to this day don't know exactly. Joan must have lifted the receiver of her private phone at the exact instant the call came in to the main board, just as the operator was ringing her. The department store crook, little though she had planned for it, was talking straight into Joan's ear. She must have shivered as she heard a quiet voice ask, "This is Miss Crawford speaking. What was it you wanted, please?"

There was a moment of stammering, and then the connection was hastily broken.

WHICH SKIN FAULT IS SPOILING YOUR BEAUTY?



•

LARGE PORES?
BLACKHEADS?
PIMPLES?
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CHAPPED HANDS?

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For new beauty use this
medicated corrective cream
—say scores of nurses

Among the 6,000,000 women who are now using this new kind of corrective cream, there are thousands of trained nurses. And they ought to know what's really good for

the skin! Their training has taught them what the skin *needs* to keep it healthy and beautiful.

Invisible Pore Poisons

Science now recognizes that many of the common skin faults come from tiny hidden poisons that lurk unseen beneath the skin surface. Large pores, blackheads, pimples, oiliness, roughness and other beauty-destroying flaws are often caused by these invisible poisons.

Ordinary care is not enough. Creams and lotions that merely cleanse the surface fail to reach these deep-lodged poisons. A special *medicated* cream is necessary. And Noxzema is such a cream. Noxzema is pure-white, greaseless, *vanishing*—containing medicines that sink into the skin, help to keep pores germ-free and restore the skin to normal health and beauty.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. In the morning wash off, first with warm water, then with cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema than as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

You can try Noxzema at little cost—you can see for yourself in a few short days how wonderfully it clears, softens and refines your skin—you can see why over 10,000,000 jars are used yearly. Noxzema is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new larger economical 50c jar—or first get the generous 10c trial jar. But don't wait—start improving your skin tonight. Get a jar today from the nearest dealer.



WONDERFUL FOR
CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that* hand is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight*.



After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar.



What Kind of a Girl Is Heather?

(Continued from page 74)



GLORIA STUART, UNIVERSAL PICTURES PLAYER

A NEW TYPE EYEBROW PENCIL *with a delicate tone*

THE MAKERS of Winx mascara—America's foremost authorities on eye make-up—have just brought out a NEW-type eyebrow pencil.

This pencil has a *delicate* tone . . . and, therefore, gives just the right, delicate, gossamer touch to eyebrows. It never looks coarse or smeary or spotty—as so many pencils do.

Just *touch* it to your brows (you needn't press it) . . . and watch how it transforms even skimpy eyebrows to a soft, rich line.

The Winx Pencil is new . . . but already it has made a hit in New York and Hollywood. Women who use Liquid Winx or Cake Winx doubly welcome this *new* Winx product as a true help to eye beauty.

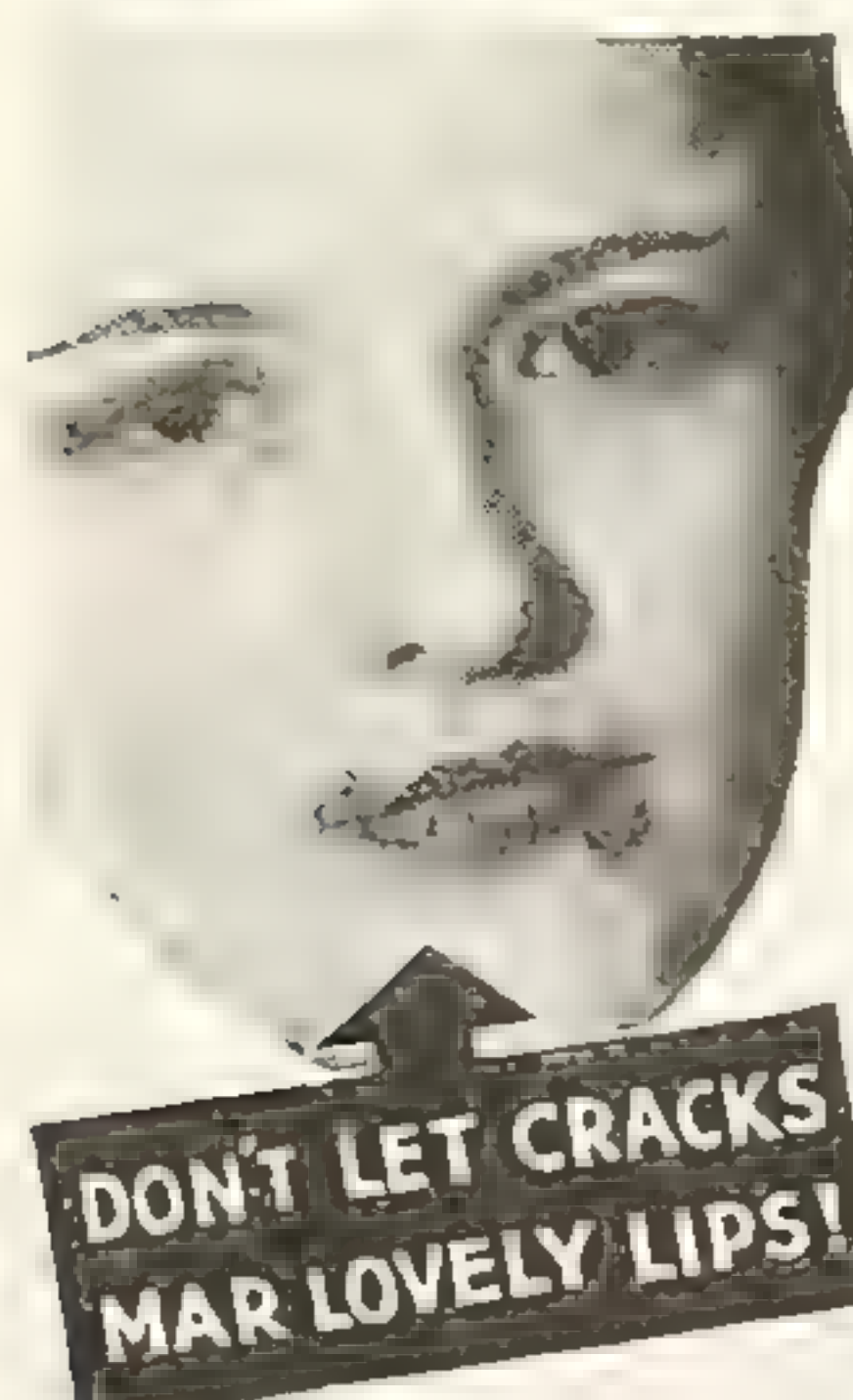
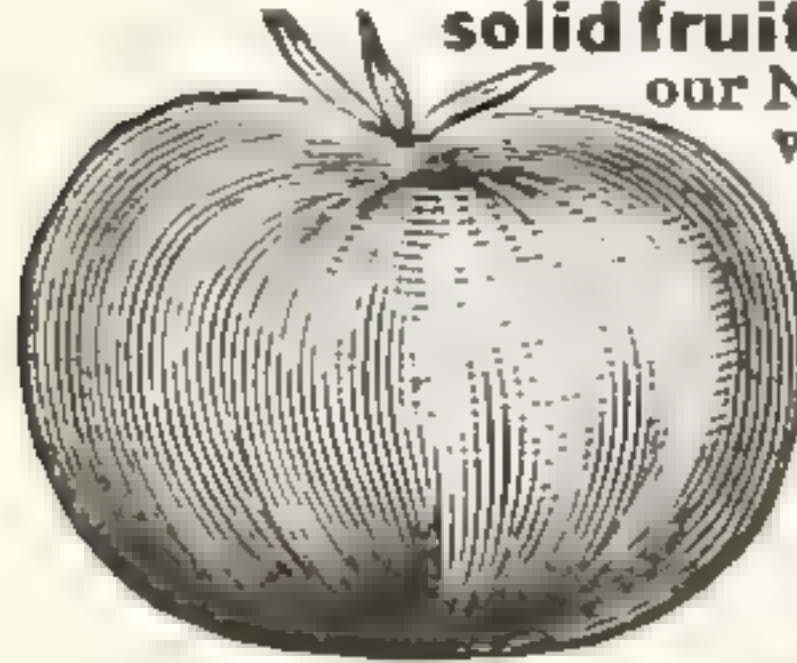
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"QUEEN OF THE MARKET!" Big Money Maker. Large, solid fruit; excellent canner. To introduce to you our Northern Grown Live Seeds and Plants, we will mail you 125 seeds of Condon's Giant Everbearing Tomato **FREE** and our big 1934 Catalog of Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, 200-Page Book tells how, and when to plant. Send 3c stamp to cover postage. Prices Lower Than Ever Before
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JUST touch cracked lips and that cold sore tonight with antiseptic, penetrating Campho-Phenique. It starts to soothe pain and speed up healing instantly, and restore your lips their natural smoothness and ripe beauty. Protects against infection, too, not only on cold sores but on minor cuts, burns and similar hurts. Get a bottle of Campho-Phenique at any drug store—30c or 60c—or a trial size, 10c at any ten-cent store.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

almost met a cruel, horrible death.

In England she had been a good horsewoman and considered that day lost when she did not have an early morning canter. So when one morning she decided, unbeknownst to the rest of the company, that she would like a horseback ride she felt no uneasiness. But she had not reckoned on the wildness of Indian horses nor the curious mountain trails of India.

THEY were playing far in the interior and were the only English speaking people for miles. So, completely alone, Heather hired an Indian pony and set out.

Happily she climbed a mountain road when suddenly, directly in the pathway, she saw a huge snake. The horse saw it, too, and instantly bolted. She had no idea how to stop him and there was nothing for her to do but to cling tight and let him go. He tore around a narrow mountain path and once Heather turned her eyes from the road to see a thousand foot cliff falling sheer below. There was room on the narrow path only for the horse. She could not possibly risk jumping because on the other side the mountain rose like a formidable wall of rock. Her only alternative was to cling to the mad pony's back with all her strength.

What went on in her mind when she was making this wild race with death only Heather Angel knows. Her recounting of the experience is done without embellishments. She describes this hair-raising situation as calmly as she would say, "My mother and I took a walk down Hollywood Boulevard." But it did one thing for her. It gave her a philosophy, a philosophy that death is inevitably so near to all of us and that our fate is held by such a gossamer thread that nothing is important enough to cause us to worry and fret.

That is why there emanates from her a calmness that is seen in very few young people, stoicism that only an old soul seems able to attain.

Perhaps Heather Angel is an old soul. At any rate there was something in the atmosphere of India which fascinated her. She heard much Yogi philosophy and saw the strange peace that possesses even the humblest and most impoverished of Indians.

There were amusing experiences in the Far East, too. The company played in one very small and obscure town where the natives had never seen a theatrical performance before and, when the villain in the play stalked across the stage to show the heroine what a Fate Worse than Death would be like, the

fiery natives in the audience bore down upon the stage and made an attempt to kill the poor young actor who was simply playing his part. After that it was as much as his life was worth to show himself upon the street and the fact that the next night his rôle was that of the gentlest of heroes made no difference at all to the natives.

BUT all of these experiences gave Heather a background which she would trade for none other. And incidentally, while she was learning a philosophic outlook on life, she was also learning the rudiments of acting.

Still avid for knowledge of her chosen profession, when the Eastern tour was over, she traveled in rep shows in England. While she was playing in London a picture director saw her and gave her the rôle of an Italian girl in a film which was being partially filmed in Italy. Her screen career had begun. While she was working in a UFA production, the American producers discovered her and she was gobbled up by Hollywood.

Seated in a huge chair that seemed completely to swallow her slight frame and with cigarette smoke curling about her crisp brown hair, she said in her precise little way, "I'm sure I shall always adore Hollywood. It looks so clean, so sun-baked and it has such marvelous sports, my dear. One doesn't have to go long distances to play tennis or swim or skate. It's all spread out before one. I do love it, really."

Her mother is with her in California and Heather's life is much the same as it would be if she were still in Oxford, England. Her friends are found mostly in the English colony of Hollywood. Her tastes are simple—plain but dainty clothes, very little jewelry, and a home not too elaborate.

She isn't "glamorous" in the real sense of that overworked word, but there is about her, some indescribable British charm—something still and deep inside her which assures you that what you see of Heather Angel at first or second—or even tenth—meeting is not all the girl has to give.

Whether or not she will be a brilliant success in Hollywood remains to be seen. She gives clean-cut performances like herself, but she is neither the sloe-eyed allurer nor the wistful, saccharine heroine. I'm afraid she doesn't fit into a pattern. Her life has been too full and she has taken too much out of it to say to herself, "I am this or I am that." There is too much of the philosophy of the East in the blood of this thoroughly British girl.

Don't miss the final installment of the Katharine Hepburn life story in our next issue

Their "Best Esteemed" Stars

(Continued from page 63)

her acted in "The Perfect Flapper" "Ella Cinders" and "Twinkle Toes." She were amazing and I counterpart her very much. She is bobbed with a black, conspicuous hair, a bulky eye and lips so consequent red like an Hibiscus flower. Her nose is tall with an ex-orbitant shape. Colleen Moore is very clever in making cock-eye, and she frequent acts as poor girl in a country house with a barbarous mother.

She has a complete white tooth in a row. Her feet are trivial and phantom and her astonishing, genteel shoes carry her wonderful legs from place to place. I think so Colleen Moore can acted impudent things for make people rapture. She have so many external coverings that when she acts and wore on those dresses you sure would like it.

Sometimes when she make comedy you could hardly stand it because she act it so mirthful. I hope some day she will come to Honolulu for we all can see her embellish face, hair, eyes and how witless she are.

HATSUE NOJI.

MARY PICKFORD: My favorably actress is Mary Pickford. She have a long curly hair with a ribbon tied at the terminate. I ponder she possesses the most extreme delicacy of outline of any actress in Hollywood. I have from Hollywood one of her photographs which it is one she herself have sending me direct. She were standing upright in this photograph, and I ardent it very much.

Mary Pickford have clothes with many decorations of lace, ribbon, long skirt and very fine. She have brown protracted and embellished eyes. Her eyelashes vicissitudes aloft so it constitutes her superior elegance. Her hair is very undulating so people cogitates she ripples it, but it are not so. Mary Pickford was birth with undulating hair. Mary Pickford, in fact, is my extreem favorable actress.

SUN MOY KAM.

HAROLD LLOYD: Harold Lloyd is construction thin and slendor with a sportive eye glass, tediis feet and very jollity. When he act in the movies he makes every individuals laughing, so people are taking him for joke, but Harold Lloyd is very innocent and spotless.

On his childhood he were always sally to school, so his parents were very pleasure and ardent him very much. When he were too enlarge to go to school he became a movie star. Now he is an opulent, salutary man. Sometimes he combs middle, and sometimes sideways. He acts very brilliant and when his film extends to Honolulu all the nations of the Hawaiian islands are ardent to vision the show. Some of his pictures begins with a laugh and



Posed by professional models

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Sensational gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty in a few weeks

NOW you can easily fill out that skinny, beanpole figure, and be just as attractive and have as many friends as *anybody*. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid healthy flesh and shapely, enticing curves that everybody admires—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvel-

ous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Dept. 33, Atlanta, Georgia.





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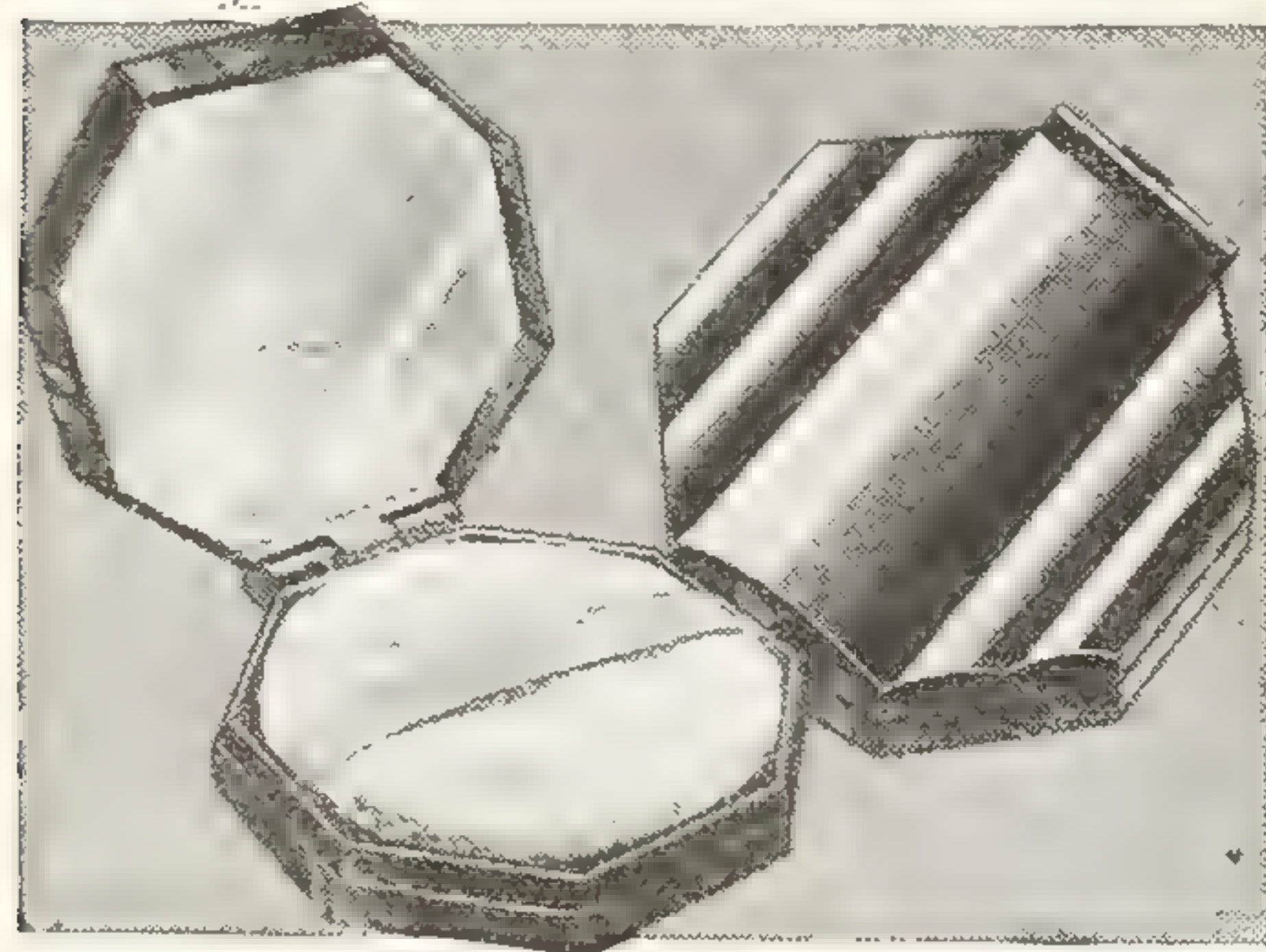
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Amazing invention guarantees neat, quick job. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Improve appearance of your rooms—keep all wires off floors with JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP. Economical. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.



BEWITCHING



Ultra-smart octagonal compact in genuine bakelite, with beveled glass mirror . . . fashionable enough and fine enough for twice the price! Case in red, black, brown, green, blue, high grade velour puff. Odorless, durable, yet light as a feather. 15c at leading Chains.

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HANDYSIFT
Loose Powder Vanity

terminates with a riotous conduct.

TIN CHAN GOO.

CLARA BOW: In my period of youth I judgment Clara Bow is my most affectionated actress. She have a mer-riment proceedure and a circular, bulky eye with a moderate eye ball in the point of concentration. When Clara Bow was a diminutive girl she did not like to stay domestic but loved to go abroad. I have perused this in one movies magazine. Her ambitions was to be well nurtured and also be intelligent but not indolent.

Before Clara Bow become an actress

she would lotion the dishes for her mother, purify the house and keep it free from extraneous matter. Now I have acquired knowledge she is attaining her living by being a Hollywood star.

Clara Bow have a short cut red hair, a spherical face with a prostrate nose which is just medium, not too high or too low. She have a broad eye and walk on elevated shoes. She is not very meagre nor too corpulant, but is a frolicsome girl. She is one of the juvenilest girls in Hollywood, and indefinitely she is my utmost movie star.

OI FONG CHUNG.

I've Dressed Them All

(Continued from page 49)

by everyone. When she started in pictures, Lon Chaney taught her the gentle art of make-up. But his hand was not so gentle when he applied it and in her first test she looked like nothing human. It was her talent and beauty that triumphed over too much make-up.

Very often the stars of the screen are different in real life from their film rôles. I saw Theda Bara when she was at the height of her vamp success and was amazed to find her dressed as unobtrusively as a Gish girl. Such, however, was not the case with Betty Blythe. When Miss Blythe walked into my shop she was still being "The Queen of Sheba." We discussed clothes for a vaudeville sketch and she wanted trains eight yards in length, tight skirts slit to the knee, cuffs of fox which would trail on the ground, head dresses of pearls and rhinestones and I was a bit dazed to learn that anyone thought in terms of such ridiculous clothes. At length Miss Blythe swept out—and I mean swept—and I spent days working upon the fantastic sketches. They are still somewhere among my souvenirs, for she never remembered to come back or even to telephone. Maybe it was all a rehearsal for a part she hoped to play.

Here's a girl who sat on top of the ladder and fell to the bottom over night. Evelyn Brent was one of the most extravagant, grandest, badly managed girls who ever crashed pictures. Money was something which was put into the bank without her seeing it and upon which she could draw endless checks. I used to think of her unimportant extravagances—gold-tipped cigarettes at ten cents apiece, two copies of every paper so that she and her husband could each have one—and I knew that anyone as thoughtless with minor things would indulge in the greater extravagances. However, this is no criticism. I adore Betty Brent. But I have often watched her order twenty dresses when I knew she could not possibly use so many. However, I realized that if I didn't sell them to her she would buy them elsewhere. Of all the people temporarily out of the spotlight, I hope Betty will be the first to come back—not bit parts but honest-to-goodness starring rôles.

AND here's another Betty, the grandest of them all.

Betty's real passion in life is the circus. Recently we were invited to go backstage before an afternoon performance and when the elephants and camels were being caparisoned in glittering spangles, we both begged to be part of the opening parade. Betty, draped in chiffon and beads, rode around the arena atop an elephant and I, dressed in an Arabian costume, led a camel. And nobody knew that Betty Compson was in that parade.

Years ago on the Lasky lot one of the most beautiful girls there was Agnes Ayres, who had played with Valentino in "The Sheik." Before silent pictures went out of existence she had married and retired. Several years later she tried a comeback but never achieved her old place in the cinema sun. This summer on my way home from New York I stopped off in Chicago for a look at the World's Fair. One of the first concessions to draw my eye was the one called "Hollywood." Inside there was a perfect replica of a huge open stage, with a set built in one corner and a company busy "shooting." There was a director's stand, a chair for the assistant director, actors and extras in make-up, electricians, prop boys and a script girl. I thought for a minute I was in Hollywood.

Several thousand people sat around the enclosure wide-eyed at being permitted to see the taking of what they believed was an actual picture. I stood wondering who might be the "stars" and was amazed when Agnes Ayres and Grant Withers came on the set. It's a far cry from films in Hollywood to empty reels at the Century of Progress but, after seeing Agnes before the camera and realizing that she is as beautiful as ever, I wonder why she isn't in Hollywood making pictures.

And now my task is ended. I've come to the end of the famous names in my autograph book. It's been grand sitting here writing about the great and the near-great and if the readers of MODERN SCREEN have enjoyed reading what I've written half as much as I have enjoyed telling it, I'm satisfied.

The Lowdown on Mickey Mouse

(Continued from page 59)

results, that they bid fair to out-rival even Mickey's phenomenal success. Witness how "The Three Little Pigs" has swept the country by storm. It has broken all records everywhere of any other short ever made.

With the first money earned by Mickey, Walt Disney started the building of his now famous studio. Every year the earnings of the entire output were poured back into construction of a work-shop for the universally beloved little rodent. Now he cavorts in a model establishment that is the most interesting studio in all Hollywood. It cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to build, and is complete with every latest mechanical device for the development of the pictures.

At the end of this year he will have made his first profit. A ridiculously small sum when you think of the work involved and the extraordinary popularity of his material. But he puts an average of twenty thousand dollars into the making of each black and white feature and his Silly Symphonies in color cost over thirty thousand each and when you realize that he must produce two features each month—well, figure it out yourself—and don't forget to include the facts of operating cost of the studio, his staff salaries, etc.

By the end of next year he will begin to reap the harvest of many years' hard struggling and infinite faith in his products, but I doubt that Disney will ever be classed with the prodigal spenders of the California coast, for the fundamental traits of his character offset any such possibility.

He was born in Chicago in 1901. He went to school there, and having shown from boyhood a natural propensity for drawing, he entered the Chicago Art Institute to develop this talent. The World War came along and he was sent to Europe to drive an ambulance for a year and then came the Armistice. When he returned to America, he headed for Kansas City, bought himself a camera and for a time tried to earn a living taking newsreels. But there isn't enough excitement in Kansas City to support an independent newsreel man and Disney took a job with a store selling supplies to farmers. He drew advertisements of contented cows dreamily chewing their cud over the delectable taste of some new brand of salt, or wild-eyed hens regarding the stupendous result in their egg-laying from being fed some new kind of grain. The young artist got about ten dollars a week for his work and incidentally laid the foundation of his future success in acquiring a thorough familiarity with barn-yard inhabitants.

HE was, and still is, an inveterate movie fan. He drew some animated cartoons of Kansas City celebrities and sold the idea to a local movie



Poor Miss D! When the doctor told her about the beautiful teeth many uncivilized races had . . . she thought he was prescribing their diet for her. How delighted she was to find that she could get better mouth health and sturdy, clean teeth — by chewing Dentyne Gum.

For Dentyne is a delicious gum, with a marvelous flavor. It is the favorite everyday chewing gum of millions who chew it just for pleasure.

The special consistency of Dentyne means vigorous, thorough chewing . . . and this chewing exercises the mouth and makes it clean itself automatically, just as nature intended. It is the lack of this hard, vigorous chewing that makes our teeth decay, in spite of all our care. Read

this report based on famous doctors' writings:

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the health of teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth . . .

- . . . to help develop the mouth structure to normal size and shape;*
- . . . to improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth;*
- . . . to help keep the mouth and gums healthy by insuring a proper supply of blood to all tissues;*
- . . . to help keep the mouth and teeth clean through an increased flow of saliva.*

Dentyne Gum is made with a special consistency to give your mouth the exercise necessary to bring about these healthful results.

So chew Dentyne . . . enjoy its delightful flavor, its firm chewiness. Try it today and you will want to chew it every day. It is a delicious chewing gum.

Chew delicious
Dentyne
KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . KEEPS TEETH WHITE



Very few girls are Born with Curly Lashes!



NO HEAT
NO COSMETICS
NO PRACTICING

NOBODY... ever or ever... liked having straight lashes. (What is it about that slow, upward sweep that's so devastating?) But up to now, there hasn't been much choice about it. Now there is a Way. Kurlash... a new, improved Kurlash. Kurlash is that ingenious little gadget that takes your straight lashes and turns them out divinely curled... and instantly! It isn't a cosmetic, and you don't use heat. Slip your lashes in, press the Kurlash handle, and that's all there is to it. It costs \$1, and if it isn't at your favorite department store, drug store, or beauty shop, we'll send it direct.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

producer. Flushed with the windfall handed him by the producer and thoroughly convinced that nobody as yet had done a thing with the real possibilities of the animated cartoon, Disney formed a small company and began to make movies with pen and ink drawings for the artists.

He produced quaint little shorts of Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Bean-stalk and other fairy tales and released them. But the sophisticated boys and girls of ten years ago treated these short features with open scorn and the clamor Disney had hoped for came, but not the kind he had expected. Soon the little company was bankrupt. But Disney had not lost faith.

With about forty dollars saved from the wreck, Disney left for Hollywood, determined to wheedle some motion picture producer into letting him make a niche for the animated cartoon features. His brother Roy Disney, who is now general manager of the Disney corporation, thoroughly believed in Walter's idea, and when every producer in town had turned Walt down, he offered his little capital and with about five

hundred dollars between them, they began to make movie shorts on what was known as "Poverty Row."

The "Alice" cartoons were the beginning of the Disney single reel pictures. It showed a small girl playing with fairies. He had to make thousands of drawings for the short feature and he literally slaved in his efforts to put Alice over, doing every bit of the work himself. He admits that she was "pretty terrible" and as soon as he could, he chased her back into fairyland.

But the idea of the animated cartoon had caught on and Disney next produced a new character known as "Oswald the Cat." Oswald was something of a success. He enabled the brothers Disney to save about fifteen hundred dollars, but trouble was brewing between Oswald's creator and the company releasing him to the theatres. And along came Mickey Mouse into existence.

"I can't say just how the idea started," said Disney. "We wanted another animal. We had had a cat. I suppose a mouse just naturally came to mind. I think we are rather indebted to



Clark likes them dark, too. That is—er—of course, as co-stars. And we don't blame him because Claudette is one dark-eyed, dark-haired lass whom we all like. Clark and Claudette are doing "Night of Love" together for Columbia.

Charlie Chaplin for the idea—that, and the fact that we knew the public, particularly kids, liked animals that are cute and small. We wanted something as appealing and wistful as Charlie and we thought of a tiny bit of a mouse, a little fellow trying to do the best he could and getting into difficulties through no fault of his own."

BUT Mickey had a tough battle ahead. No producer thought he was good enough to tie their money to his now-famous tail and Disney made two pictures, using up most of his small capital and getting little or nothing in return. With the advent of sound, however, things began to turn, and when producers watched the hitherto-despised little mouse toot on a flute and heard him sing and saw him dance in perfect rhythm and harmony with a chorus of assorted animals behind him, they fell over each other trying to grab him. Up until two years ago, Mickey was released through Columbia Pictures. Now he heads in importance the glittering galaxy of United Artists Corporation.

When you walk into the Mickey Mouse Studio in Hollywood, after having seen the large electrical figure of the famous star above the building, and just inside his own coat of arms with the words "Ickmay Ousemay," you immediately realize that you have entered a movie work-shop unlike any other studio in the city. The first thing that strikes you is the absence of all that usual hush and pompous air of formality so noticeable in the other studios. You see a busy mob, numbering about two hundred, milling around and working with a cheerful clatter that makes you think you're in the city room of some big daily newspaper. Then you notice that all of these whistling, humming, talking, laughing crowd are very young. The average age seems about twenty-five.

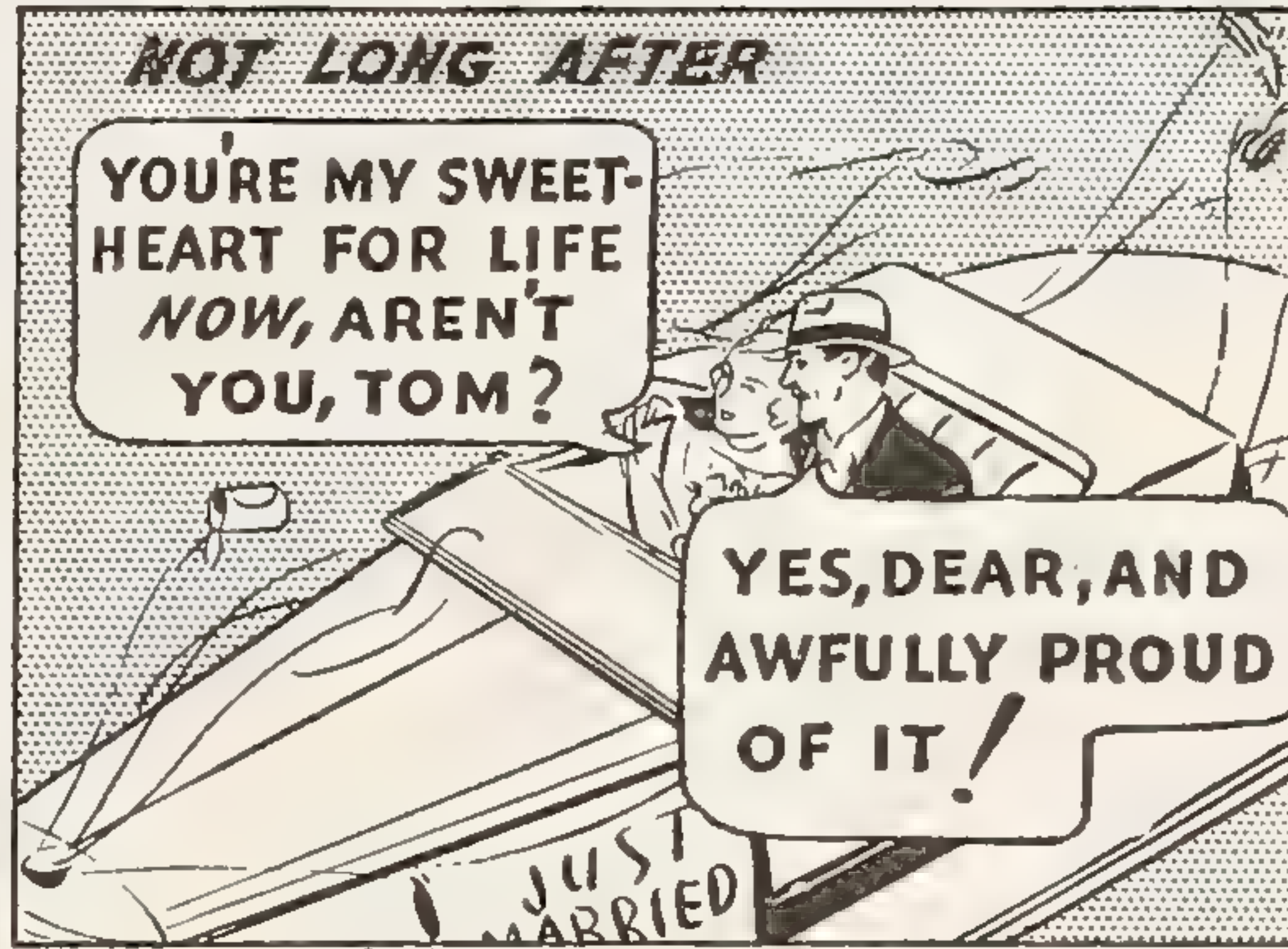
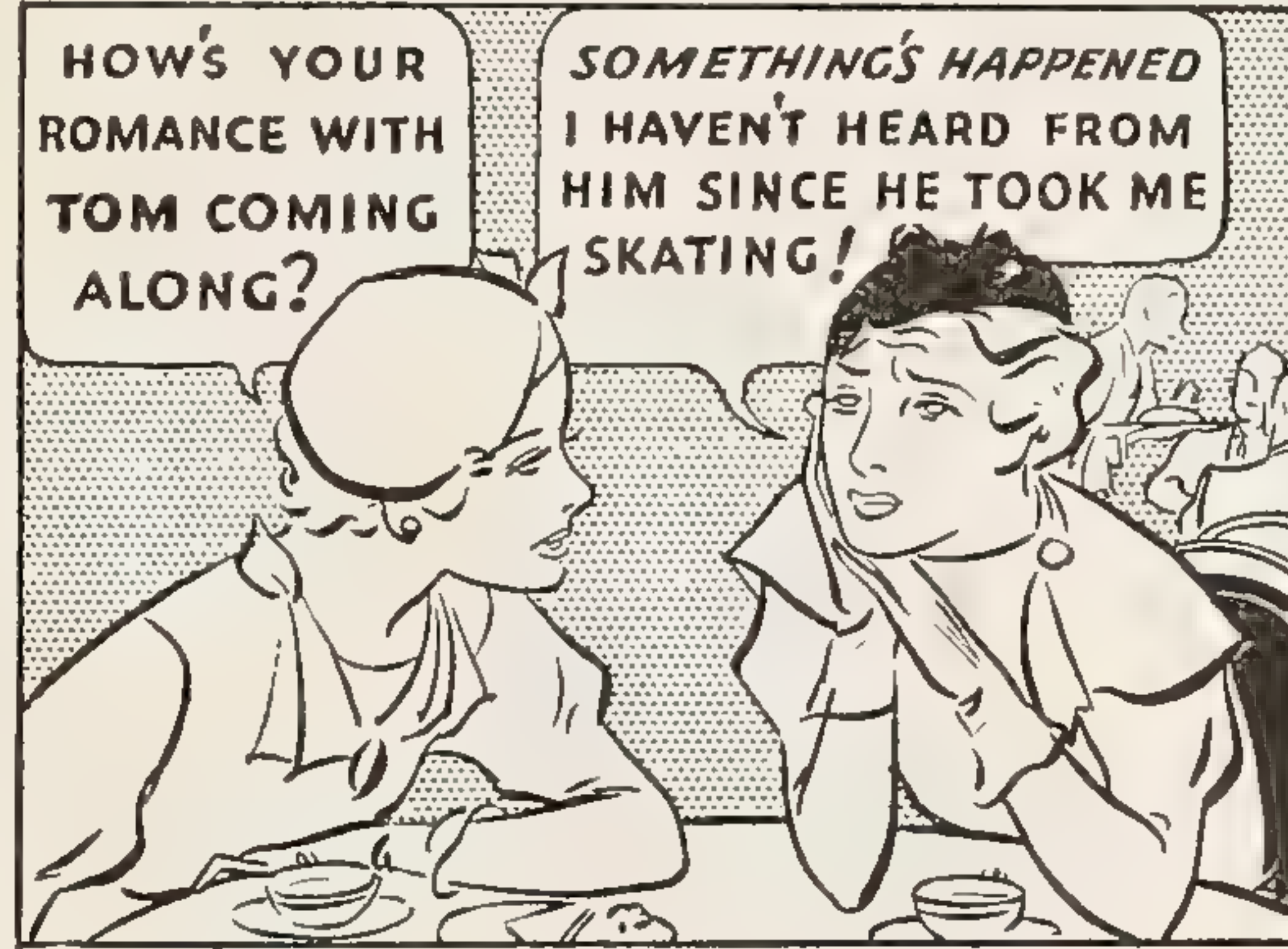
They all look alike, they all call each other by nicknames. They all dress alike, somewhat negligently if you consider the buttoned-up, be-spatted exquisites of the other motion picture studios. But they look so comfortable and jolly and as if they were all having a grand time making fun out of work.

Suddenly you hear one of them yell "Walt" and you look around quickly, because you are anxious to see what the father of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies looks like. If you hadn't known that his name was Walt, you would never have picked him out from any of the others. You are actually seeing Mickey in the flesh. He is about five feet eight inches tall, slim and with brown hair and eyes. He looks shy and interesting. He wears a shirt open at the collar and a shaggy wool sweater. He walks with energetic steps and you can sense a dynamic fund of restrained energy in his body as he moves. His eyes reveal a deep sense of humor.

He slips an arm around the bent shoulders of a draftsman who is working on his board. The two exchange ideas freely. "Okay, Walt!"

"Well, Charlie, if you think that can be done—go right ahead." Somebody

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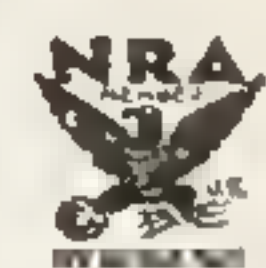
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else shouts and he is hurrying to answer a call from the sound room. In the room where you are standing there are about fifty draftsmen, each busily making some particular set of drawings utilizing his own peculiar talent.

TO take the procedure in its proper sequence. First of all there is the story conference, just as there is in any other studio. About twenty-five members of the staff and Walt get together and decide on the plot. After the story is written, the gags are carefully and thoroughly planned. Although these are not recorded until the picture is actually made, they must be taken care of along with the story writing so that the action of the animals' mouths will synchronize with the words and songs as they are uttered in the picture.

Then the artists get busy. Each has his definite part of the picture to draw. Disney makes all assignments, as he knows that this one can draw better animals, that one better scenery, another better boats, automobiles, etc. Often it takes fifty drawings to show Mickey open and close his mouth. As you all must know, the smoothness and success of an animated cartoon depends upon the number of drawings. That is why sometimes as many as twenty thousand drawings are made for one of these shorts, which even at that run about seven hundred feet in length and the average single reel feature runs to a thousand feet in length. You can imagine, somewhat, the amount of work necessary for a Disney feature.

When you see Mickey's pal, "Pluto," galloping off down the road, you scarcely realize that the faster he runs, the more drawings necessary.

The artists all use a light-weight, semi-transparent drawing paper. The work on illuminated boards, necessary because after one drawing is made the second piece of paper is placed right on top of it so that the artist can vary his drawing just enough to make the movement—say of Mickey wagging his tail—smooth. After the drawings have been assigned, the entire action of the characters is acted, and boy, do they have fun! Can you imagine Disney, who always speaks for Mickey Mouse himself and usually acts his rôle, together with several of the others, taking the parts of Minnie, Pluto, Horse-collar Horace, Clarabelle Cow, and any of the other animals, going through the antics assigned to their rôles so that the draftsmen may get the proper action down on their drawing-boards? Each animal has his own artist.

Every detail is thought out to perfection. When you see a Silly Symphony on the screen, the rapidity of the action makes you feel that the thing has been dashed off in a tremendous hurry. That's just exactly the effect on your minds Disney strives for. Spontaneity! But in order to get it, his research work is as involved and thorough as that of a great scientist. He never puts an animal into an embarrassing situation. He knows how many legs a caterpillar has and how he uses them. When a spider weaves a web on the screen, he is absolutely faithful in his movements to his brother in a field. Does

a bat drink water? Disney knows. Trees and flowers bend and dip with the grace of a Pavlova; a cabbage may weep with the same wistful tenderness as Lillian Gish, but when a centipede walks, he does so properly. A blue jay never waddles nor does a duck hop. And when you see a crow on the screen walking sedately across the set, you know that he does so in real life.

DISNEY has one inviolable rule around his studio. No living thing can be killed on the place. Not even a fly. And often he can be found in an undignified position, sprawled on the floor and deeply engrossed in watching the movements of a beetle that has strayed into the studio. He spends hours, armed with a miniature motion picture camera, in the various zoos and parks of Los Angeles. He is thrilled when he gets a shot of animals that are unknown to the public. He shows his pictures to the staff at the studio and then they are drawn for the animal characters in the Symphonies. The research is also a strict necessity to the musical staff in order that they may arrange the proper musical accompaniment for the movements of the animals.

"Sometimes we write our musical score to fit the picture and at other times we create the picture to fit the music," Disney explains in the construction of a cartoon. "It all depends upon whether we get the idea for the story or the music first. The perfect rhythm we have in our pictures is a result of coordinating two mechanical forces, drawing and music, without the disturbing human element influence."

"If a man worked alone, it would take him about two years to turn out a Mickey Mouse reel," he continues. "In the studio, it takes about two weeks for a force of one hundred and fifty men and women to complete a feature. We alternate between the Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphony cartoons, producing one of each every month."

The music and dialogue are made on one sound track and not the least amusing and interesting phase that goes into the making of the Disney shorts is the watching of the actions in the recording room. A symphony orchestra is ready for action and a number of men, handling all sorts of weird contraptions that are used in making the sound effects, stand by. That is how the sudden popping of machine guns coming from a flock of birds flying in perfect aviation formation in the sky is heard so realistically from the screen, or the whistling of a steam engine from a cow who has suddenly turned into a locomotive, or any of the other utterly fantastic but strangely plausible sounds that are used in the Mickey Mouse features are made.

It is delightful to know that he is entirely unspoiled. He is simple—like all the really great—and reserved. He has been living in Hollywood for several years and it has been only lately that he has begun to cultivate the friendship of one or two film stars like Will Rogers and Leslie Howard. He met Charlie Chaplin for the first time at the Chicago Fair and this encounter thrilled him as it would a child.

Have the Right Background in Your Home

(Continued from page 71)

a throne chair in a room that has no feeling of action. Marble, highly polished wood panels, very high, narrow windows and hidden light fixtures. Chastely geometrical furniture. Yes, and there would be dark wine-colored hangings and deep blues with gold."

THE secret lies in dramatizing yourself in your home. It may be the simplest place in the suburbs, but you can make it a man's castle. Your castle.

If you've been pretty dissatisfied with things as they are, if you've been wondering what changes to make and how to make them at little cost, listen to what Pogany prescribes.

First, he suggests that you remove all the lamps and knick-knacks from the room in order to get a clear perspective of it.

Now study your four main areas—your floor, walls, upholstery and draperies. In order to get balance, two of them should be plain and the other two figured. For example, if your floors and walls are plain they will not only make your room look twice as large, but they'll emphasize the pattern of your hangings and overstuffed pieces.

"A good many nervous breakdowns could be attributed to living in too motley surroundings," said Pogany. "After all, what you want in a home primarily is rest and comfort. You won't find that in a combination of decorated walls, rugs with bright designs and boldly figured furniture! The thing to work for is casualness, a human touch. The more squarely you place your pieces around the wall, the less human they become.

"No, what you want to do is adjust everything so that it seems to beckon invitingly to anyone in the entrance. The sofa should be spotted against the longest unbroken wall space; *flat* against it. If possible have it face the door in a sort of wide-armed welcome. Or if your fireplace is the chief feature of the room the sofa might be placed at right angles to it with a couple of cozy chairs opposite and a coffee table between.

"Most people instinctively place upright pianos correctly—right against the wall where they belong. But a grand piano is more difficult. The best way is to have it straight with the wall and with the curved side fronting the room. The bench should be in the corner so the pianist faces his audience.

"If you have a lot of little things for which you simply must find place in the living-room, by all means keep your walls dark. Arrange your large pieces, especially if you're limited for space, so that they melt into the background. The sofa, for example, might be covered in a brown-black satin. You could make translucent taffeta shades for your lamps, of pale green, lemon-yellow and gray-pink as delicate color accents against violet-brown walls. Incidentally, this makes a superb setting for

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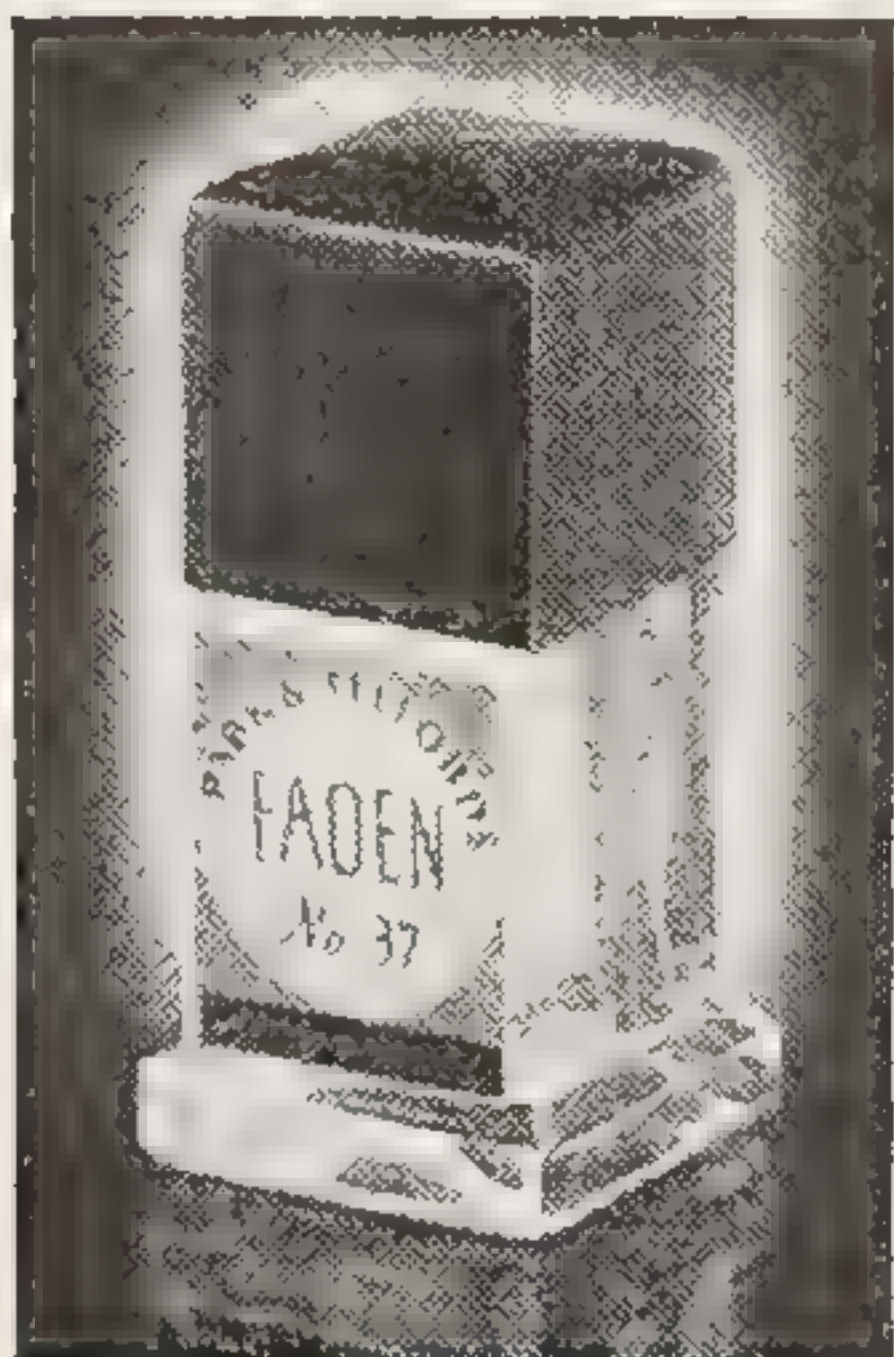


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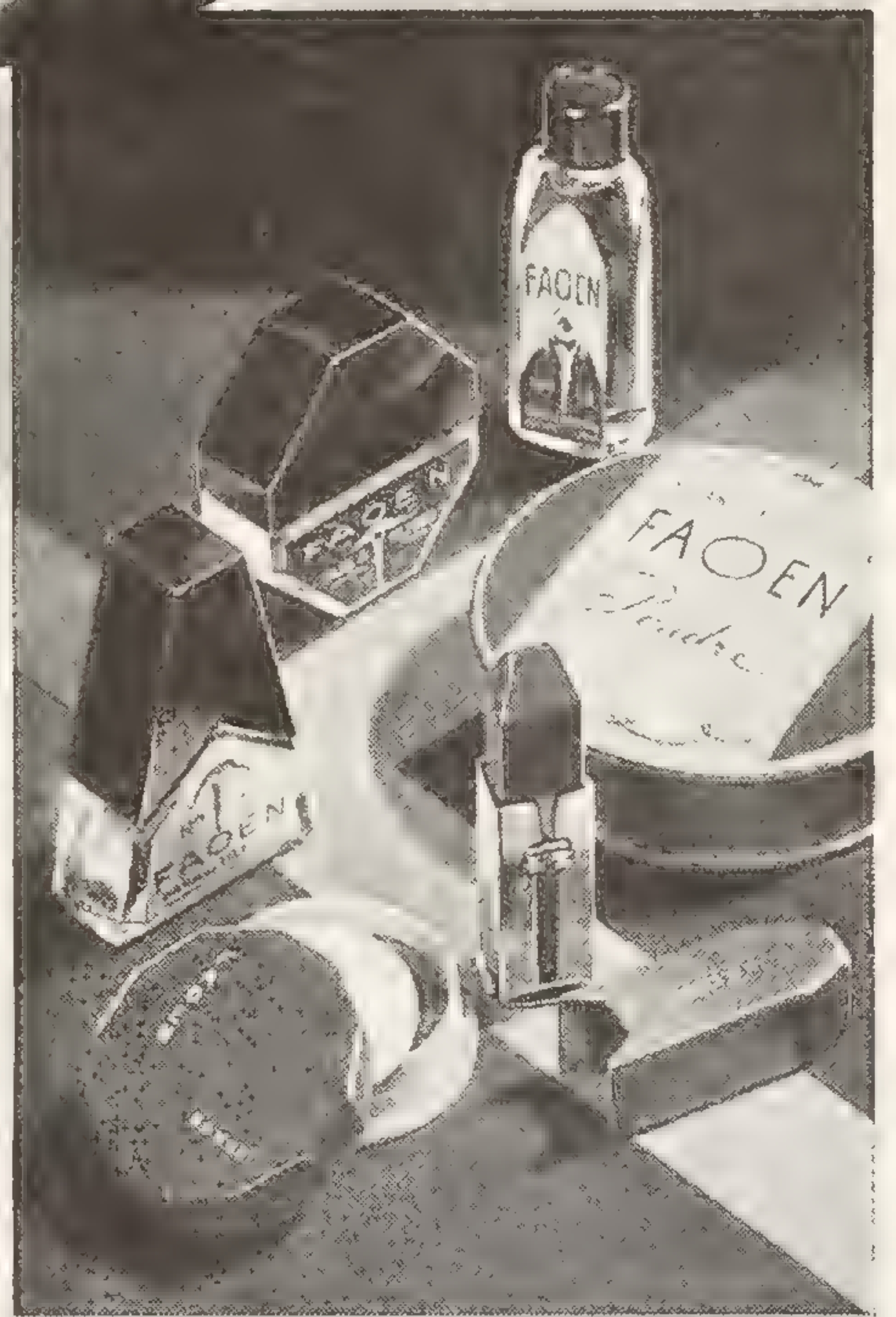
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IN rooms that are naturally dark, all the light, warm tones should be used exclusively. Cream with much yellow in it is most satisfactory. And do a little experimenting with touches of yellow, rose and orange. Gray and blue are bad, although they're charming where you have southern exposure with plenty of sunlight.

"I have in mind a clever young married woman of very moderate means who turned a tiny drab bungalow into a paradise. Various relatives had given her comfortable furniture, but nothing matched. There were chairs and a couch left over from the mulberry age, a red leather wing chair, a green footstool. She began the transformation by tinting the walls a rich golden tan and having hubby paint the mantel and woodwork ivory color. A carpet toning in with the walls, but three shades darker, made the room appear infinitely bigger. Then she selected a gayly patterned, inexpensive chintz. With this she covered the larger articles and balanced them with plain occasional chairs.

"Next came the problem of how to make the room seem higher. Curtains, she knew, would do this trick for her. By putting the poles several inches above the windows and concealing the space with a wide valance of the chintz, the ceiling appeared to be actually raised. With the arrangement she used long narrow side draperies of a green that blended with the figure in the chintz. And by the way, inexpensive cretonnes and chintzes may be made practically fadeless and more satisfactory by lining them with ivory colored sateen on the outside. Soft straight curtains of sheer beige material were used next to the glass.

"Ivy trailing down over the mantel, long mirrors at the end of the room, amusing old-fashioned oil lamps for side lights—all these added character and charm at very small cost.

"Where you can use them, white and green walls lend a silvery quality to the small dining-room and serve as a perfect foil for daintily flowered china. In this room it's color and freshness rather than intrinsic value which count. Unbleached muslin, hand-dyed or stenciled, can be used with the greatest effect."

Of course if you're a bachelor girl, Pogany points out, and want escape from humdrum office routine, the way to do it is to have an exciting home. Even if it's just a one-room kitchenette apartment. You can do it easily—have a place where you can dream and change personalities at the stroke of five-thirty. How?

Pogany suggests an unusual color scheme. Like black and white and red. Go bargain hunting until you find a marbled linoleum in black and white squares. Have most of your furniture painted white and add black touches. A modernistic ebony ash receiver. A black rose jar. Make your own parchment lamp shades in white with a plaid border in the three colors. Attach a saucy plaid bow. Bind interesting little Japanese prints in red. Find one of those black velvet wall hangings with a beautiful señorita painted on it. Move in one deep red chair. Oh, the whole thing can be worked out with a bit of ingenuity, and what it will do to lift your spirits!

In fact, any time you feel that mad urge to "get away from it all," just try re-arranging your furniture and buying a picture or two. It saves travel money.

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It's taken Ric a long time to make up his mind (he's been seen with a good many of the Hollywood gals) but he's quite sure about Christine Lee. Here they are at their engagement party at the swanky Russian Eagle.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

Bread Pudding. We must admit it doesn't taste much like the bread pudding you usually get. It's creamy and smooth and when served with a velvety sauce it is positively delicious.

ANOTHER thing which the hostess must guard against is serving too many courses. Three courses, or at most four, are ample. Here are a couple of menus which exemplify what we mean for they not only can be prepared in advance and require little or no last minute attention but they also won't spoil if dinner is late, can be served with but little effort, and will result in a minimum of dishes to be washed after the guests have gone home:

Corn and Tomato Bisque
Baked Hawaiian Ham & Sweet Potatoes
Cabbage au Gratin
Celery Olives
Hot Banana Cake with Whipped Cream
Coffee

Shrimp Cocktail
Veal and Mushroom Pie
Escalloped Vegetables
Baked Stuffed Potatoes on Half Shell
Chocolate Bread Pudding
Velvet Sauce
Coffee

In the first menu you will notice that the soup is something you have probably never tasted—we never had until Dick mentioned it to us—but since then we have served it on every possible occasion and we are always careful to save a bowlful for lunch the next day. But don't smile at our saving some for our own special delectation until you have made the soup yourself; then see if you don't do likewise. Here is the recipe:

CORN AND TOMATO BISQUE

2 cups milk
1 cup canned corn
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup cold water
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 bayleaf
3 whole cloves
2 teaspoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
a few grains pepper
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon baking soda

Add corn to milk and scald in top of double boiler. Mix flour and water to a smooth paste and add to milk and corn mixture. Stir until thickened. Cover and cook over boiling water fifteen minutes. Meanwhile cook together the tomatoes, cloves, bayleaf, sugar, salt and pepper. Rub through a sieve, reheat and add butter. When butter has melted add the soda and stir slowly into the milk and corn mixture. If it is necessary to reheat, do so in double boiler.



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THE Hawaiian Ham and Sweet Potato suggestion is one of Dick Powell's own inventions—that is, he says it is. According to Dick he thought up that combination one morning while he was shaving and suggested it to a young hostess he knows. But we don't believe it—why it would take months and months of thoughtful contemplation to think up that miraculous dish. But Dick didn't tell us any more about its origin than the obviously false statement listed above. However, now that we have made it and eaten it, we really don't care where he discovered it. Here's the recipe:

BAKED HAWAIIAN HAM AND SWEET POTATOES

Place an inch thick slice of ham in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle lightly with ground cloves and dry mustard and cover with brown sugar. Parboil sweet potatoes 10 minutes in boiling salted water, cut in halves lengthwise, brush with melted butter and arrange around the ham. Place slices of canned pineapple on the potatoes and pour pineapple juice over all. The juice should be about ½ inch deep in the pan. Cover and place in a moderate oven (375°) and bake 45 minutes. Uncover and continue baking ¾

hour longer, and basting occasionally.

We wish we could give you the recipe for that Banana Cake right now (the one that is suggested as dessert in the first menu) but we haven't room so we have had to include it in this month's recipe folder. If you want to have a typical Dick Powell dinner for your family or friends, fill in the coupon on page 8 right away and send it to us. Besides the recipe for the Banana Cake (which is like nothing we have ever tasted), you will get the recipe for the Veal and Mushroom Pie, including a description of the way to make the Bread Crust which is as delicious as it is unusual. There are also recipes for the Escalloped Vegetables and the Chocolate Pudding with Velvet Sauce. That array ought to be enough to make you reach for your pencil, fill in the dotted lines in our little coupon and get it off in the mail right away!

By the way, if you've been too busy to ask us to send you last month's recipes—Dick Cromwell's—or even those for the previous month—William Gargan's—let us know. Besides DEVILLED CRABMEAT, Dick had some excellent sandwich ideas, especially good with cocktails. And William Gargan's QUICK CHILE CON CARNE recipe would put a Mexican to shame.



Johnny Mack Brown has a new tennis court. And he invited everybody to the "opening." The Fredric Marches have just played a set.

What You Can Learn from Aline MacMahon

(Continued from page 62)

But this opening night had not lived up to that tradition. It had merely been quiet and successful and fallen a little flat as most realized dreams must, since our dreams are generally bigger than we are.

I SPOKE of the ladder and the slipperiness of the rungs, the difficulty of staying on each round and of climbing to the next. But Miss MacMahon did not agree with me. She does not believe that one should be as concerned with the round above as with the round one has reached. And the point of the climb, she feels, is to make each step as good a step as possible. She does not admit that anyone should grow stale or dated. The world is altering rapidly and one must alter with it. It is an exciting world, she believes. Something happens in it every minute and there is a veiled future with no guide posts. That is, to my way of thinking, a rather courageous way of looking at life.

On the day we met, the evening would see the opening of her picture, "The World Changes." She did not appear nervous or in doubt. She said merely that she hoped people would like it, that she had enjoyed her part and had been painstaking in her search for detail and had even collected old advertisements of that period in order to steep herself in the proper color.

Aline MacMahon likes to play real women, old or young. She has no vanity about such matters. She told me that when she was playing her lovely role in "The Silver Dollar," she studied the diaries of the original woman after whom the screen character was faithfully drawn.

I want you to look at her with me in some of her parts. Remember the slightly world-weary, very wise, rather sardonic woman in "Once in a Lifetime"? Remember the hard-boiled but sympathetic, brisk and competent nurse in "Life Begins"? Recall the efficient, hard-working wife in "The Silver Dollar" who was deserted for the younger woman and whose affection for her husband endured without mawkishness over the period of time which elapsed between her middle years and old age. And of course you recall her in "Gold Diggers," a grand yet entirely different part? What I am trying to say is this. It would be a pity if they ever "type" Aline MacMahon. She is far too good an actress. Notice, when you see her, that no matter what the part, she is always sympathetic; she always holds her audience. She gets under the skin of her role and stays there. She is the person she depicts.

ALINE MACMAHON grew up in a family that was interested in life. Her steady climb to fame had not been the result of circumstance, but

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the reward of hard, unremitting work and talent. Not the breaks, but work has put her where she is and will keep her there, growing steadily for years to come. That's what interests her most—growth. She doesn't want to stand still and she believes that resting on one's laurels must be uncomfortable. Laurels fade and one must renew them.

I left her stepping out briskly to do some shopping and apparently unconcerned with the fact that, a little later there would be a big opening with all its hullabaloo and fanfare. I imagine she accepts these things as part of the game but that they mean a great deal less to her than the game itself, which she plays with everything in her and a strict attention to the rules of fair play, sportsmanship and an attention to goals.

If you met Aline MacMahon, you

would profit by it. Her mind is firmly knit—no knots and loose ends, dropped stitches or ravelings. She said that she felt the best advice you can give to anyone is to tell them to make up their minds what they want to do and then do it. Because a person, however talented, pulled this way and that by varying ambition is bound to be disseminated, torn into a thousand pieces and can never really succeed in anything.

I don't believe for a moment that you can sit down and dream of being a great actress or a great anything, even if you work toward it and have your dream realized, unless you have the talent. Dreams can't create the gift. But if you are born with that gift, work to develop it, and are pretty clear about where you're going, you will succeed as Aline MacMahon has.



A scene from "Viva Villa," the picture made over because of the Lee Tracy ructions. Here are Wallace Beery, Kate DeMille and Stu Erwin.

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The Career of an Ugly Duckling

(Continued from page 34)

remark—"I could act that part better than you can. And the friend would answer, "I know you could, Katie—none of us can touch you as an actress—but what can we do? They want me to do it just because I happen to have blue eyes and yellow hair—and a pretty face—not because I know anything about acting. Why, you could act rings around the whole lot of us."

But the words failed to comfort the beating young heart and Katie would stand with dilated nostrils, head high to show her bravado in the face of bitter disappointment and perhaps she would answer briefly but emphatically, "Some day—I'll show them! Every damn one of 'em! And will they be sorry they wouldn't let me play in their rotten show!"

It was through these girlish disappointments—this unconscious ostracism of thoughtless friends, that the deep-rooted determination to succeed with the talent that she knew she possessed,

took root. The heartbreaks one has at sixteen are just as severe and lasting as the bitter trials of older years, and I can think of no more poignant picture than the slim form of Hepburn watching wistfully from the home-made wings of a small town stage, her girl friends marching off with the honors of the evening—and receiving that priceless reward of applause from her townsmen seated around the hall. And knowing in her heart—that her own ability was so superior to theirs!

You know the Katharine Hepburn the world sees today. But do you know the *real* girl—and do you know how she overcame her many and peculiarly individual handicaps? In the second—and final—installment you will see how the Ugly Duckling Became a Beautiful Swan. And you will end up knowing and loving Katharine Hepburn as a *real* girl—instead of criticizing her for a publicity-crazy movie actress!

Mad as a Marx

(Continued from page 31)

demanded, picking up an empty wastebasket and putting it on his head for a hat. "I was never more serious."

"If I ask you less personal questions, will you answer them sensibly?"

"Sure."

"All right," I said, beginning for the third time, "what do you want most in the world?"

Bob jumped up and clapped one hand to his heart. "You're not proposing?"

"Be serious, now. You promised you would."

"All right. State the question again, please, boy. I'm not so young as I used to be and I'm a bit hard of hearing."

"I said, what is your dearest ambition? What do you want to do most in life?"

OH, Signor!" Bob cried, grabbing his hair and rocking his head back and forth. "Vot I want most iss to zing in de grant opera. You know de grant opera? Like Carus', like Leelee Pons, I want I should zing." He jumped up on top of a desk and began singing at the top of his lungs. "Oh Soo-loo Mi-oo, Oh Soo-loo Mi-oo—"

The windows rattled and I thought I was set to lose my hearing.

People in offices all down the hall began to yell, "Stop it! Kill it! Shut up!"

Polly Moran stuck her head in at the door. "In the name of—" she said. "What's going on in here? Who's hurt?"

"Hello, Polly," grinned Bob, standing on the desk.

"So it's you, is it?" she asked. "A Colorado soprano!"

"A coloratura soprano," he corrected.

"Whatever it is, I don't care for it," she said.

"That's because you don't have a musical ear. You don't appreciate the finer things of life," Bob informed her. "Come on. Get up on the desk and we'll have a quartette, just you and I, my love, my life, my light, my own!" He burst into song again, a mile and a half off key. "Because you're wonderful—you're marvelous—you're gawgeous and divine. And you are mine—and you are MINE!"

"Thank you," said Polly, dropping him a curtsy. "I mean, no, thank you."

"Shut your eyes and see if you can tell whether it's me or Kate Smith," Bob begged her.

"No, sir," repeated Polly. "I'm going right now. I'm going home to bed."

"Goodbye," Bob told her, climbing down off the desk. Turning back to me, he put on his best Lord Chumleigh Bottomley manner. "You must pawdon deah Miss Moran for interrupting our chat, Mister Bruce. She realleh has no manners, y'know. Now, where were we?"

"I don't exactly remember," I admitted. "Oh, yes—I was asking what your ambition was."

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"Ah, yes. Ah, yes, indeed." Bob folded his hands across his stomach and gave an imitation of a fat Wall Street capitalist. "My ambition is to be a chiropractor."

"Why?"

"So I can rub my own back when it aches."

I GAVE him as dirty a look as I could manage. "What are you going to do in your spare time?" I asked him.

"In my spare time? Oh, in my spare time I'll take out all my friends' appendixes."

"The word is appendices," I told him.

"I know, but I didn't think you could spell it."

He stuck his head out the window and yelled, "Hi, there, kid!" to somebody I couldn't see. "Hi-yah, Charlie! Whatcha looking for?"

"My truck," came a voice—belonging, I imagined, to a truck driver.

"Did you lose it?" Bob yelled.

"I sure did," drawled the voice.

"You ought to tie it to your finger," Bob told him, pulling in his head. "That's how I keep from losing things."

I sighed and put my notebook away.

"Bob," I said, "this couldn't possibly mean that you don't want to do this interview, could it?"

"I?" asked Bob, registering astonishment, amazement and alarm. "Perish the thought!"

"Maybe I just picked a bad day," I suggested.

"No, Wednesday is a fine day," he told me. He spread out his hands, like a magician with a pack of cards. "Now here, you see, I have a pack of days in my hand. You just pick one, little lady, and I'll tell you which one it is without leaving the room. Nothing up the sleeves, no confederates hidden behind the curtains, all fair and above board. Wait till I close my eyes. That's right.

Ah—the little lady picks a Wednesday. Fine! She wins a kewpie doll. Step right up, boys, and win your girls a kewpie doll. They all win. No blanks, no ties, no draws, and a prize to every winner!"

"That's enough," I said, exhausted. "I won't ask any more questions. You can go now."

He dropped on one knee and threw out his arms, *à la* Al Jolson. "Please, please. One more question. Just ask me one more question!"

"No, sir!" I said, firmly. "I've learned my lesson. I'm all through."

"Just one question."

"No!" I repeated.

"Then let me ask you some," he begged.

"No, I came out here to try to write a different story, one that will put the real Bob Montgomery on paper. And how much help do you give me? Not a bit!"

"It's my eczema. I can't think. I keep itching and scratching all the time."

"It serves you right," I told him. "I hope you itch and scratch for years to come."

But at the door I turned and *did* ask him one more question. I asked it fast and caught him off his guard.

"Bob, you clown like this to keep from showing that you're really shy and scared, don't you?"

He tried to wisecrack again, but his mouth answered before he could stop it.

"Yes," he said. "I mean—no—I mean—"

But by this time I was down the hall.

At first I thought I had failed, and I'd go home and tear this story up. But then I got to wondering. What I wanted to do was to give you the real Bob, shy, boyish, kindly, a little scared of Hollywood, and trying to put on a perpetual clown act to cover it up.

Maybe I've given him to you.

Alice Brady Is Like That

(Continued from page 69)

screen performance—in which she portrayed that scatter-brained, tactless, modern Mrs. Malaprop of "When Ladies Meet"—panicked her film audiences. I knew that all her subsequent screen roles had done likewise. Panicking 'em with her humor in each picture. And now, in "Miss Fane's Baby," playing such a different sort of role—that of a hard-worked, ignorant farm woman. And how she plays it. But there—that's all I knew. Just about what you know yourselves, isn't it?

"I don't know what to tell you about her," said a solemn young man at the other end of the telephone wire. "Frankly, we know nothing about Miss Brady ourselves, aside from the usual chronological facts you could pick up on her automobile registration card. You know—'white, female actress. . . .'"

"She doesn't go around much; she

works like a demon on the lot; her friends here seem to be among the writers rather than the actors; and she spends most of her time away from the studio at her home."

"Doing what?" I asked.

"Eating and sleeping, as far as we can figure out," came the rather tired answer. Then, worried, because he might have committed a *faux pas*, the young man at the other end of the wire hastily added, "Of course, I was just kidding."

WHEN I repeated the young man's statement to her about "eating and sleeping," she was positively gleeful.

"Well, that's about the truth," she said, again giving me that disarming Brady smile. "What else can I do here? I'm not by any far stretch of

the imagination an *outdoorsy* person. I loathe athletics, although I suppose I shouldn't admit it. That's why I refuse to let them pose me in a bathing suit, or on the tennis court, or, of all things, on a bicycle in *shorts*. Fancy me in shorts.

"Anyway, when I'm not working on a picture, I'm more apt than not to be sleeping. I just got up about a half hour before you arrived." (And I'd arrived about 3.30 in the afternoon.)

Can you imagine any other feminine star admitting her laziness with such capsizing unconcern? But *that's Alice Brady*.

"I'm sure that my laziness accounts for my preferring to be a sort of recluse. I am perfectly happy alone in this house for days, never desiring once to go out that front door. Sleeping, playing with my dogs, and reading detective novels." (Five new mystery stories had arrived by special delivery during my visit.) "Then, after a while, I get a terrific desire for companionship. I want people around me in *clumps*! Not one but dozens."

Apropos of people "in clumps," reminds me that Alice Brady has been pleasantly disappointed with Hollywood in one respect.

Before she came out here, her New York friends warned her against a peculiar breed of creatures who inhabit only Hollywood; creatures who spend most of their time bursting in on innocent newcomers at any hour of the day or night—of course, without invitation—and insist on making whoopee whether the newcomer likes it or not.

Being a person who values her privacy more highly than almost anything else, Alice Brady desperately resented and feared the rumored invaders; and had already, before arriving, worked out several schemes by which she could evade them on her arrival in the wild and fuzzy west.

It was delightful to hear her relate, naively, with genuine surprise, that no one had as yet pounced in on her and that she was almost ready to believe that no one would.

Another thing that quite confounds Alice Brady about Hollywood is what she quaintly refers to as the "motherliness" of everyone in the studio. It might give some of those hard-boiled electricians and burly members of the technical crew a shock to learn that Miss Brady thinks they're so motherly. But that doesn't worry Alice.

She insists that everyone, from the highest executive down to the humblest office boy, has adopted "such a kindly, protective attitude" toward her. She never found it with the people she worked with in the theatre. "They're so much nicer in Hollywood," she insists.

I didn't dash her illusions by suggesting that "they" might not have had such a motherly attitude toward her if she hadn't early proved to the studio that she was worth coddling—perhaps even humoring!

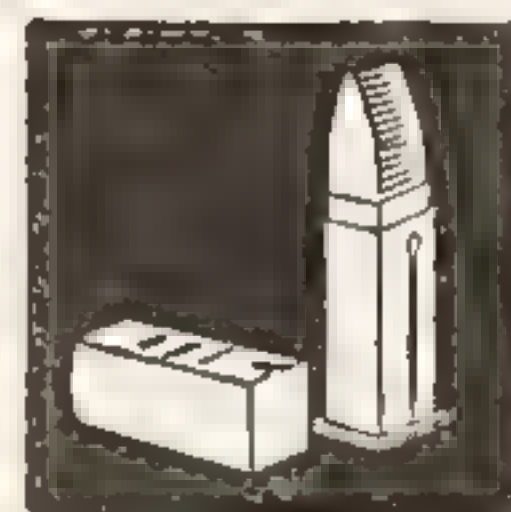
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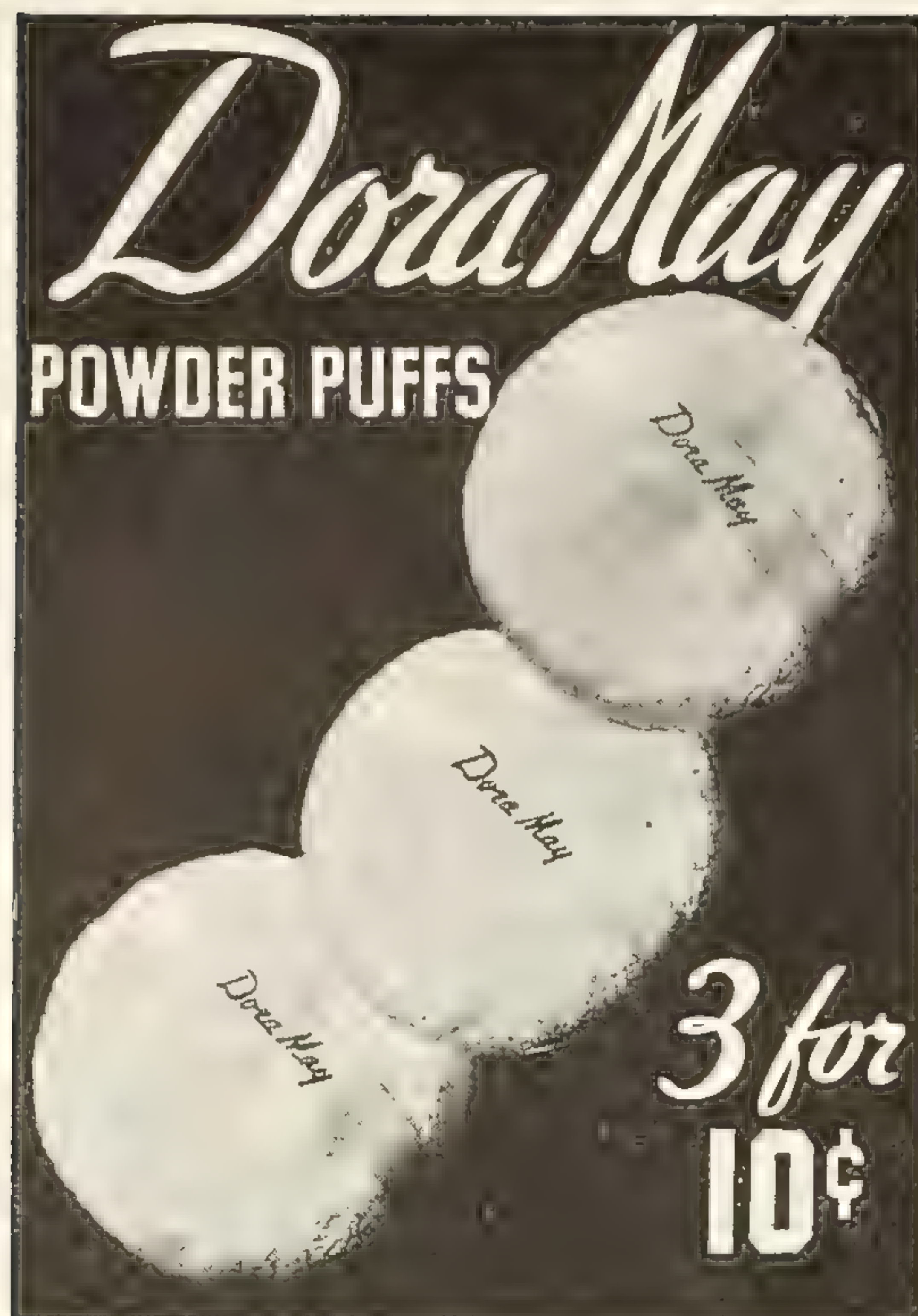
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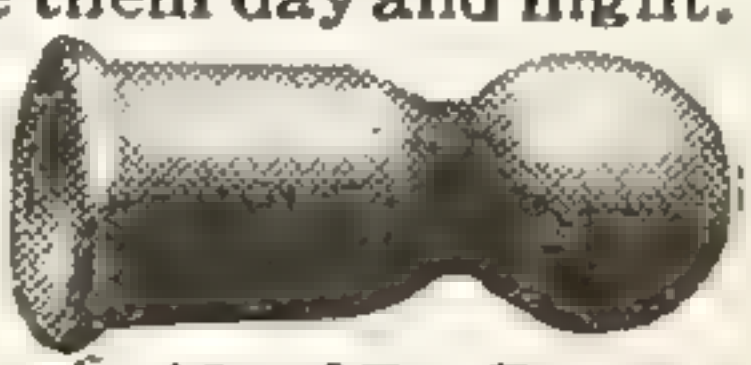
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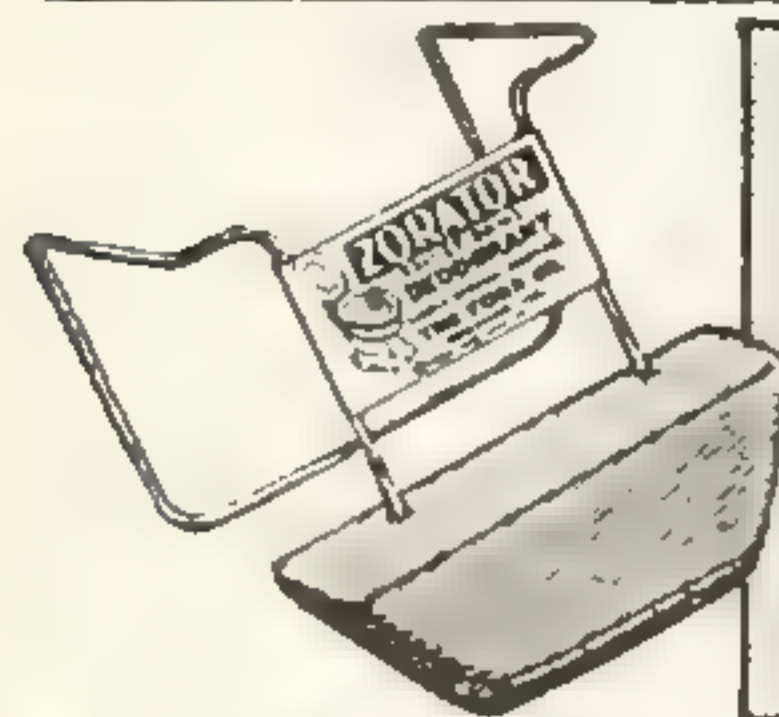
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The Real Truth About Ruth, George, and Ralph

(Continued from page 65)

we gave the facts—and the truth about the facts—to the world as honestly as we knew how. Distasteful as it is to go over this story again, I think it best to clarify the situation once and for all. To know the facts is one thing but to know the truth about the facts is quite another."

Briefly, here is the story in chronological order:

WHEN George Brent came into Ruth Chatterton's life nearly two years ago as the leading man in her picture, "The Rich Are Always with Us," she and Ralph Forbes had previously decided that their future paths lay apart. They had been married seven and a half years. Although love had flown, they entertained such a deep respect and admiration for each other that they remained the staunchest of friends. In the meantime, Brent and Forbes developed a mutual regard.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent fell in love, suddenly and unexpectedly. Straightway, Brent took himself to Forbes with the truth. He, Brent, feared their friendship was at an end. Instead, Forbes congratulated him on his good taste and fortune. Anxious to preserve their friendship, these three intelligent people simply sat down to talk over what promised to be a more dramatic situation than they had ever

played in their entire lives.

Ruth would not marry George if it meant sacrificing Ralph's friendship; George was only too willing to preserve it, while Ralph was only interested in Ruth's happiness. Whereupon agreed, these three took the pledge of eternal fidelity which they have kept religiously.

Ruth went to Europe for a vacation; Rafe went to Reno to arrange for the divorce; it was later secured, and Ruth married George in New York on her way back to Hollywood. While Hollywood gasped, Ralph met the newlyweds at the train and gave them their first dinner party.

Hollywood sat back to watch the fur fly. But the Brents and Forbes took up where they had left off. They continued to exchange dinner parties. George and Ralph continued to play tennis or polo together; they went hunting and fishing together. Ralph even brought his new girl friends around to the Brents'. But such unconventional goings-on couldn't last, said Hollywood. They must be playing parts. Such was the unwholesome gossip that was sent forth to the world, via the gossip grapevine.

As George Brent so aptly puts it: "Insidious gossip has caused broken engagements, separations and divorces of once happy couples. Scandal mongers hit a new low when they try to wreck



Is Lila Lee a fit companion for Ralph Forbes? Yes, say George and Ruth. (If you've read the above story, you'll know why their stamp of approval is necessary.) No, there's no romance between Lila and Ralph—this foursome just went to the opera together.

the friendship of two men."

During the evening I found occasion to draw each of the two men aside, to secure from them definite statements that should put an end to all gossip—without the innocent victims suffering undue embarrassment at the presence of the other.

Said Brent: "Rafe and I hit it off from the start. We like the same things, sports and the outdoors. We like to hunt, fish, ride and indulge in every sport we can afford. We speak the same language. There is no man I'd rather see or with whom I'd rather be. We fully understand each other. He is welcome in my house at all times as I fully respect and admire the friendship he has for Mrs. Brent. I make very few friends. The staunch friendship of a thoroughbred like Rafe Forbes, I intend to cherish, come hell and highwater."

Said Forbes: "From the time I first met George Brent, I liked him instinctively. Between us there grew a deeply understanding friendship which was in no way affected by my divorce and his marriage to my former wife. George Brent, as I have repeatedly said before, was in no way responsible for this divorce. His conduct both before and afterward has been all that true friendship calls for. The fact that he is now married to my former wife might well have become a source of enmity, but for the straightforward honesty and consideration shown by everybody concerned. That honesty and consideration seems to baffle and confuse those not legitimately concerned, who it seems to me might just as well mind their own business and save their feelings in the end."

It strikes me that "minding your own business" has almost become a forgotten art. Most folks today remind me of a sage truth uttered by an old Missouri "colonel" of my acquaintance. He was engaged in an argument with his son, who had very positive ideas of what they were talking about.

"The only trouble with you, my boy," said the colonel, "is that you know so many things that aren't so."

The brothers Westmore—who know more about beauty, make-up, grooming and such, than you could shake a stick at—are writing an exciting series of articles for MODERN SCREEN. The first one will appear in our April issue.

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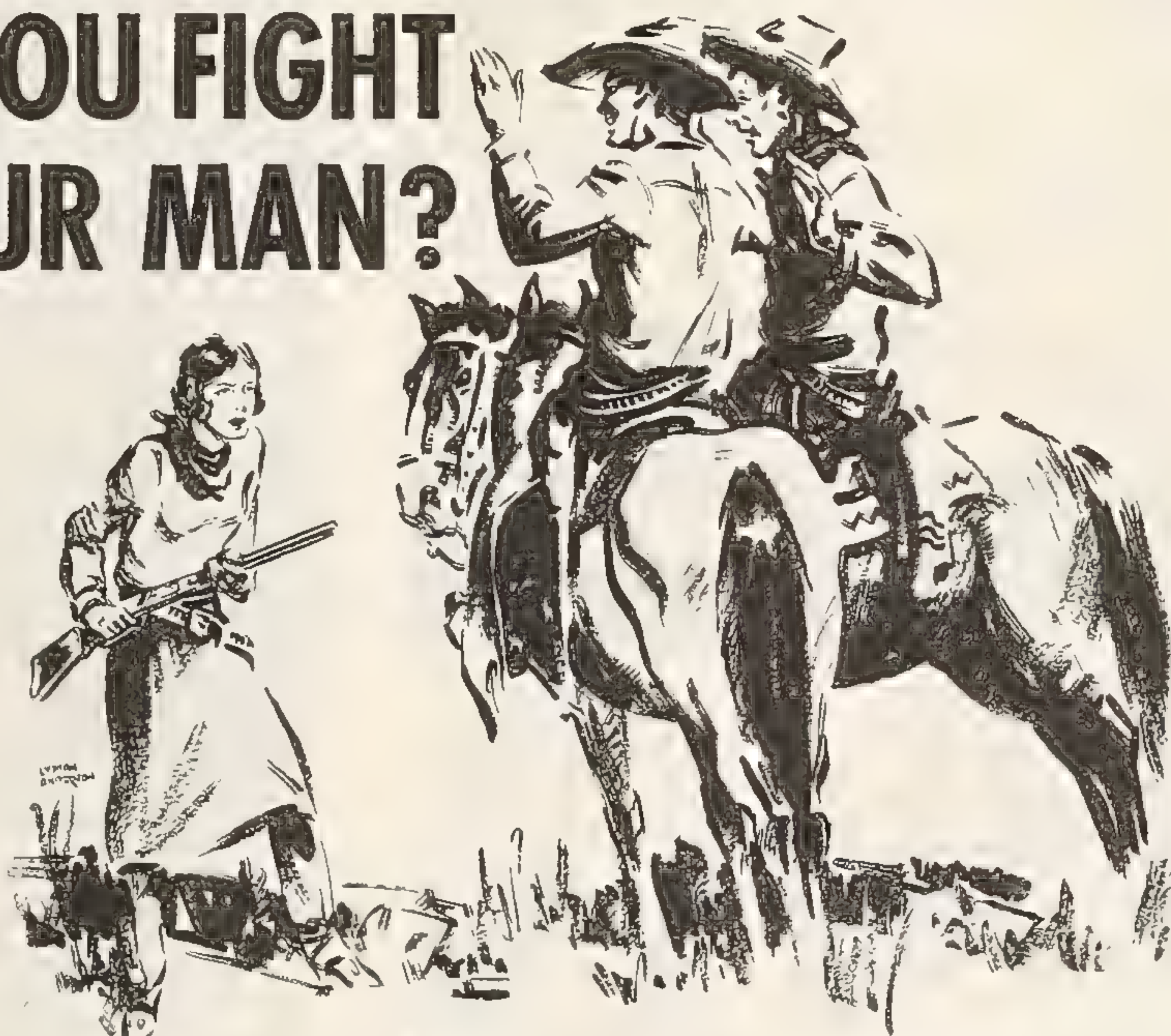
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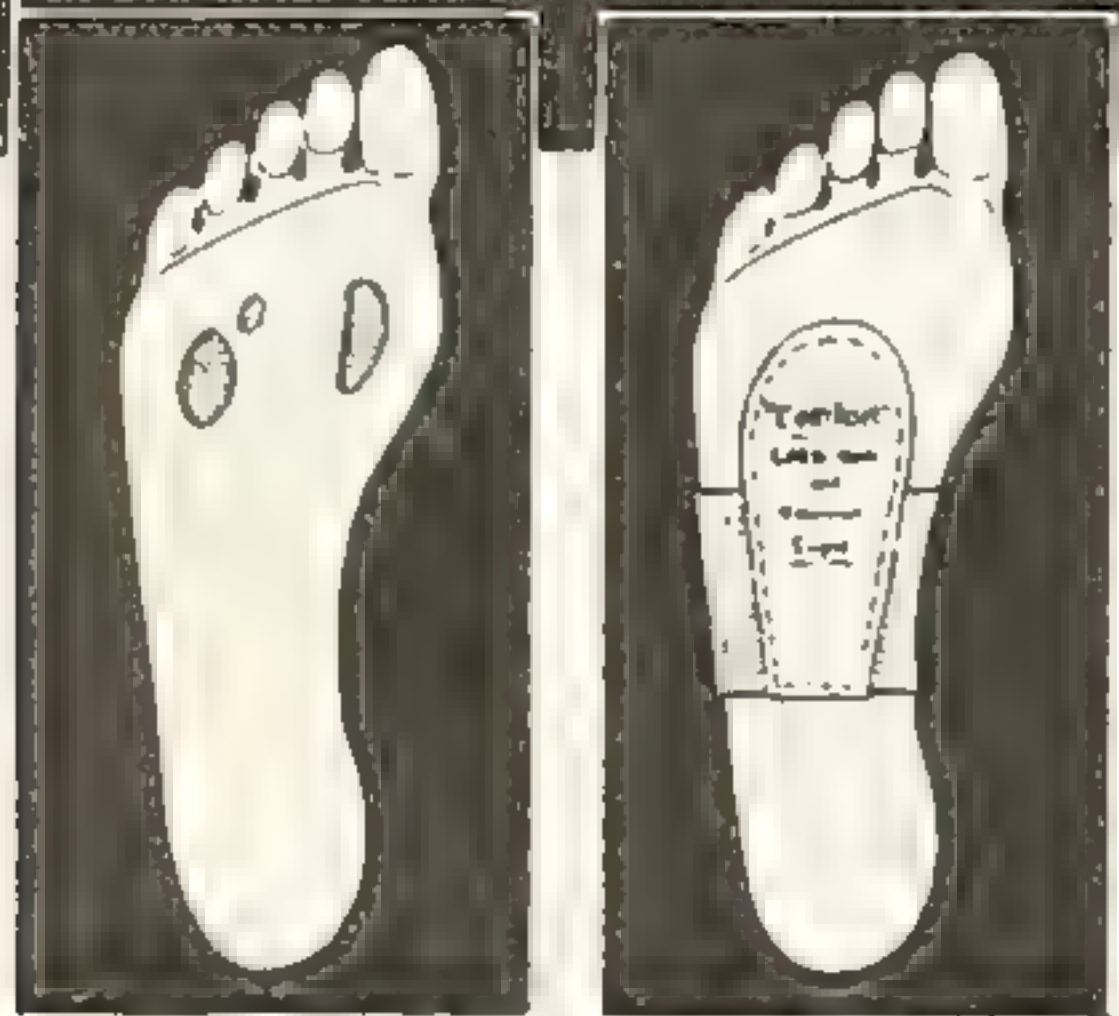


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Don't Send Gilbert to Exile

(Continued from page 61)

say. I wasn't asking for anything. I was trying to say thanks to him, so what the hell?

"It wasn't any use. He wanted to tell me that he didn't have any use for any part of me. He wanted to tell me that I'd work again when they saw fit and nothing would be done about it until 'Christina' had been not only pre-viewed at the studio and for the press, but had run for four or five months throughout the country at large, in order to get the full public reaction to me. Then and only then would they have anything to say to me about anything. He went on to let me understand that my contract reads for seven years. If they wish to exert their power they can keep me off the screen for seven years. For seven years they can prevent my working, either on their lot or anywhere else."

John told me all this, of course, before the "out-of-court" settlement of his contract. I am repeating it all in order that you may understand exactly what the man has been through. To continue, then, with John's story:

"I REALIZED that the four long years of ghastly martyrdom I had

undergone before the incredible summons to play 'Christina' had come to me was still going on. Garbo had got me into that picture by virtue of sheer power, *used* power. They had been forced to concede that point to her. They'd be damned before they would concede another point to me—unless they have to. Unless they find that the public reaction constitutes a demand, a demand for me they will not dare to refuse while box office receipts fill the money-bags.

"They told me I'd been sitting around for months before I made 'Christina' and I could sit around for thirty-six months more and it wouldn't hurt me any.

"I knew then that the old days were back again, never having gone. Then, while I was still under the old contract and holding on to that contract with my teeth, though they had every eminent lawyer in the country examine it with the hope of breaking it. Then the different executives used to call me into their offices almost daily and say to me, 'We don't like you. Will you get out?' Of course I wouldn't get out. Not when a million and a half dollars were in the bag for me. Now I will get out. I



The set of "Once to Every Woman," where Mary Carlisle is working, is equipped in modern hospital style. So Mary took her "Sammy" with her and put him through all the routine of a new-born infant.

want to get out. And they say they won't let me go. They want me there. They don't want me there. And what is it for? To torture me? Good God, what am I? A specimen pinned to the wall and wiggling for their satisfaction?

"I tell them that I am an actor and I simply want to go to work and do my job like any other man. I get no answer. They sit back and regard me with suspicion thick in their eyes. They look at me as though I were an ogre, a demon, an outcast.

"After 'Christina' and after it became rumored that things were not plain sailing for me at the studio, I had a few nibbles of offers here and there. Nothing ever came of them. They were nipped in the bud. How? Why? I asked them if they would allow me to work, to earn some money. I'll have over \$3,000 a week to pay in 1934 for this year's income tax. I have my wife and baby to support. I have other dependents, other calls on me. They wouldn't give me that right.

"And so I am going to file the complaint. No, it doesn't take nerve. It isn't a matter of courage. It's a matter of conviction. I've got to know where I stand and why. I can't get a human reaction when I ask for it, man to man. I'll attempt to get one in a court of law. The complaint is going to be, actually, in the nature of having the judge define the contract for me. I say to them that I am befuddled, that I want to know whether this is a fair and equitable arrangement, or not. I want the judge to tell me what I am to do and to tell the executives what they are to do. If I lose the case, I shall appeal it. If not, then that is another story.

THEY will doubtless raise the point that I signed the contract, being of sound mind. That won't mean anything in court. I could tell you that I'd sell you Brooklyn Bridge and you might sign a contract to that effect. It wouldn't mean anything. And that is precisely what my contract means—nothing.

"I've already told you the terms of it. They agree to submit to me three stories a year. I can write the stories. I can direct them or I can act in them, as I see fit. I have the right to reject one or all three if I so elect. That sounded swell to me at that time. You

must remember that I was sore to the bone over the bad stories they had been giving me. You know and I knew what they were doing to me, those stories, what they *did* do. Here then, it appeared, was my chance, more vital to me at that moment than anything else in the world—to have the right to reject stories that would continue to ruin me. That was all that mattered. That was all I 'saw.' It never occurred to me then, that the old enmity might still persist, that they might, deliberately, submit to me stories I couldn't do—Little Lord Fauntleroy or something!—and that, as a consequence, I couldn't work, I could do nothing. For seven years they could have me tied up in a sack, a dead man when they came to take me out.

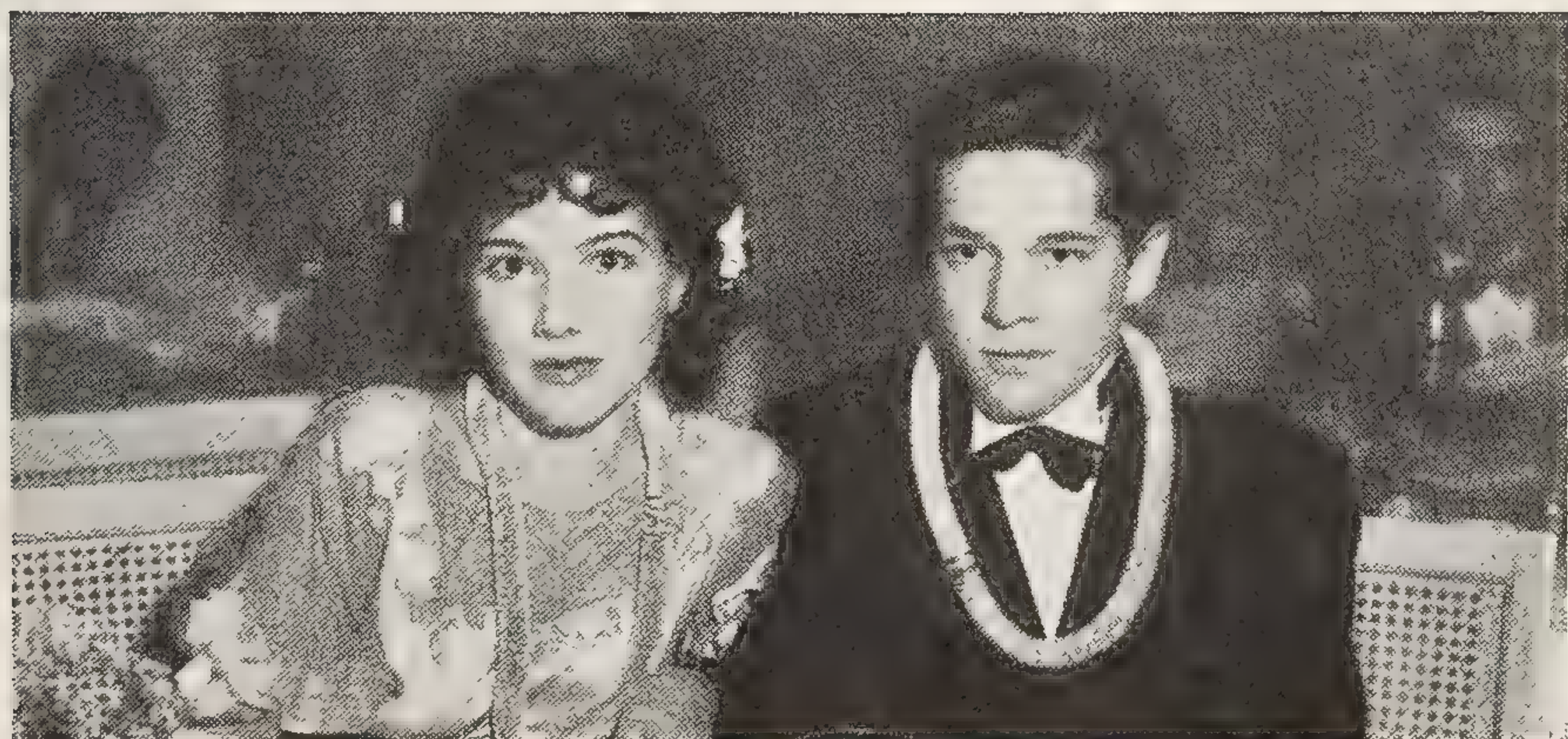
"Thus my reason for squawking, that I don't get a guarantee for anything but money, such as it is. My only reason for existence is self-expression. I don't care about the money. I want to be able to work. The certain and not very considerable sum of money which I am guaranteed at the end of each year of my contract is not the point at issue. It is that they don't *ever* guarantee to make the pictures.

"I don't understand it. I know that I am hated. Even that isn't a sufficient explanation. Why don't they let me go? Or, if they want me to stay, want me to give them performances, why do they treat me in such a manner as to destroy the only value I have to them? Why ruin the stock on their own shelves?"

Why, indeed? John is too good stock to waste. He knows pictures from many angles. He will work his head off, if given half a chance.

His contract has been settled out of court—yes. But I'm not sure just how much that will mean to him. There is, at present, a rumor that he may play Marc Antony opposite Claudette Colbert's "Cleopatra" for Paramount. But for his own studio—M-G-M—his next assignment will, they say, depend upon the public's reaction to his Don Antonio in "Queen Christina."

Well—let him have your reaction. Whether it be good or bad. He wants to know just how you feel about seeing him on the screen. Do you want the Jack Gilbert of old to return to us? Speak up—and let him know! Let the man know where he stands.



Jean Parker and "Pancho" Lucas are childhood sweethearts. When Jean's five years in pictures are up, they're going to wed.



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On Dress Parade

(Continued from page 72)

there I'm telling you, if you are out for attraction purposes, there you have it. And over the blouse effect, a gray coat, gray fur collar with a purple orchid pinned to it. Baby, what an effect for a pure, young, protected girl. She knew how to get around the walls of chaperonage—did that girl.

GINGER ROGERS—did she step out—in the same picture, "Flying Down to Rio." Study her dancing frock when she whirls with Fred Astaire. Black, but how it fits, and then spreads into ruchings about the feet, not to mention ruchings over the shoulders. Don't deviate a step from her dress standard if you want to shine on the floor.

Girls who have been too business-like—too intent upon being the good little bringing-in-the-bacon variety of female—do go to see how Ann Harding works out the problem, via clothes, in "Right to Romance."

When her lover says to her, "I never knew what two yards of organdy could do for a woman," then you see the whole story.

Study her striped organdy dress when she goes female instead of working-woman. Simplicity to a standstill—cape over shoulders, baby bow under chin, and with it, all that smartness. Only proving that you don't have to strive and struggle to be well dressed. Just do it in the sweet, simple way—in style.

Ann Harding went back to her work-a-day love but only after she had worn ruffles to her heart's content—see picture in black dress, with ruchings for shoulders, a muff and earrings. She could be pretty all right even though experience taught her that wasn't all! It's not enough to be just all right.

Goodness knows, Ann Harding's uniforms were becoming enough. Any one with half an eye could see she was pretty and sweet with the handkerchief thing draped round her throat. But then, it seems to be a matter of record that males want a ruffle or two and a couple of rosebuds somewhere in the setting when they're out to be fascinated. They've been brought up on it and they like it.

QUITE frankly rosebuddy and girlish is Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood." Her clothes in that picture are a real education in good taste for any youngish person. They give—subtly—the appearance of being absolutely natural for her type of girl, no pose, no striving after an effect.

Take the several white bows under her chin, for instance. One is white piqué, stiff and starched. And that, be it noticed, is the only note on a black frock. Just one other repeat note of the white, and that a snip of an ostrich tip on the side of the crown of a cocky sailor hat. She's just too cute for words in that get-up. Then, on another black dress, she wears a white ermine bow. Nothing stingy about it either. It's a good, wide, spacious bow.

Note: Anyone can dress up an aging frock with a bow copied after one of Marion's. There's an idea for a new season.

It is interesting to see in this picture, how in old-fashioned clothes, or new-fashioned ones, in overalls, dancing bloomers, even wrapped up in a blanket, Marion Davies looks swell.

See the white organdy dress in the dream picture. Fussy, it might be on someone who failed to know how to carry it off, but Marion in that fluffy



3411

3406

3392

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white hat with a flower at one side is truly a dream girl in the costume.

Her hair—well, it's girlish and all, and flattering to her young face. But don't you think it's a bit too, too long to look smart in real life just now? Don't copy that too literally, I beg of you, if you want to make a hit with the boys.

Alice Brady, now, in "Should Ladies Behave?" is a grand hodge-podge of good taste and bad taste in dressing. If you want to know what not to wear, go look at her in that grand picture. Of course, she dresses that way frankly to be funny, for she is a killing character and the clothes help her to do her stuff. But for putting ruffles where they should not be and drapings where they look most terrible, she could take the medal any day.

YOU see lots of people who dress like that. One minute she wears a silver lamé coat at the theatre and looks quite lovely, if a bit over-dressed for coming to town by train. Then in a following scene, you see her in a black and white plaid with white pleatings skating all over it, accenting all the wrong spots. It's a funny sight, all right, but a terrible warning against over-dressing.

Mary Carlisle, who plays the young girl in this picture, is nicely gowned for the part. I liked particularly her

suit, when she came home unexpectedly to that wild house party of her mother's. It was so well tailored and still managed to avoid a mannish look which a suit is apt to have. It was not too severe for so young a girl but had the soft dressmaker look, with all the correctness of tailoring. That's an achievement, too, you know, if you've had any experience with choosing suits of this sort. Her's had a softish scarf, sleeves just full enough and a coat which was a bit lighter in tone than the skirt. An extremely well done outfit.

For the theatre she wore black velvet with white gardenias. Now it's a funny thing, but the younger a girl is, the more she loves to wear black these days. It is generally considered a color for an older woman but the interesting thing about it (and all girls seem to realize the fact) is that it sets off extreme youthfulness as nothing else can. And then the combination has quaintness about it that turns out to be utterly charming.

If you want to see thrilling lingerie, you can get an eyeful in this picture. Such fascinating night gowns and negligees. I liked particularly Alice Brady's lace bedecked nightie with wide ribbon bows over the shoulders. It was different and one of those fussy ones which managed to be strongly in the good taste class.

Nils Asther, Enemy of Hooey

(Continued from page 77)

fact that I have been on the stage and screen in both Sweden and this country for quite some years and lived modestly within my means all that time, it was a terrible shock to learn that I had 'lost every penny.' Believe me, the story was far from the truth. Still, everywhere I went I was met with 'Poor old Nils' sympathy.

"But it wasn't only *that* story that was so very painful," he continued. "It was the story that followed. This particular magazine article went on to say that '... since Nils was so desperate for money and had no job, he finally bethought him of a marvelous way to clean up. He got out his fan mail—found that a great deal of it was from love-sick ladies in small towns in the Middle West—and decided that he might be able to sell them something if he was to call on them in person. *Life insurance!* That was it! Thus he borrowed enough money for expenses and began a house-to-house canvass of his women fans who, of course, were so flattered by the presence of their love-dream that they purchased great gobs of insurance!'"

THE bare memory of this seemed to make Nils so beside himself that he jumped from the chair and began pacing the room with long, angry strides.

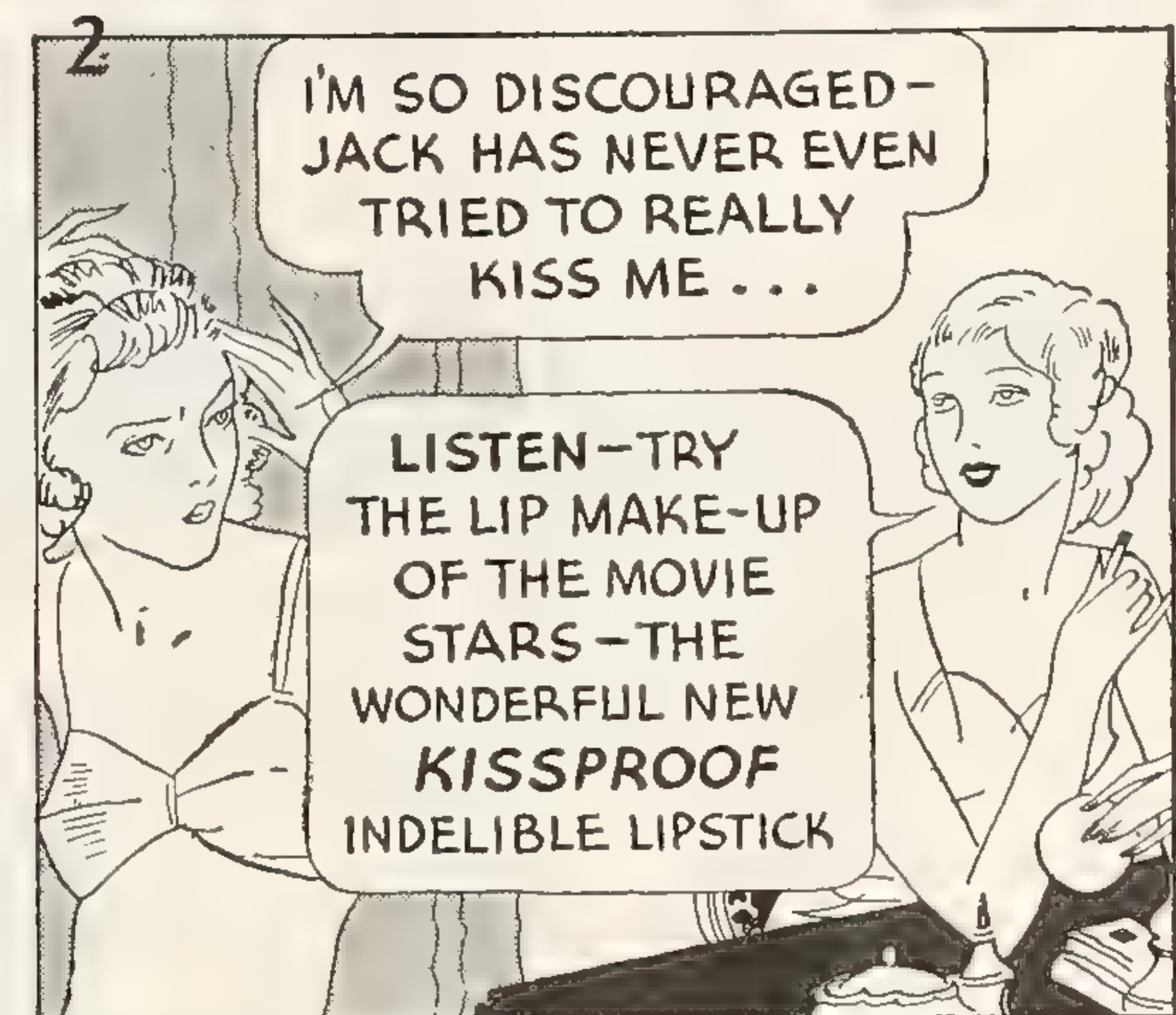
"Oh, it was terrifically embarrassing and humiliating," he continued after he had calmed down. "The silly story was

even re-printed in some of the European papers and magazines and some of my former friends whom I had been helping out a little financially wrote me that they were sorry and that I mustn't bother with their checks any further. They could not stand to be a burden on a man who was peddling insurance from door to door. Considering the fact that I never left Hollywood—not even once—the Middle West fabrication was a bit uncalled for to say the least. I can't understand it. Never for one minute since I came to Hollywood have I felt pinched financially. For years I have been putting away money against the rainy day. *If I never worked another day I would have no reason for changing my present comfortable way of living!*"

"Other stories," he went on, "go off on even funnier tangents. One says I am a 'difficult, mysterious man who walks alone.' (Ugh! Did you ever hear anything so nauseating?) While another says that I scorn all social contacts and live like a hermit. Why, just the other evening, a local newspaper columnist revealed that I had 'come out of hiding long enough to eat dinner at a popular cafe.' That was the *third* time I had eaten at that cafe in one week. And I had been out every night during the week—to the theatre, the fights and had spent two evenings at the home of friends.

"Another little story tells of the

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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	35x5	3.95	1.55
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15			
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astounding fact that I have a mysterious island—where I shall retire to live the rest of my life in seclusion. It says further that I shall not allow a mirror on my secret island because I shall not want to watch myself grow old!" (Here, another period of pacing the floor.) "It is too preposterous to deny. My friends know that I have a summer home on one of the hundreds of little islands off the coast of Sweden. I shouldn't want them to think that I would actually give out such a story.

"Even those writers who would like to be kind to me generally become so kind that I am made ridiculous. I once told a writer that I often ran three miles before breakfast. When the story came out I was running *thirty miles*. That's a sleeper-jump—that isn't an exercise.

"And one writer will say that: 'Nils Asther is a woman-hater who has not been able to make a success of mar-

riage.' And the next magazine says, 'Nils is really a gilded Don Juan. He has had a thousand affairs.' It is true that it will take me a long while to get over Vivian divorcing me and taking the custody of our little girl. But I am by no means a woman-hater because my marriage turned out badly."

He stopped. I know he still feels badly about Vivian and I know he isn't fixin' to marry anyone else, so I didn't ask him any fool questions about his love life and such. I just let him tell me what was on his mind.

"I haven't given you anything except a denial of other people's stories," he said.

"Quite okay," said I. "And I'll put them all down just as you told them to me."

"Grrrrff!" said the Great Dane. Which, being interpreted might have meant, "And just see that you do, Ramsey!"

Announcement of Our Cinema Shop Contest Winners

Girls all over the country, girls from London, Australia, the Philippines, rushed to send opinions about the Cinema Shop dresses, to the end of winning the prizes offered.

Pity the poor judges whose duty it was to choose the best letters from so many that were, good, better, best. What the girls of today know about style is something to bewilder the most hard-boiled fashion cynic. No wonder they are a well dressed crowd, judging from their letters and their evident knowledge of what is right and wrong.

Well, anyway, after pondering and eliminating, the following winners were selected:

Irene Dunne's dress went to

THERESA FITZGERALD

Tampa, Florida

Mary Howard's dress went to

KAYE GIDDES

Dunellen, New Jersey

Constance Cumming's dress went to

M. COLLINS

Chicago, Ill.

Miriam Hopkins' dress went to

HILDEGARDE MILLER

Cleveland, Ohio

We are very proud of all of the thousands of girls who answered this contest, and only regret that our coffers will not stand the strain of sending consolation prizes to each and all of them.

For Once—the Truth About Pickford

(Continued from page 41)

It was she who requested a separation and "time to think things over" when her wandering husband suggested a divorce a few years back. She had not lost her self-confidence at that point and believed that time would take care of everything.

It did. But not in the way she wished.

The announcement of the sale of Pickfair was the definite and final answer to her watchful waiting for the breach to heal. The mistress of the estate did not know it was on the market until she read the shocking announcement in a newspaper. It was evidently the Fairbanks way of burning bridges and, while one doubts if his method was according to Hoyle, it was certainly effective.

And now Mary Pickford is alone and, if she is being brave a little too publicly and keeping a stiff upper lip a bit consciously and with perhaps an unwitting nod to the world, one must admire her pluck and her ability to "take it."

Buddy Rogers is now her more con-

stant male companion. She has known the boy for several years; in fact, ever since she cast him in "My Best Girl." They go about to the approved gay places together, where Buddy enjoys Mary and Mary attempts to catch up on her fun. It is kind of hard, though, when all one's life has been devoted to work, to get into the spirit of the thing, especially when you feel cheated of the things for which you have worked.

For Mary Pickford believes that life has not treated her squarely. Why, even the old adage says that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, and goodness knows, she has never been idle, yet what she valued most has gone.

Whether she will marry young Rogers is still a delectable morsel about which the gossips may speculate. Indeed, she doesn't know herself as yet, for you see, Mary Pickford has work to do. She feels the urge to write and appear in a Broadway play, make another picture and perhaps direct one. Work, that's what she must do. And yet work is what has done all this to her.



Clark is just a "softie." He bought this dog from a stranger with a hard luck story. Then the stranger disappeared. And the dog followed suit.

JACK FALLS when Jane Finds the "keynote" of CHARM



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PRONOUNCED "JOKER"
WAVES ET

Why Men Fall For Miriam Hopkins

(Continued from page 43)



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smart hotels she found comfortable living quarters, but suddenly she wanted a house. She found the perfect place, got five servants and moved in. A couple of weeks later, she dismissed the servants and moved back to the hotel! What a girl!

Her face, her figure, her voice are all soft and feminine but her mind is crisp and brittle. And her life shows the strong determination for success that has motivated most of her deeds.

A good Episcopalian, she left her Sunday school flat to come North and—horror of horrors—became a dancer. The dancing school she attended gave her the chance to become one of the Chester Hale Girls and she made her first stage appearance by being literally thrown through a trap door into the arms of Chester Hale, much to his amazement. It was not a part of the revue but the accident did not daunt Miriam and she went on as a dancing and singing girl in musical comedies.

A sprained ankle changed the course of her career. She found she couldn't dance professionally again but she wasn't going back to Georgia defeated. She went out for the great adventure of dramatic acting. She was fired from many a show. She played in many a flop, but you can't down a girl like Miriam.

Somehow, men sense her forthrightness, her determination, her courage, which bridge all disappointments.

STRANGELY enough, in her second film she appeared as the unattractive princess in a Maurice Chevalier picture. That was before Hollywood had discovered her strange form of glamour—a glamour that needs no

props to manifest itself, that is just as much in evidence on the tennis court as in a luxurious boudoir. When Hollywood saw the men flocking around her, enchanted by her beguiling ways, the producers realized that the lass had it and gave her rôles more suitable to her particular type.

There is a touch of madness in Miriam Hopkins, the kind of madness that allowed her once to barge in (she was broke) to a prominent Wall Street banker and demand a loan of \$5,000. He gave her a third of that amount. She took a taxi back to her New York apartment and, thrilled by the loan, tipped the taxi driver with a five dollar bill.

Hers is the sort of madness that inspired the high-brow playwright Eugene O'Neill to risk his life by canoeing with her and entrusting her with the plot of his then unwritten "Strange Interlude." It is the sort of madness that shows her how to make a lark of a forced airplane landing at Amarillo, Texas, where she drank beer with the Mayor and practically every newspaper reporter in town before she entrained for Chicago. No wonder she's popular.

For Miriam Hopkins is a baffling creature of strange powers. It is, I feel sure, her very uncertainty that keeps men jumping through hoops. As this is written she is starring in a play on Broadway. If the show is a success—well, that's grand. If it isn't, she'll hop off to Italy and have a grand time. She never plans ahead. It would spoil the fun. She takes what comes and enjoys every hour she lives. A variety of things interest her—books, music, babies, parties.

You just can't blame men for loving a girl like Miriam!



Although Sheila Terry and Lyle Talbot seem to be very much interested in each other, don't let them fool you for a minute. Lyle is still seeing a lot of the Countess di Frasso. That is a romance.

Leslie Howard Didn't Want to Come Back

(Continued from page 17)

Leslie Howard. And Leslie Howard must work. He knows it.

"I've no idea how long I shall stay over this time," he went on. "I'm anxious to do a play besides the picture work. But I must confess I want to get back to England just as quickly as possible. While I know this is the best place for me to work, I keep feeling the house and the kids and the thousand and one things I love doing over there pulling at me all the time.

"When I'm in London, of course, I have the feeling of being home. That's another side of the question. I think I can truthfully say I like New York best because of my work. London next because I'm an Englishman and London is home. And Hollywood—well, I suppose I like Hollywood because it gives me a sensation of space.

"You know," he continued, "that tiny little spot of Hollywood set in a vast, geographical background is fascinating. You have the feeling that humanity—individuals really don't exist. That all those great high mountains—that wide silent desert, the huge trees and the enormous Pacific Ocean—those are the things that actually count.

"I never think of Hollywood itself as a place of any importance. My work goes on under ideal climatic conditions and material comfort. I enjoy polo and every day after studio hours I am off to a little club I belong to—'The Riviera Club.' We have a team captained by

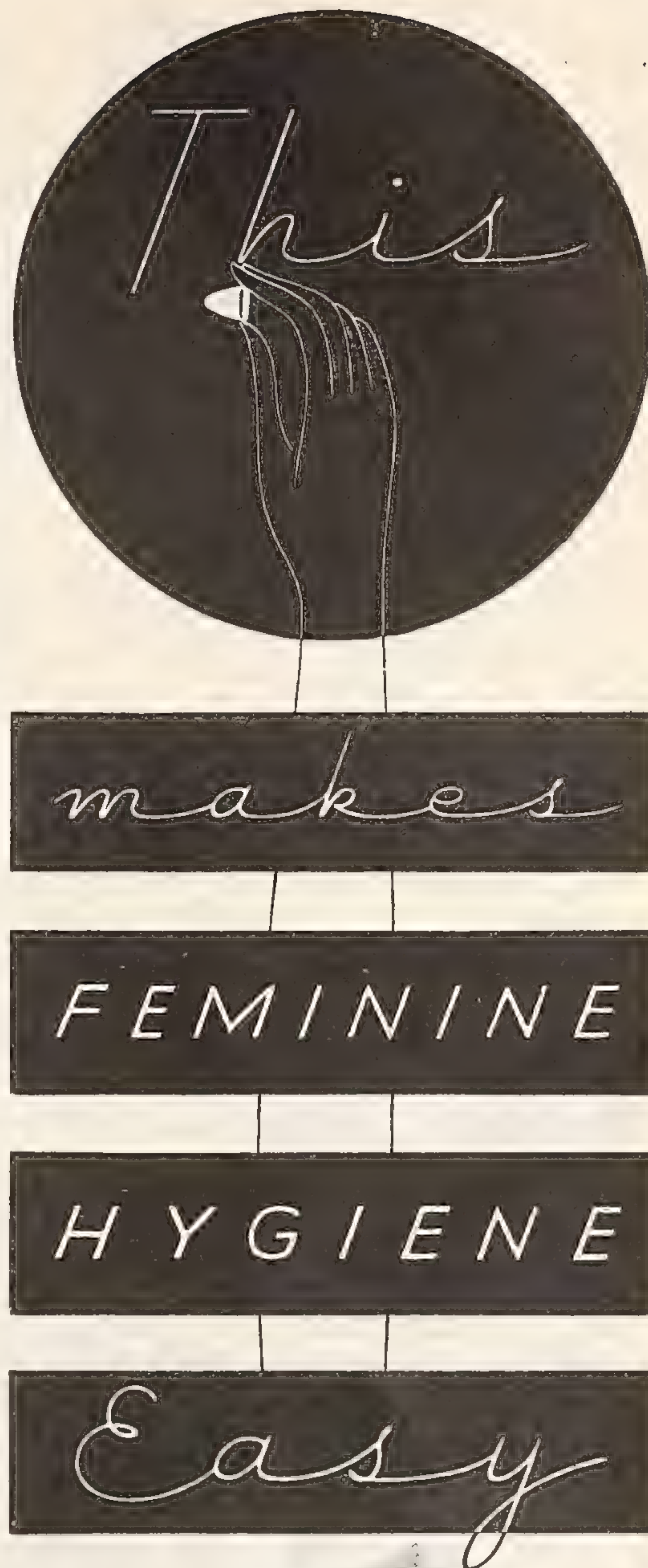
Walt Disney and we call it the Mickey Mouse Polo Team. Will Rogers and his son, Will, Jr., play on it. Bob Montgomery and a couple of other fellows belong. A man by the name of Perkins is captain of the rival team. He has nothing to do with the movies, but loves polo. He calls his team the Perkins Cats and we have some grand games. There's a cup that sometimes the Mickey Mouse team wins—and again the Perkins Cats take it away from us. And the way we play you would think the cup was worth at least a million dollars."

He's a strange mixture, this Howard man. A half artist, half-domestic soul. There is a sensuous streak in his character which is in direct contrast to the stark, austere ambition that dominates his soul. A certain brilliancy that is almost poetic envelops him at these times, and again at your next meeting with him, he is the most matter-of-fact, commonplace of men. A devoted father, a home-lover with genuine deep domestic roots embedded in his heart and soul. A lover of horses, a good swimmer and a keen enthusiast of the outdoors, he might be any ordinary young Englishman until you see him in one of his superb performances on either the stage or screen—and then you realize that above all things else he is wholly an artist.

That artist must work—here, in our land. It was Leslie Howard, the man who "didn't want to come back."



Everybody who is anybody turned out for Colleen Moore's house party. Here you see the hostess, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray and Wesley Ruggles. Incidentally, Wesley had a terrible time getting wife, Arline Judge, away from that party. She just loves to shoot dice and he just couldn't tear her away from the floor where she was gambling with one of the news photographers. She was losing heavily, too!



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Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 46)

• THE POOR RICH (UNIVERSAL)

Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

THIS IS FUN. Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton make the most of a swell story about two cousins whose wealth has dwindled with the depression. Too proud to admit they're broke, they try to put up a big front when a Lord, Lady and daughter come to visit them. The game is up, however, when a neighbor stalks in and indignantly demands the return of his goose. Your sides will ache from laughing. Oliver and Horton make a grand team and Andy Devine, Leila Hyams and Andre De Berenger help the fun along mightily, and we know you'll like it heaps.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (PARAMOUNT)

Dorothy Wilson, Douglass Montgomery, Kay Johnson.

TEAR-JERKER. Just one of the girls in a European finishing school commits an indiscretion in the moonlight, but to look at the sobs crammed into this opus one would imagine that all eight of the girls were in the same boat. Dorothy Wilson is the indiscretionee and Douglass Montgomery is the indiscretionist, but he finally turns noble and offers marriage (cheers). Kay Johnson, as the school teacher, made Simon Legree look like an amateur in the first half, but she turns almost human in the finale. When the tears should come and won't, everything looks rather silly.

THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN (RKO)

Zasu Pitts, Pert Kelton, James Gleason.

PRETTY bad. This one, kiddies, goes on your "Must Miss" list. It reminded us of a lot of ancient gags strung together in a line with, once in a while, a funny line that seemed out of place. Zasu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Jimmie Gleason, Skeets Gallagher and El Brendel seemed to realize it was hopeless. Zasu is the hotel keeper, Brendel is the barber-in-love—oh, what's the use? You won't say we didn't warn you about this one!

• GALLANT LADY (20TH CENTURY)

Ann Harding, Otto Kruger, Clive Brook.

CONFUSING REPORTS. Three of us saw this one and we got three answers: "Swell," "fairly good" and "not so hot." It's that old gag about

the destitute mother (Ann Harding) who gives up all claim to the child, finds it later and finally marries the adopted father (Otto Kruger). Ann looked lovely, Clive Brook as the drunken sot is great and Kruger is good. Maybe you better guess.

• MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO)

Francis Lederer and Elissa Landi.

FRANCIS LEDERER makes his bow. In spite of the fact that he can't bow very deeply for this one, you'll have a strong hunch you would like to see more of the same man—provided he stays in this World. In the first part where Lederer as an Eskimo assists the expedition from London, it is fairly interesting, but his trip to "white man's land" goes a bit flat. Elissa Landi *et al* lend support, but it's this fellow Lederer that me-thinks you'll go for. Some of the local ladies mentioned the name Valentino and something about "successor." What do you think?

FUGITIVE LOVERS (M-G-M)

Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Ted Healy.

BREEZY hokum. It looks as if they started out with a swell idea here and then too many fingers spoiled the pie. Bob Montgomery, an escaped convict, hops atop a bus in which ride Madge Evans, chorus girl, and racketeer, Nat Pendleton, whom she had hoped she was hiding from on the trip. Bob goes through the luggage on top of the bus and comes out with Ted Healy's suit and a flock of bonded stuff. The coppers chase the crew for five reels and Bob and Madge save a lot of school kids from freezing to death in another bus. If you think you can swallow it, we advise you to try. Too bad, it was a swell cast.

• HORSEPLAY (UNIVERSAL)

Andy Devine and Slim Summerville.

VERY funny indeed, my friends. However, we must warn you that the title means what it says. All about a couple of cowboys (Andy Devine and Slim Summerville) who suddenly wake up millionaires. Accompanied by Slim's horse, Cynthia Anna, they set out for England in search of Leila Hyams, Slim's sweetie. Cynthia Anna occupies the bridal suite on board and, not to be outshone by the horse, Slim and Andy are funny. Their antics, while hobnobbing with royalty, are screamingly-screaming. Go ahead. Have a laugh on us.

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THE REPORT CARD

Here you may see at a glance which are the good pictures—and which are not

A MEANS EXCELLENT
B MEANS GOOD
C MEANS FAIR
D MEANS POOR

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
 BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
 BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
 CAPTURED (Warners).
 CONVENTION CITY (First National).
 COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
 DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
 DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M).
 DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
 ESKIMO (M-G-M).
 FOOTLIGHT PARADE (Warners).
 GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933 (Warners).
 I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
 LADY FOR A DAY (Columbia).
 LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
 A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
 MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
 MORNING GLORY (RKO).
 MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
 NO MARRIAGE TIES (RKO).
 ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON (Paramount).
 ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
 THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
 THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY (M-G-M).
 THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
 QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
 REUNION IN VIENNA (M-G-M).
 ROMAN SCANDALS (United Artists).
 STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
 THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount).
 TURN BACK THE CLOCK (M-G-M).
 VOLTAIRE (Warners).
 THE WAY TO LOVE (Paramount).
 WHEN LADIES MEET (M-G-M).
 THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners).

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
 AFTER TONIGHT (RKO).
 ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).

ANOTHER LANGUAGE (M-G-M).
 BEAUTY FOR SALE (M-G-M).
 BELOVED (Universal).
 THE BEST OF ENEMIES (Fox).
 BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
 BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
 BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
 BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS (Warners).
 BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
 A CHANCE AT HEAVEN (RKO).
 THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
 THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).
 COLLEGE HUMOR (Paramount).
 CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
 DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
 DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
 ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
 EMERGENCY CALL (RKO).
 FEMALE (Warners).
 FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
 FROM HELL TO HEAVEN (Paramount).
 FUGITIVE LOVERS (M-G-M).
 GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
 GOODBYE AGAIN (Warners).
 HAVANA WIDOWS (Warners).
 HER BODYGUARD (Paramount).
 HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
 HER SWEETHEART CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
 HOLD YOUR MAN (M-G-M).
 HOOPLA (Fox).
 HORSEPLAY (Universal).
 THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
 I LOVED A WOMAN (Warners).
 I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
 JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
 THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
 KING FOR A NIGHT (Universal).
 THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
 LADY KILLER (Warners).
 LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY (Universal).
 THE MAD GAME (Fox).
 MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
 MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).



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MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
THE MAN WHO DARED (Fox).
THE MASQUERADER (United Artists).
THE MAYOR OF HELL (Warners).
MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
MR. SKITCH (Fox).
MY WEAKNESS (Fox).
MY WOMAN (Columbia).
ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
PILGRIMAGE (Fox).
THE POOR RICH (Universal).
PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART (RKO).
RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO).
THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal).
SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
SMOKY (Fox).
SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M).
SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Columbia).
WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).

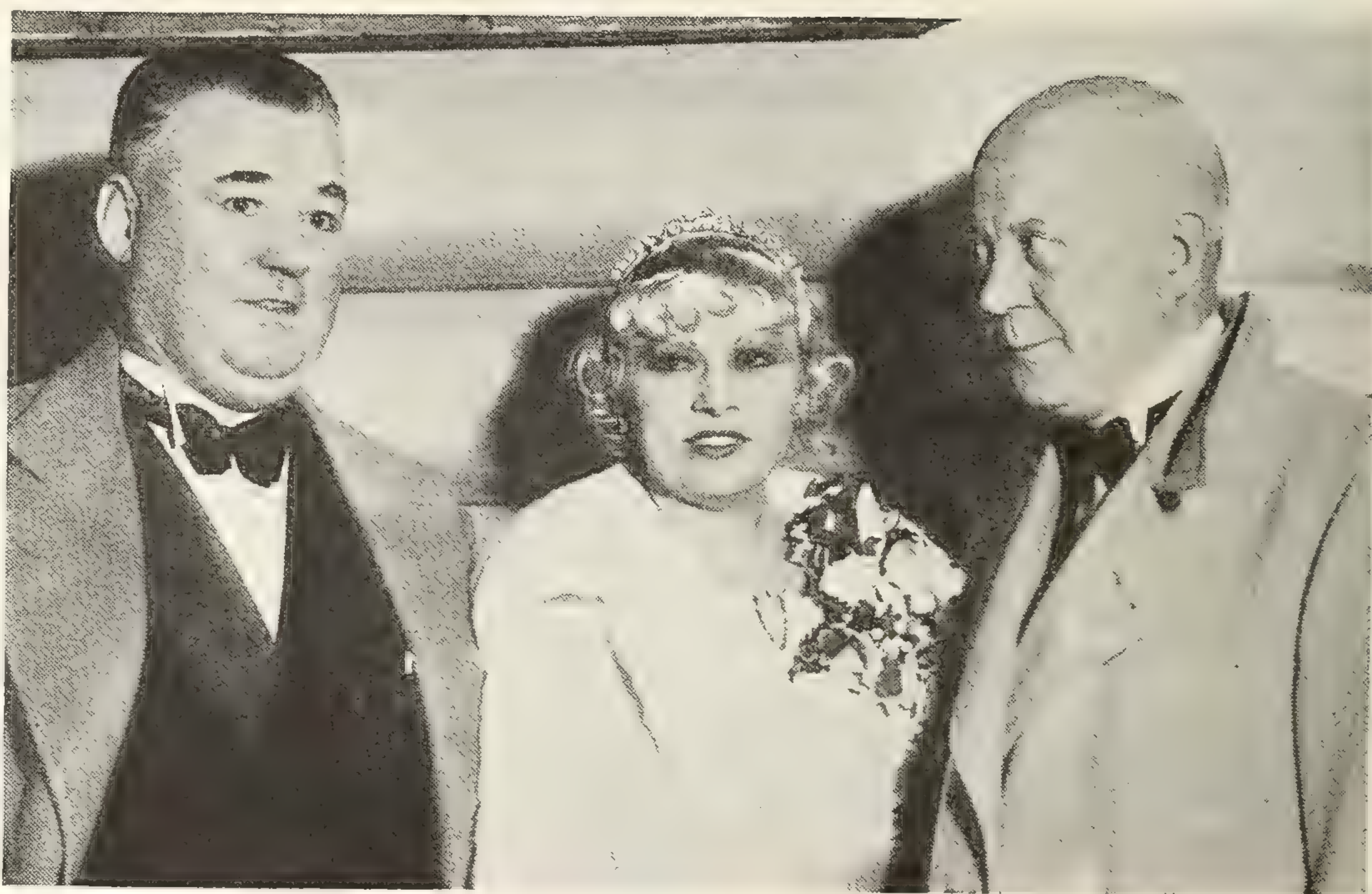
THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
THE BOWERY (20th Century).
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal).
DARK HAZARD (Warners).
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
EVER IN MY HEART (Warners).
F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont).

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO).
MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox).
OLESON'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners).
ROME EXPRESS (Universal).
SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox).

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
BITTERSWEET (United Artists).
BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER (Columbia).
DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal).
GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount).
HEROES FOR SALE (Warners).
THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN (RKO).
THE MIDNIGHT CLUB (Paramount).
MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal).
THE SHAKEDOWN (Warners).
SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal).
WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).



Wide World

Meet Jim Timony (on the left) —Mae West's manager and (many people say) her boy friend as well. The two of them, with William Le Baron, are dolled up for a Little Club dance at the Coconut Grove.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 15)

Laurel and Hardy comedy. If she is so shy and afraid of people, some time when she goes on one of her famous house hunts for privacy, it might help her to get a place close enough to Joan Crawford's home and see how a real honest-to-goodness actress goes about being a lady—and at the same time serving her public. To my mind, her last publicity act, the one about being in love with her new director, and treating Gilbert like the dust under her feet, is the best yet. And yet the American public goes on eating up this bosh. As far as I'm concerned she can go home to Sweden. (But, I say, Mrs. Graham! Garbo didn't exactly treat Gilbert as dust, you know. First place, she got him that part in the picture. And they say she was very friendly with him throughout the making of the picture. Incidentally, she has actually been stepping out with Mamoulian. Maybe it is more than a publicity stunt.)

AUGUSTA BURGER, of the Bronx, N. Y. C., wants Paul:

Let's give a hand to Paul Kelly who played in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Would you send me his studio address. Let's try and have lots of pictures starring Kelly. How about it?

(Well, Augusta, Paul Kelly is with 20th Century Pictures, Hollywood, Calif. He isn't doing very much at the moment but don't let that worry you. He's on his way to do big things.)

All Right, All Right

MISS KELLY, of we-don't-know-what-town, isn't at all satisfied with the way they're treating that little Southern gal, Una Merkel:

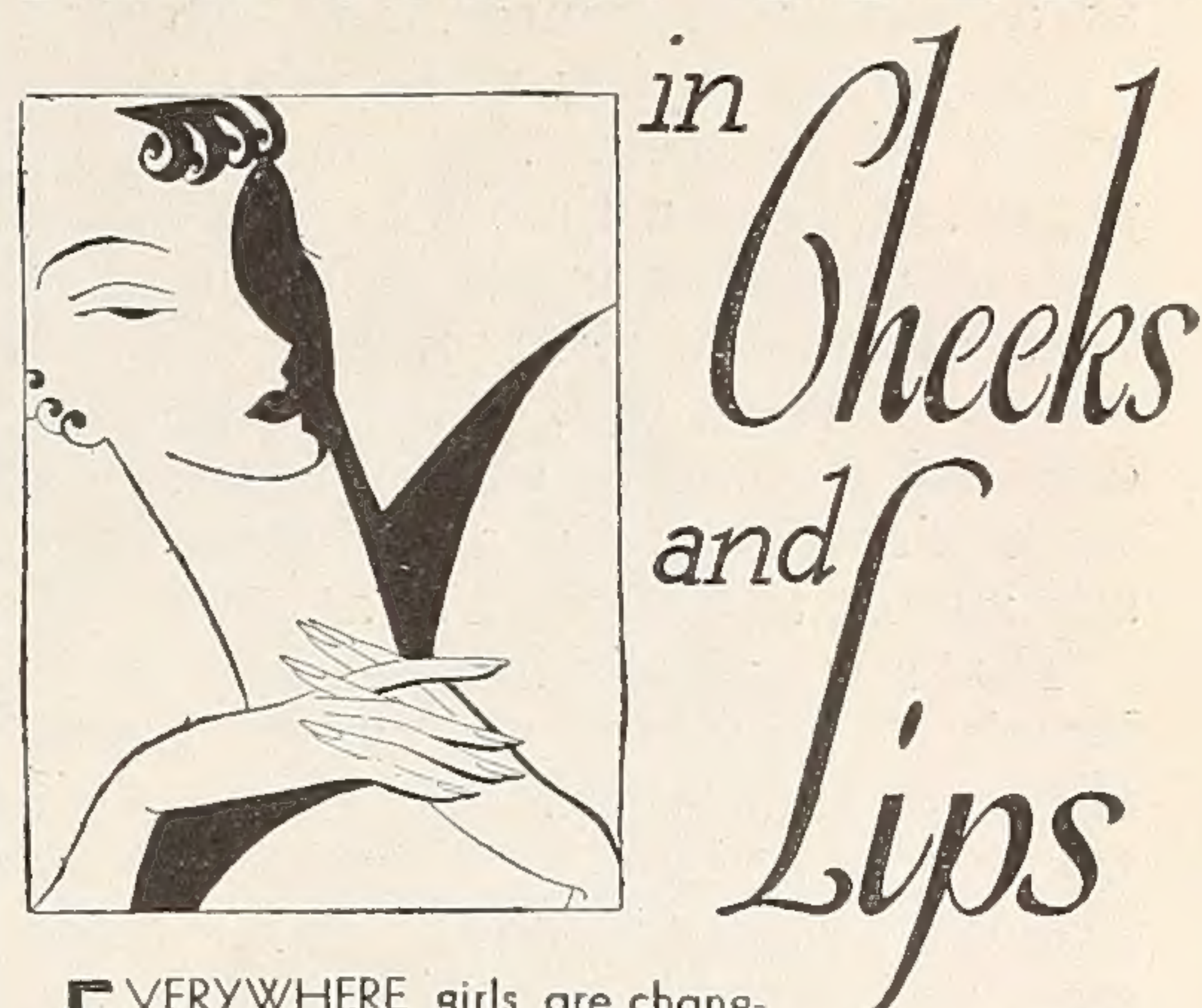
When Una first came to the screen she was sweet and unhardened but now in all her pictures she plays hard, cold, roles—well, you know what. And the public is not so hot on that stuff as you may think. Am a steady theatre-goer and I have noticed this change with interest. I suppose it isn't her fault. I suppose she has to play the type of role assigned to her. But then it would be nice if she could play the kind that fit her. She has a nice Southern drawl which is pleasant to hear if they will just let her be herself.

Australia Takes Us Over the Coals

MRS. R. FARGUHARSON, New South Wales, Australia, speaks her mind:

Australia is very much neglected in the way of pictures. Certainly, we see good pictures but we also see a lot of rubbish generally putting America and American people in a very bad light. We see divorce treated

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Clever Girl! One does not have to look further than her lovely hair to understand her popularity with men. Its marvelous luster adds sparkle and vivacity to her eyes and accents her other good features. Her secret? Perhaps you've already guessed it but if not, just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way. 25c at your dealers', or send coupon below for free sample.

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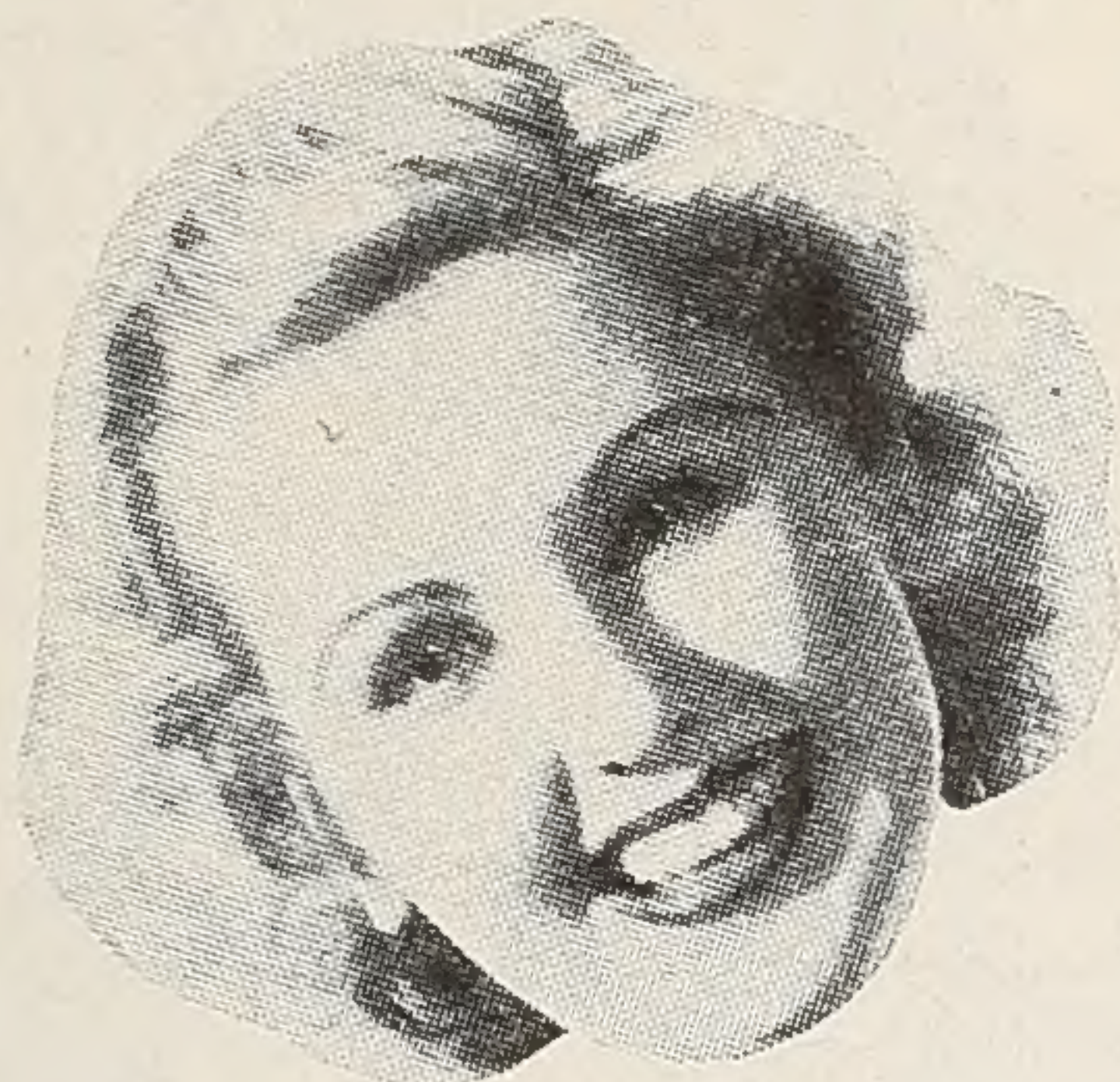
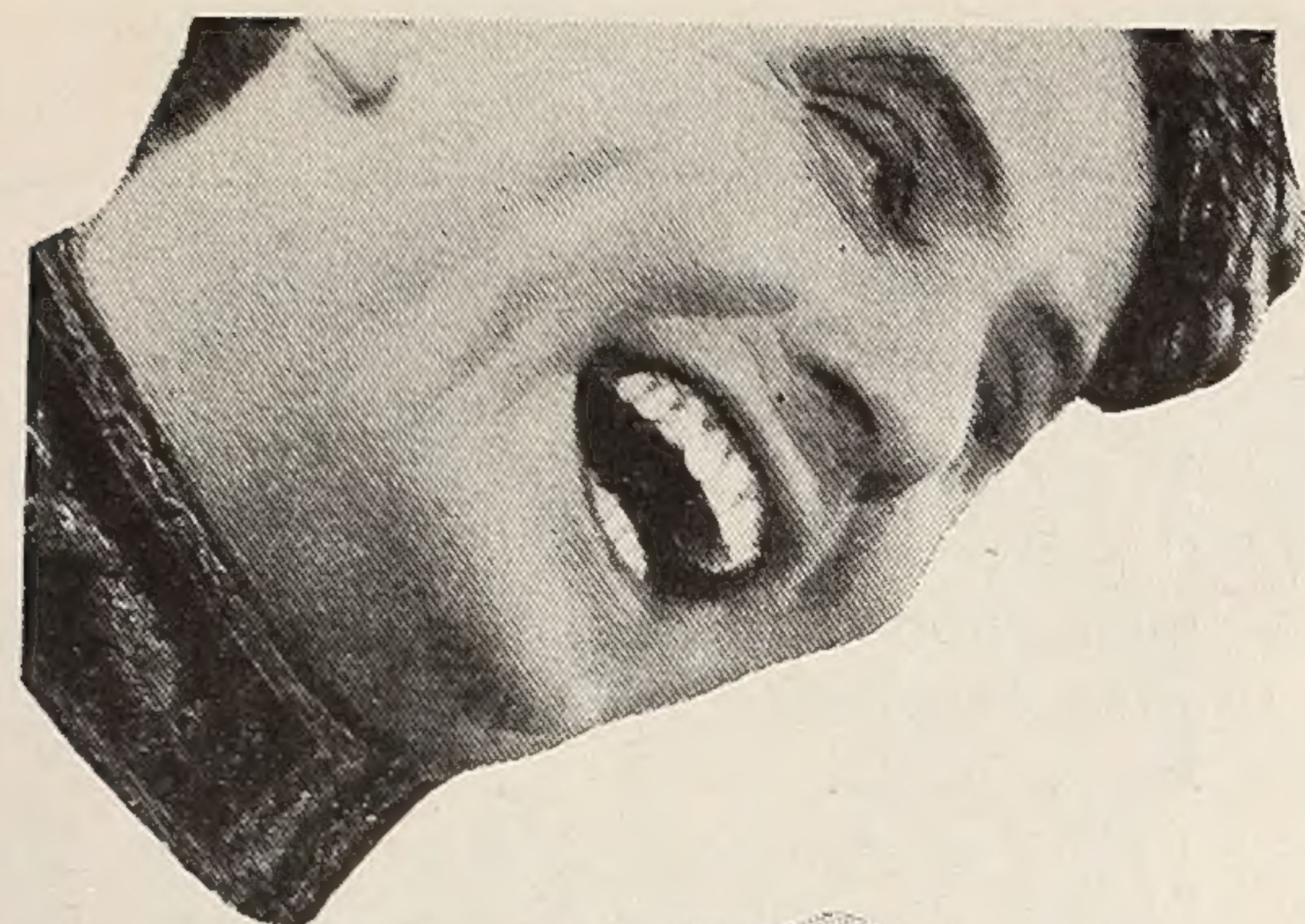
J. W. KOBİ CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. C, Seattle, Wash. ***** Please send a free sample.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair: _____



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THE HUMOR MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN



Between You and Me

(Continued from page 123)

as a matter of course, and morally weak youths crying and sobbing like hysterical women. Sex abounds in pictures. Many a time I have blushed and squirmed on my seat in humiliation for my sex when some screen star lowers herself to go through some dreadful scenes, chasing men I wouldn't walk on and abandoning herself almost to hysterics in a sob scene.

That's why I admire men like Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard and others like them. Also women like Diana Wynyard, Kay Francis and Marion Davies for their sane and restrained acting.

Joan Crawford was not bad in "Today We Live" but she is getting set in her mannerisms. To portray surprise, she lifts her eyebrows and rolls her eyes. Fear—she bites her bottom lip and rolls her eyes again. Abandon and love—eyes roll alarmingly.

Gary as a strong silent gent just fills the bill. He's getting that bored look about him, "I don't do this because I like it—I'm paid for it," says his face.

Clark Gable seems the ideal sheik to me; strong-arm stuff with not too much brains. I can see him doing his stuff à la Valentino and hear the girls saying, "Isn't he too, too marvellous!"

Mae, Take Heed

SANDRA, of Salem, Mass., wants our Mae to do a different type of role:

I am an admirer of Mae West. Her first picture was a great hit but with many more pictures along the same lines, she will be a flop. The public is wondering what she can do with a different role. Give her a picture in which she can do something more than walk around swinging her hips and handing out wisecracks.

(I'm afraid we'll have to disappoint you, Sandra, because Mae's next picture is "It Ain't No Sin." Nuff said?)

Isn't He Too Wonderful

JANICE EARL, of Logan, Utah, wants you to know that she's c-r-a-z-y about Georgie Raft:

Many biting remarks have been made about George Raft but, personally, I think he's the most handsome man I have ever seen on the screen. His dark eyes and black hair make a wonderful combination. And when he smiles—well, my heart skips a beat. That smile displays a marvellous set of teeth and a very charming pair of dimples. I like the way he moves and talks. In short, I like everything about the man. He surpassed all my expectations in "The Bowery." More success and an orchid to you, George Raft.

Well—Beer's Good, Too

FLORENCE KRATTEBOL, of Minneapolis, Minn., looks like Barbara Stanwyck:

Although I am just one of those persons with a champagne taste and a beer pocketbook, there are many stars whom I would like to meet should opportunity every present itself. I would like to meet Joan Crawford because she seems to be a very mysterious person (Oh, I don't mean the kind of a person you read about in a mystery story). But she appears to be rather a moody type, yet there is something magnetic about her personality.

Too, I would like to meet Barbara Stanwyck because I have been told by several persons that I resemble her a great deal and that my voice is exactly like hers. But aside from this, I have seen her in quite a number of pictures and I like her natural way of acting, she is not a bit forced and I feel that one would enjoy knowing her.

Helen Hayes because she seems so sincere. I feel I might tell her all my troubles and she would be very sympathetic. She also has a lovely voice.

Satisfied

MARGARET FORCIER, of Woonsocket, R. I., is sincere about it, too:

I know it is very strange of me to talk that way, but I feel so glad for the runaway marriage of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. It is the first time in all my life that I feel so happy about a runaway marriage. They are two famous stars whom I love very much. When I saw them together in "The Silver Cord" something in their eyes told me that they were meant for each other. And now they're married! What a happy ending for those two lives and I wish them luck with all my heart. Let me tell you that deep in my heart I would be even more happy to read in newspapers and magazines a year or two from now that the McCrea family numbers three.

(They are a nice couple—we agree. By the way, in spite of all rumors to the contrary Frances and Joel flatly refuse to make a picture together. Do you think they're wise?)

MARY LOU DIXON, of Warren, Pa., says:

Let's have more of Margaret Sullavan. "Only Yesterday" was made very sincere and beautiful by her wonderful work.

HELEN SANZ, of Los Angeles, Calif., chimes in with:

I saw "Only Yesterday" in fact the whole family did—and did we enjoy it! It was just the way you

wanted it to be. I understand that Margaret Sullavan wants to return to the stage. You tell her for me that every one likes her screen work. She's just wonderful. We want to see her more often.

(The astounding Margaret may do "Little Man, What Now?" as her next picture. And Lew Ayres is tentatively set for the role of the Little Man.)

"Maedchen" Scores Again

MARY MONTGOMERY, of Detroit, Mich., cheers for Dorothea Wieck:

I can't find enough words to express my deep admiration of the way in which Dorothea Wieck portrayed her part—all of us who saw her are looking forward to her next picture. I have read over and over again letters from Americans lamenting the bringing of foreign stars into this country but where would we ever have found a Dorothea Wieck in this country? She is superb and deserves the praise of our country for the noble and tender presentation of Joana. May she have a successful career here and may we have many more clean, wholesome, inspiring pictures like "Cradle Song."

("Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" with the inimitable Baby LeRoy is her next. And then, they say, she goes back to Germany. It's whispered that she is very pro-Nazi. And in Hollywood . . . Well! But we dunno for sure.)

She Speaks Up for a Strong, Silent Man

MARTA M., of Detroit, Mich., wants to round up all those Gary Cooper fans:

For many months I've been reading the letters praising Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and other favorites. But why, oh why, hasn't someone mentioned the splendid work being done by Gary Cooper? He was superb in "Farewell to Arms" and "One Sunday Afternoon." His acting is so real. So, come on Cooper fans and see how many nice things you can say about him.

It's Still Up in the Air

CONSTANT READER, Montreal, Canada, has a suggestion:

There seems to be great difficulty in deciding who is to play in "Merry Widow." I think that John Gilbert and Joan Crawford would be the best choice. This part would afford Joan to get away from her usual type of role, that of a very modern maiden. John Gilbert would be marvellous in the role of Prince Danilo. Unlike Chevalier, who seems only able to make himself silly on the screen, John Gilbert is a splendid actor and dancer. (It may be Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier and then again it may not.)



Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone in a gay scene from "Moulin Rouge."

SHE VAMPED HER HUSBAND AWAY FROM *herself . . . !*

IMPOSSIBLE? NOT AT ALL. LISTEN TO THE TALE OF HELEN HALL!

● Talk about your queer situations—just hearken a moment to Helen Hall's tale of woe!

● To prove she can act, she masquerades as a beautiful French actress—notorious but nice—and she's so good at it that even her own husband is fooled by the wig and phoney accent. He comes in gulping, presumably on business, but Helen is very soon horrified to find that he's falling hard for her!

● What would you do in a case like this? Would you go right on vamping your husband or would you put on the brakes and save your happy home?

● What Helen Hall did makes a story you'll enjoy hugely—a story you can read in the new SCREEN ROMANCES. "Moulin Rouge," it's called—a gay, sprightly fictionization of Constance Bennett's new hit.

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give you a light

*They
Satisfy*

Chesterfield

the cigarette that's Milder • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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